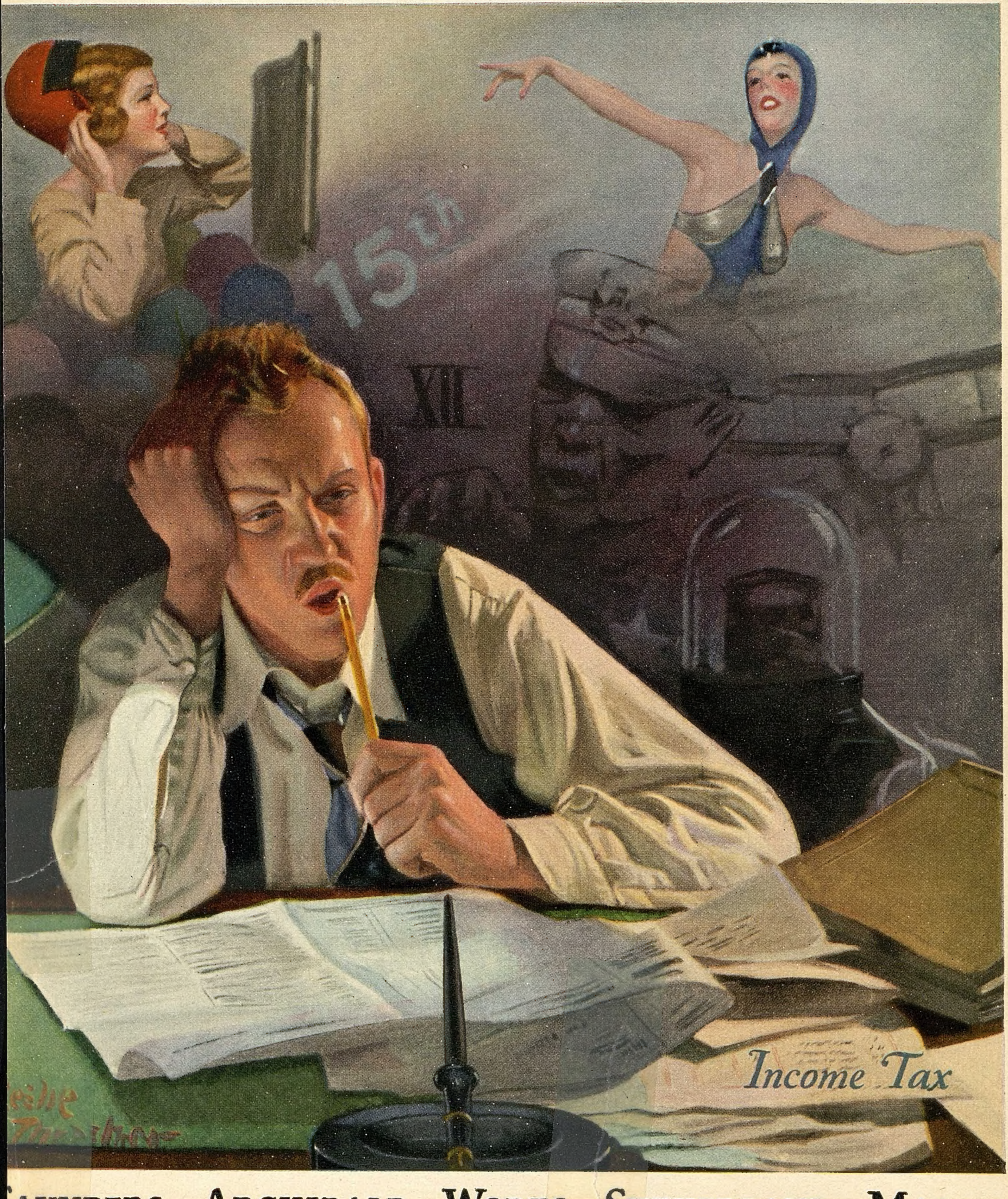
WEEK
ENDING
MAR. 22, 1930

5c

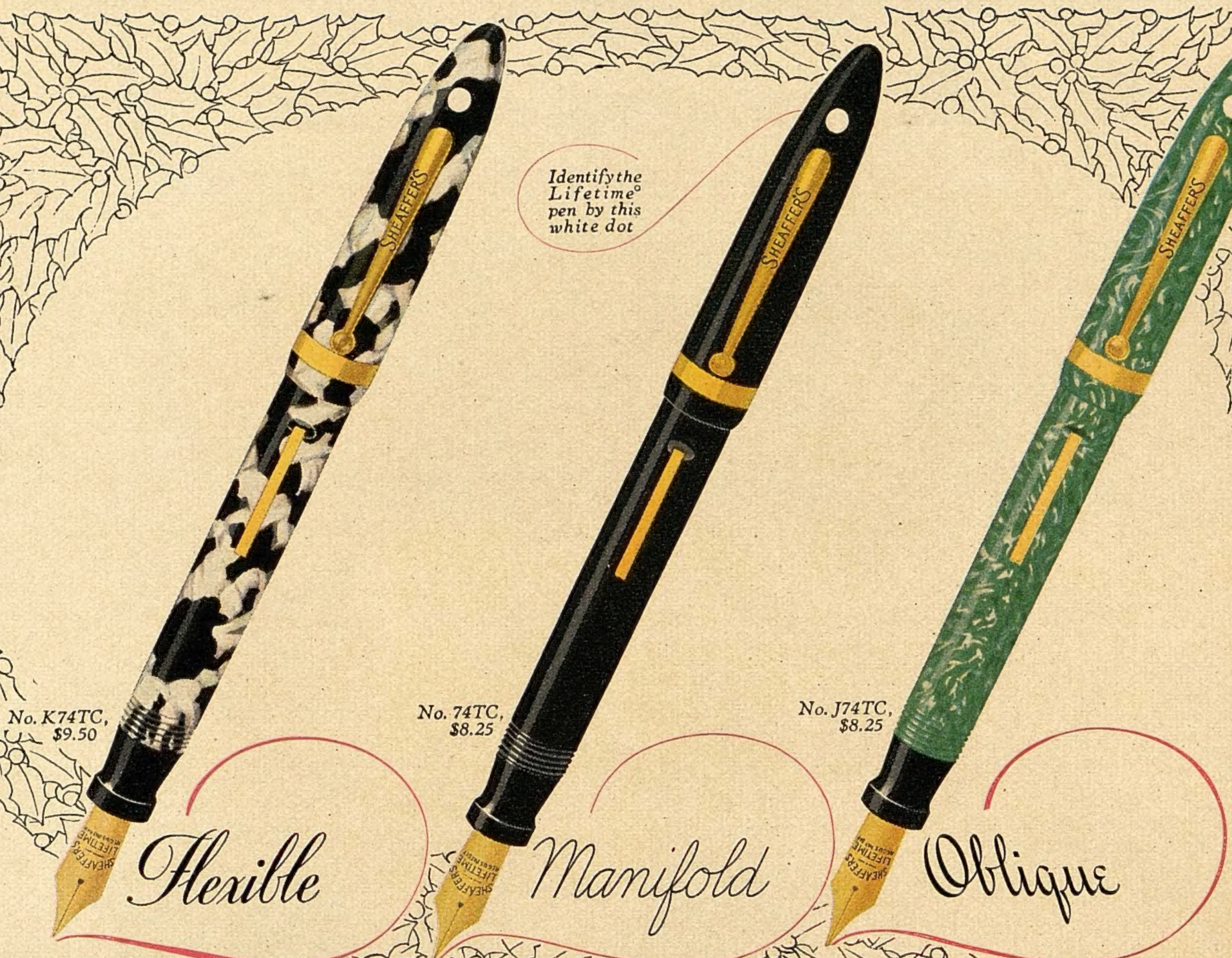
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER
2,250,000
NET PAID
CIRCULATION


15th
XII
Income Tax

SAUNDERS ~ ARCHIBALD ~ WORTS ~ SUTHERLAND ~ MASON


Identify the Lifetime° pen by this white dot
No. K74TC, $9.50
No. 74TC, $8.25
No. J74TC, $8.25
Flexible
Manifold
Oblique

Now, even a flexible point in Balance Lifetime° pens

If you write flowingly, with shaded lines, or boldly, with lines all of equal weight, obliquely, or any one of fifteen different ways, Sheaffer has the pen for you. By recent research, even the action and shading of any steel pen is duplicated by Sheaffer. And Sheaffer's is the only Lifetime° guarantee. At your Sheaffer dealer's, choose the pen that interprets your handwriting style, feel the easy naturalness of the suave, clean-lined Balance design in your hand, and you'll know you've met your lifetime writing companion!

At better stores everywhere

All fountain pens are guaranteed against defects, but Sheaffer's Lifetime° is guaranteed against everything except loss for the owner's lifetime, and other Sheaffer products are forever guaranteed against fault in materials and workmanship.

Identify the Lifetime° pen by this white dot.
No. 37, $11

SHEAFFER'S

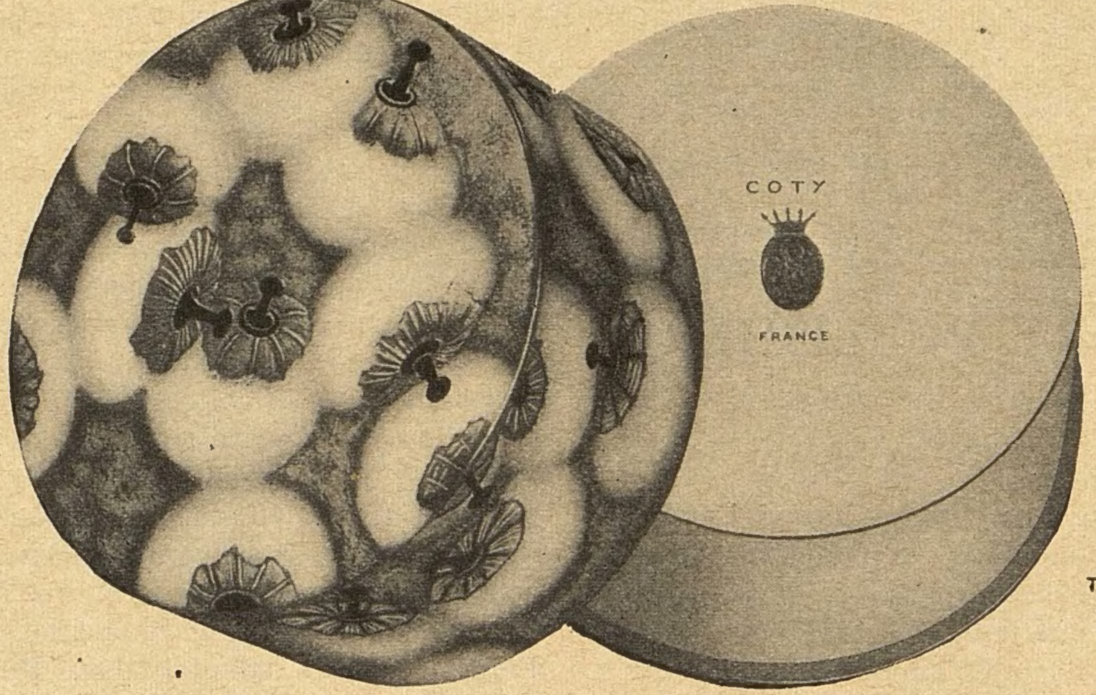
PENS·PENCILS·DESK SETS·SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A.
New York · · · · Chicago · · · · San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd., 169-173 Fleet St.—Toronto, Ont.
Wellington, N. Z. · Sydney, Australia · London, Eng.

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
© W. A. S. P. Co., 1930

SAFETY SKRIP,
Successor to Ink,
Skrip-filled, 50c.

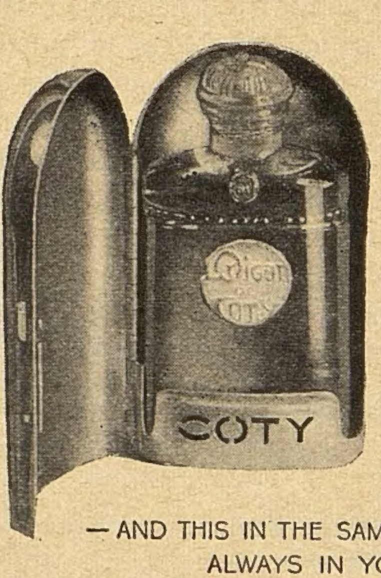
YOU — AT YOUR LOVELIEST



TEN "PERSONAL" SHADES
ALL COTY ODEURS
STANDARD SIZE — $1.00
DOUBLE SIZE — $1.50

LES POUDRES
COTY

Until you have used COTY Face Powders — *you have not given your beauty its due. The perfect flesh-blending texture — in your "personal" shade gives a new revelation of your own loveliness — with exquisite fragrance to complete the effect.*



— AND THIS IN THE SAME ODEUR
ALWAYS IN YOUR PURSE
PERFUMES IN METAL CASE — PRICE $1.50

COTY
714 *Fifth Avenue, New York*
PLACE VENDOME — PARIS

Coty Perfumed Essentials for the Manicure Obtainable at the Better Stores

March 22, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Vol. 7
No. 12

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 6900.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
[illegible]oit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

[illegible] second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., [illegible]e act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, [illegible] United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received [illegible]s typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts [illegible]t at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ **Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

WET AND DRY PUBLISHERS

When a publication espouses the wet cause, what effect on its fortunes does that have?

First for a little history.

A great many years ago, long before national prohibition, the Chicago Tribune, which is published by the same organization as publishes Liberty, rejected whisky advertisements. Some time later, but still before national prohibition, the Chicago Tribune rejected beer advertisements, and in its editorial columns constantly advocated extension of the local option plan.

Also in its columns there were frequent and detailed stories telling of atrocities perpetrated in the low booze dives of the city.

After the arrival of national prohibition, the Tribune felt for a while that an experiment noble in purpose had been undertaken, and for some time expressed no views as to the success or validity of the Eighteenth Amendment and its attendant legislation.

Then the abuses of this experiment seemed so great that it was felt they should be espoused, and the Chicago Tribune went gingerly about the business of opposing prohibition—at first like a man sticking one toe into cold water.

For one thing, it was afraid it might offend a great number of its readers, and lose circulation. That admittedly was a consideration. However, step by step this newspaper—one of the first big ones in the country to do so, and we believe the first in the middle west—became more and more open in its opposition to prohibition. It went as far as it thought it could, and to its surprise, by coincidence or otherwise, its circulation began to rise until it had the largest newspaper circulation in America, daily and Sunday—a distinction it still holds as far as standard size newspapers are concerned.

Later the same organization went from Chicago to New York and established there the tabloid newspaper known as the Daily News. When it did this there was less hesitancy, of course, in espousing the wet side. It did so—and whether it has anything to do with the matter or not we don't know, but the Daily News of New York now has the largest newspaper circulation in America, the Chicago Tribune ranking second.

When the question of wet-or-dry policy came up for this magazine, the same considerations had to be made. Chicago and New York were wet spots. The country as a whole, judged by the votes of its Congressmen, seemed dry. Should Liberty declare itself on the wet side, what would be the effect on its circulation?

The only way to know was to experiment, at first tentatively and cautiously, so that if possible harm might not be done. These initial experiments brought remonstrances from writers who believed in the other side of the question. Nevertheless the avowal of wet views became more and more open and frequent in this magazine, and, though again we don't know whether it was because or in spite of this, the fact remains that since its open espousal of the wet cause the circulation of Liberty has increased much more rapidly than before.

It is true that the magazine with the greatest circulation in this country, the Saturday Evening Post, is, if we interpret it correctly, dry in its leanings. Mr. Curtis's other leading magazine, the Ladies' Home Journal, is quite definitely dry. But on the other hand his publication in New York, the New York Evening Post, is wet.

The Crowell Publishing Company, which issues a number of magazines, has one, Collier's, which is unmistakably wet, and one, the Woman's Home Companion, which is emphatically dry. Another of its publications, the American Magazine, appears to be neutral.

A striking indication of public sentiment on prohibition is furnished by the Hearst newspapers.

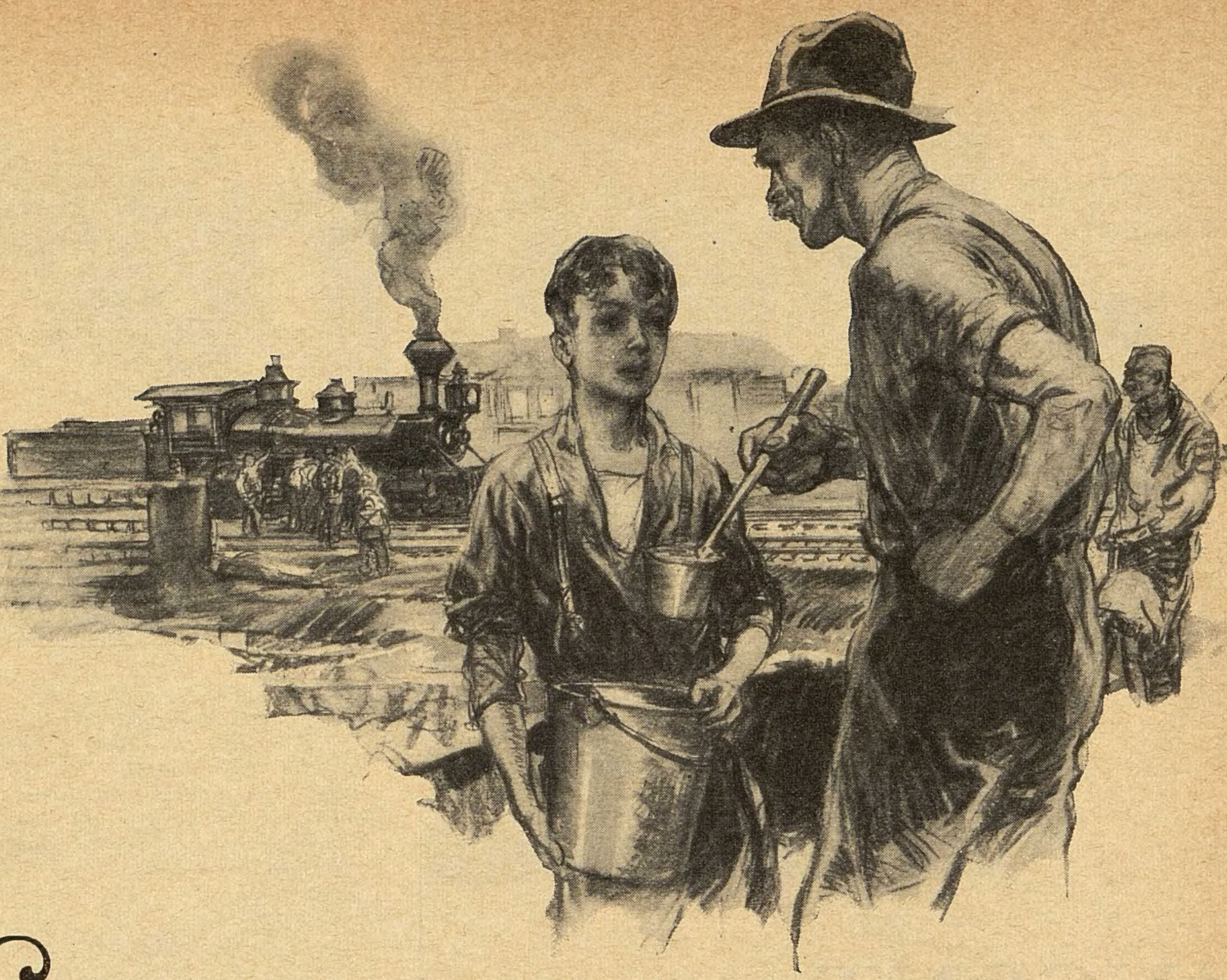
For many years Mr. Hearst and his first lieutenant, Mr. Brisbane, have opposed the whisky traffic, and they still do. When our present prohibition legislation was passed Mr. Hearst was satisfied with it and said nothing as to its frailty.

It is to be noted that Mr. Hearst himself does not touch liquor. On the matter of drinking he has expressed himself in private conversation more emphatically than in his newspapers. Anything that would remove the saloon, he has said, must be good.

Now, however, his papers have changed their tune. Without exception they are maintaining that conditions under the Volstead Act, if not worse than they were before it, are at least not as good as they could be under the Canadian plan. Mr. Hearst's finger is on the public pulse of the nation, and the fact that he has changed his early tactics and come out strongly against Volsteadism is, we believe, another harbinger of its impending doom.

IN THIS ISSUE

Smoke Screen—*A new serial* . . . . . . Lawrence Saunders 7
What About Telepathy? . . . . James F. J. Archibald 17
A veteran reporter's observations on some matters hard to explain
The Picture Parade—*Movie reviews* . . . . Kate Cameron 28
Jilted—*A story* . . . . George F. Worts 30
Deus Ex Machina . . . . Richard Carroll 39
A glimpse of the man who made Lindbergh possible
My Maid—Impossible Female . . . . Grace Robinson 52
A survey of the servant problem
Breakaway—*A short short story* . . . . Peter Cartwright 61
The Mystery of the Underworld King . . . .
A problem for amateur detectives . . . . . Sidney Sutherland 62
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator . . . . . Bert Green 69
The Sapphire—*A story* . . . . A. E. W. Mason 74
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (26); News of the World (27); Fashions (49); Vox Pop (50-51); For the Love o' Lil (68); Poem (71); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (72); Bright Sayings of Children (83); Cross Word Puzzles (84-85); Food (86) Cover by Leslie Thrasher



"Sonny," *he said,* "you had better keep quiet"

YEARS AGO a boy started working on a railroad. The first advice which he received from an older employe was somewhat like this:

> *"When they want your advice they'll ask for it. In the meantime, sonny, you had better keep quiet."*

On our railroad every employe is encouraged to make suggestions. The suggestions come to that boy, who is now the president of our railroad.

Between March 5, 1924, and August 7, 1929, more than 6,500 cooperative meetings were attended by men representing the management and men representing the employes in the different departments of the service. In these five years of meetings more than 30,000 separate suggestions have been discussed.

Of this total number more than 24,000, or 81 per cent, were adopted.

We who operate the B & O feel complimented when our suggestions are adopted. We try in turn to keep ourselves open-minded toward any suggestion submitted by any passenger or shipper.

This is an easy thing to say. It is also easy to claim that we try always to render the little extra services that make traveling a pleasure.

The question is, Do we live up to these claims?

We invite you to come and test that for yourself. Ride with us to or from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, or Detroit. Then you'll see how we perform.

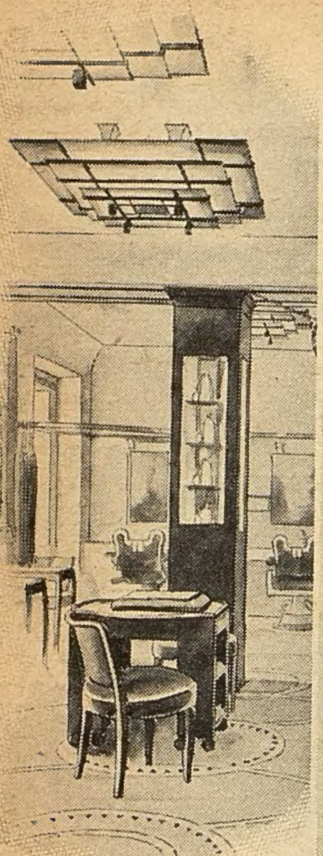
PRESIDENT BUCHANAN

He helps to make your trip comfortable

One of the first things that is said to a B & O engineer is this: "Try to start and stop your train without jolting or jarring the passengers." It is our hope that you will know that the train is in motion by seeing rather than by feeling.

The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO



Vincent superintending a facial treatment in his beauty salon on the Rue Royale, Paris. He advises Palmolive, as do so many of his famous colleagues.

"An irritated skin—you are using the wrong kind of soap, perhaps. Use Palmolive. Its color is the color of palm and olive oils. It has a fresh, natural odor. It not only keeps the skin free of irritation, but it leaves the complexion refreshed and beautiful."

Vincent

20 RUE ROYALE
PARIS

VINCENT of Paris

· *Beauty Expert to Society*

warns against the wrong kind of soap . . . "you should use Palmolive"

Beauty experts recognize the need for a soap containing olive oil to keep skin fresh, smooth and lovely.

"WE particularly stress to all our clients," says Vincent of Paris, "the importance of skin cleansing. That means keeping the skin free of impurities and ready for our special treatment. And for this purpose we recommend just one soap—Palmolive."

Vincent has a very important shop on the Rue Royale, across from the famous Madeleine in Paris. Here he administers to the beauty needs of world travelers and women of fashion in Paris. And he warns them of the dangers in using the wrong kind of soap.

"You should use Palmolive," he insists, "which is made of vegetable oils."

Unless impurities and daily accumulations of oil and dirt are removed from the pores, you soon discover blackheads, pimples, and enlarged pores, which are some of women's chief beauty grievances.

Palm and olive oils in soap have a beneficial effect on the skin. They cleanse the pores without irritation. They leave the surface of the skin toned up and stimulated, yet they are so gentle, so easy on the skin. That is, undoubtedly, why these fine cosmetic oils have been used by lovely women since Cleopatra's time.

Here is the famous treatment

With both hands work up a fine lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Work this tenderly into the skin of face and throat, massaging for about two minutes. You can actually feel the impurities being carried away from under the surface of the skin. Rinse, first with warm water, then with cold. In the morning, perhaps you'll need a touch of cream or some kind of astringent before putting on make-up. That is the basis of the home beauty treatment recommended by more than 19,800 beauty specialists.

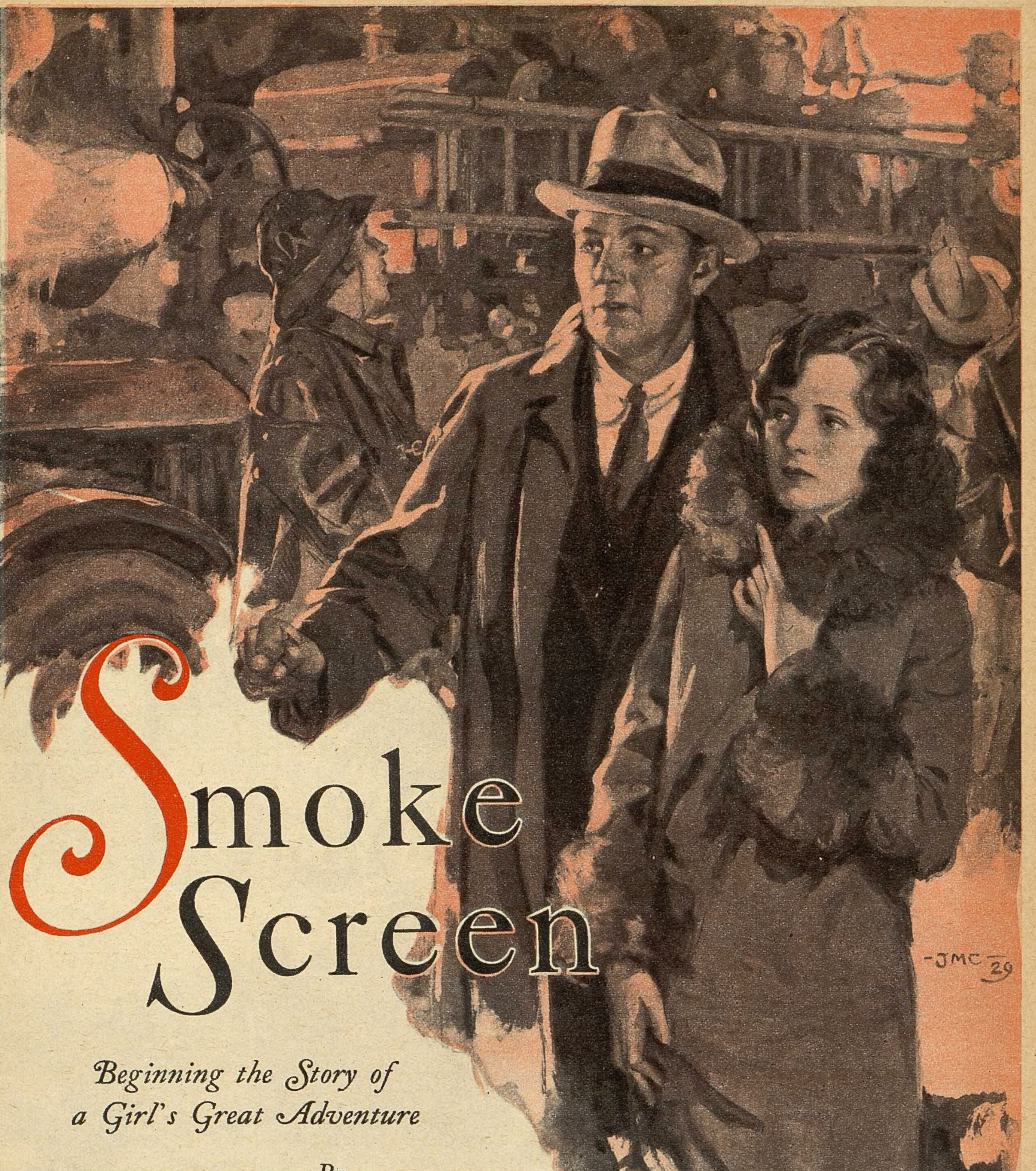
Consult your beauty expert

For special treatments, you will have, of course, to consult your own expert. But for day in and day out care of the skin, nothing is quite so effective as this simple Palmolive treatment. And since Palmolive costs no more than ordinary soap, millions allow it to do for their entire body what it does so well for the face. Why don't you begin to use it tomorrow?

A vast professional group of 19,813 beauty specialists finds one soap best. They all advise Palmolive!

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c



Smoke Screen

Beginning the Story of a Girl's Great Adventure

By

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

who turns out to be a married couple living in New York. Lawrence, the lady, has done a variety of literary jobs and one serious novel. Saunders has his own writing record. Collaboration hasn't parted them.

They picked their way between red trucks and running rubbercoats until they came to the center of all this fantastic fury.

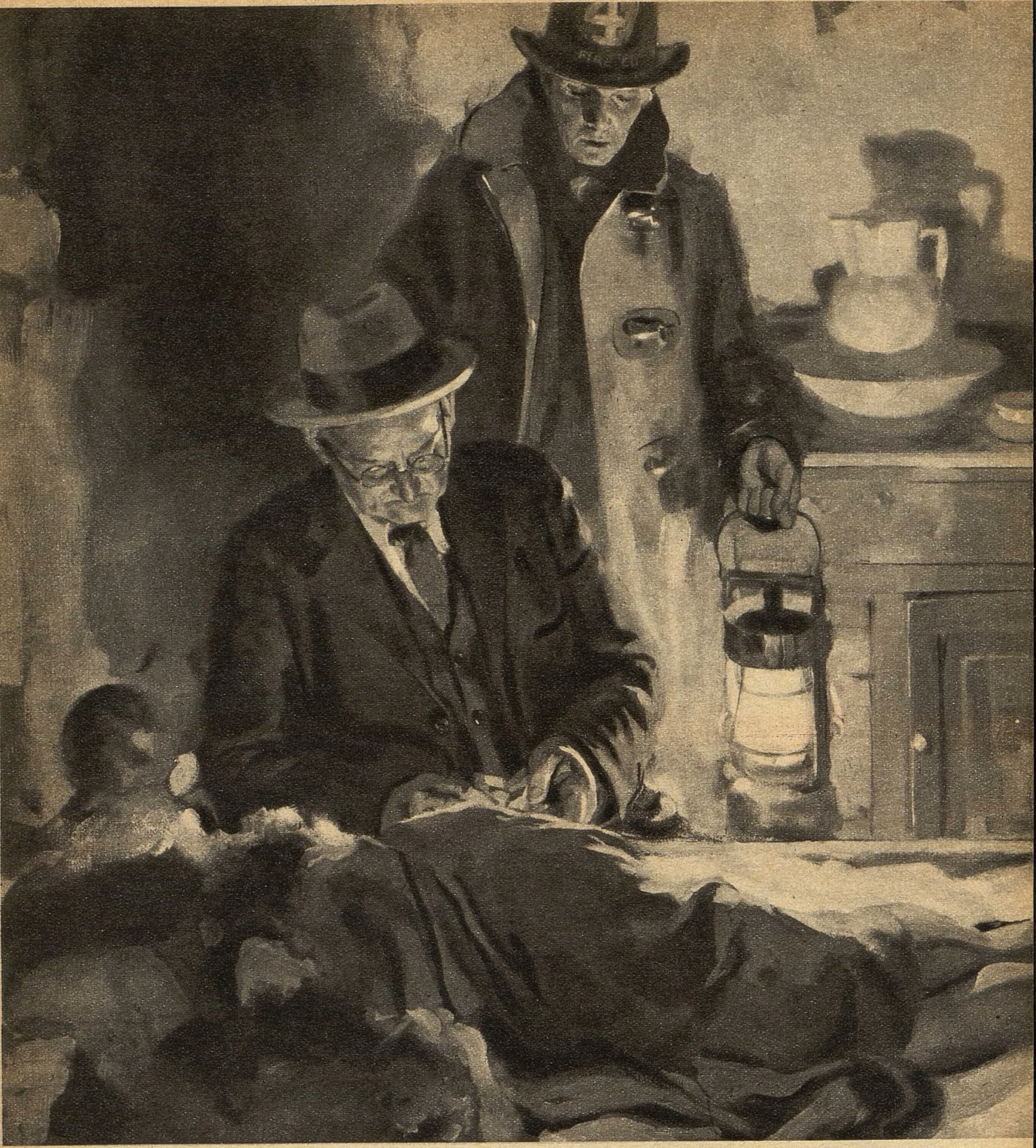
Pictures by J. M. CLEMENT

PART ONE—SOMETHING MORE THAN AN ACCIDENT

SALLY always followed fire engines. She swung the car expertly to the right on to Telephone Road, planted a suède pump firmly on the foot throttle, and watched the speedometer crawl up to fifty, sixty. The sirens were hooting and howling off to the northwest as the canary-colored roadster raced through a colony of bungalows dotted along the prairie toward the distant, dismal din. Closer together the houses flashed by as the car hummed angrily along the concrete in the darkness.

" The haunts of vice and crime weren't so hot, Johnny,"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Between the woman's knee and the dirty sheet they found a beaded bag. The justice opened

[SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page seven]

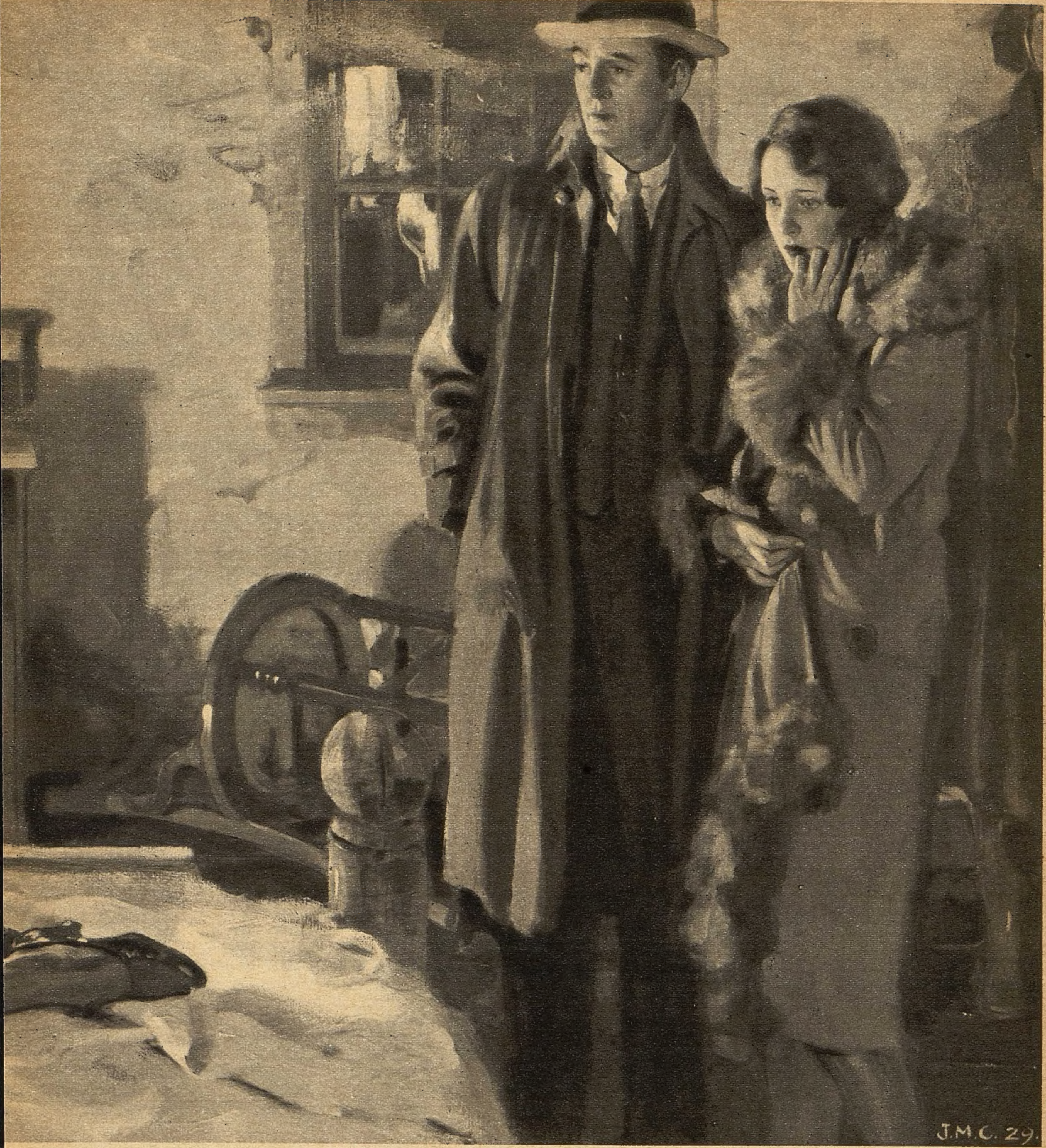
she complained to the man at her side. "Perhaps this will be hotter."

"I didn't take you to the worst places," Johnny countered wearily. "What's more, I won't. But you wanted to see the road houses, and you saw four of them. What did you expect—a bucket of blood? You saw a lot of cheap drunks, you put quarters in the pianos, you danced around with a lot of white trash, and drank a little corn. You've seen life; now you can go home and dream about it."

"I'm not going home," said Sally, grinning. "I'm going to a fire. If you don't like it, you can walk home."

"I'm powerful sleepy, but I'm kind to children and dumb animals." Johnny softened. "I hope it's a good fire, if that will satisfy you."

He looked at her quizzically. A good gal, this, for all her society upbringing and her spoiled-darling background; of no use in a newspaper office, but a good sort, and highly ornamental. If she wanted to play at being a reporter, let her play. She'd tire of it in a few weeks and go gallivanting off in search of new sensations. If he had as much money as Sally Lomax had, with no strings tied to it, he'd go to Afghanistan and Africa and the



re were a dozen keys on a silver ring, a twenty-dollar note. Nothing with a name on it.

Island of Bali and on through the alphabet of adventure.

Hello! What's that? An airplane—roaring across the road ahead, just missing the telephone wires!

The fire sirens, racing in from three directions, were coming to a focus close ahead, but there was no sign of a blaze.

Up the road, headlights flared. Sally slowed and stopped the car.

"You know enough to park out of their way," Johnny approved.

"I'm the well trained fire fan," she said. "Let's walk up and see the pretty engines."

"I'm not willing, but I'm weak," Johnny grumbled, getting out slowly. "I don't believe there is a fire."

"Yes, there is," insisted Sally. "I smell it. Funny there's no blaze showing." She was hurrying as fast as high heels would permit.

"Did you see an airplane?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"Good." Sally sighed. "I thought maybe I was dreaming."

A motor pumper howled past them to a fire plug, backed and turned and overtook them, spinning out a flat ribbon

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page nine

of hose like tooth paste from a tube. They picked their way between red trucks and running rubbercoats until they came to the center of all this fantastic fury. Two searchlights flooded the façade of a shabby two-story residence, relic of an older and more spacious day in a section since dedicated to variegated villas and bright, banal bungalows. Bathrobed and slippered men, women in coats over nightgowns, excited children, clustered chattering in the road and on lawns and porches.

An ax whacked expertly at the front door of the bleareyed old ruin. Pike poles ripped through window frames, glass shivered; hose lines spat white water and bored into black clouds that poured through the breached door and windows. Red flame flared up in the eyes of the monster, yellow flashes shot through the smoke. This was a pretty good fire, after all; it had only needed air. But half a dozen white rods of water were now beating down the flames, firemen were swarming up ladders to attack the beast from above; slowly they were snuffing it.

Ten minutes later Johnny was following an assistant chief's white helmet through the front door. Inside were still smoke and smolder and the sharp stench of wet charred wood.

"Hello, Rorke!" bellowed the chief, turning his flashlight into Johnny's eyes. "You got here quick."

"Out joy riding," said Johnny. "Anybody live here?"

"Empty, I reckon," said the chief, flashing his light around. "Just as well it burned. Old fire trap . . . Hell-o!" The flashlight had picked out a queer, long mass on the floor. Johnny strode across and bent over it. He straightened and looked up at the chief, and then back at the blackened bundle.

"Hey! Inside, here!" the chief's great voice boomed. "Where's Ben Hosey?" He turned his flashlight on a rubbercoat swishing and thumping in through the door. "Get them lanterns! Hurry up! They's a body in here! Get one of them motor cops to call in and get an ambulance and a justice of the peace out here. Tell 'em there's a feller burned up."

Half a dozen firemen clumped in, two with bright lanterns.

"We'll have a look around," said the chief to Johnny. "May be somebody else in here. That feller is sure cooked; right in the heart of the fire. Bill, you take a couple of boys and go through upstairs. Go up the ladders; that staircase is out."

The chief made another circuit of the room. It appeared to be a living room, with the staircase running up the right and rear walls. There was the wire skeleton of a couch bed over against the rear wall under the stairs, a couple of charred pine chairs, a heavy mission table in the center of the room. The body lay between the couch and the table, on its back. It was a man's body; that was all Johnny had been able to tell.

THE chief clumped across and opened a door at the rear of the living room, next the left-hand wall, Johnny following. This was the kitchen; a gas stove, a pine table, four chairs, and a cheap refrigerator were its only furnishings, blackened but unburned. The back door was locked, but there was no key in it. Through a door at their left they passed into a room bare of furniture except for a canvas army cot, spread with blankets, and one chair. This had been, in the heyday of the house, the dining room, Johnny decided. The door connecting it with a room at the front of the house was locked, but the key was in it. The chief unlocked it, and Johnny followed him through. The light from the lantern glinted on a smoke-begrimed brass bedstead, scorched sheets and blankets tousled upon it.

There was carpet on the floor; a chair near the head of the bed, a marble-topped washstand with a bowl and pitcher were revealed as the flashlight swung around. On the bed, across the foot, something furry crouched and huddled. The two men stopped still.

"A woman," said Johnny, clearing his throat. He went near to her.

A woman it was, in a gray squirrel coat, her red-gold hair showing beneath a cloche hat of black felt. The face was scorched, the hair and the fur coat singed and curled by the heat. Apparently she had been asphyxiated.

"Why in hell didn't she open the window and jump out?" asked the chief, standing open-mouthed over this second victim in what had been "an empty shack." "It ain't burned bad in here and she must have had time."

He tried to open the window. He couldn't budge it. He played his flashlight around the inside of the frame and fumbled at the side of the sash.

"It was locked with a spike through a hole bored in the sash," he explained to Johnny, exhibiting a heavy nail. "I reckon she didn't know that."

"She couldn't get through the dining room because that door was locked on the other side," Johnny reasoned. "The fire started out there where we found the man. She ran in here and was trapped."

He looked around. The door into the living room was closed, but its lower panels were burned through. He tried it; it swung open.

"Well, we've got to leave everything lay as it is until the justice gets here for the inquest," said the chief. "Suppose we go outside and get some air. It don't smell too good to me."

"Beyond the scent of your roasted friend in here," said Johnny, sniffing as they went into the living room, "I think I can smell oil . . . yeah, it smells like . . . by golly, like kerosene."

"Let's have a look," said the chief.

IT took a bare minute for the two, with the flashlight and a fireman's lantern, to find on the floor the burner of a kerosene lamp and scattered fragments of heavy glass: pieces of the base and bowl of the lamp.

"Look here," called the chief suddenly, "the key's broke off in this front-door lock. Right flush with the keyhole." He played the light on the floor. "Here's the shank of it, too," he added, stooping to pick it up.

"There's the whole story," said Johnny. "The lamp on this center table was knocked over. The man tried to smother it; the lamp exploded; he tried to unlock the front door; it was jammed; he broke off the key, like a crazy man. The girl had run into the bedroom. She was trapped and smothered to death. Now, if we get them identified, I'll be all set to put out an extra by seven o'clock in the morning. Let's go talk to the neighbors and see if we can find out who they were."

"Hey, I've got a fire department to run, young feller!"

Johnny grinned and trailed after the chief, out to the front door. At the gate in the old picket fence a girl in a fur-trimmed coat, bareheaded, was arguing with a motor-cycle policeman and all but crying with repressed rage. It was Sally Lomax.

"Hey, there!" called Johnny, hurrying to her. "I forgot all about you. What's the trouble?"

"This officer wouldn't let me go into the house. He wouldn't believe I was a reporter and had a perfect right to go in. I haven't my police card with me."

"She didn't look like a reporter to me, but if she's with you, Mr. Rorke, and you won't let her get hurt, it's all right with me." The man in olive drab touched his cap and stepped back.

"You don't want to go in there," said Johnny earnestly. "There's a couple of dead people, and one of them's too well roasted. It's not pretty."

"If I'm going to be a reporter," Sally protested, "I can't be squeamish."

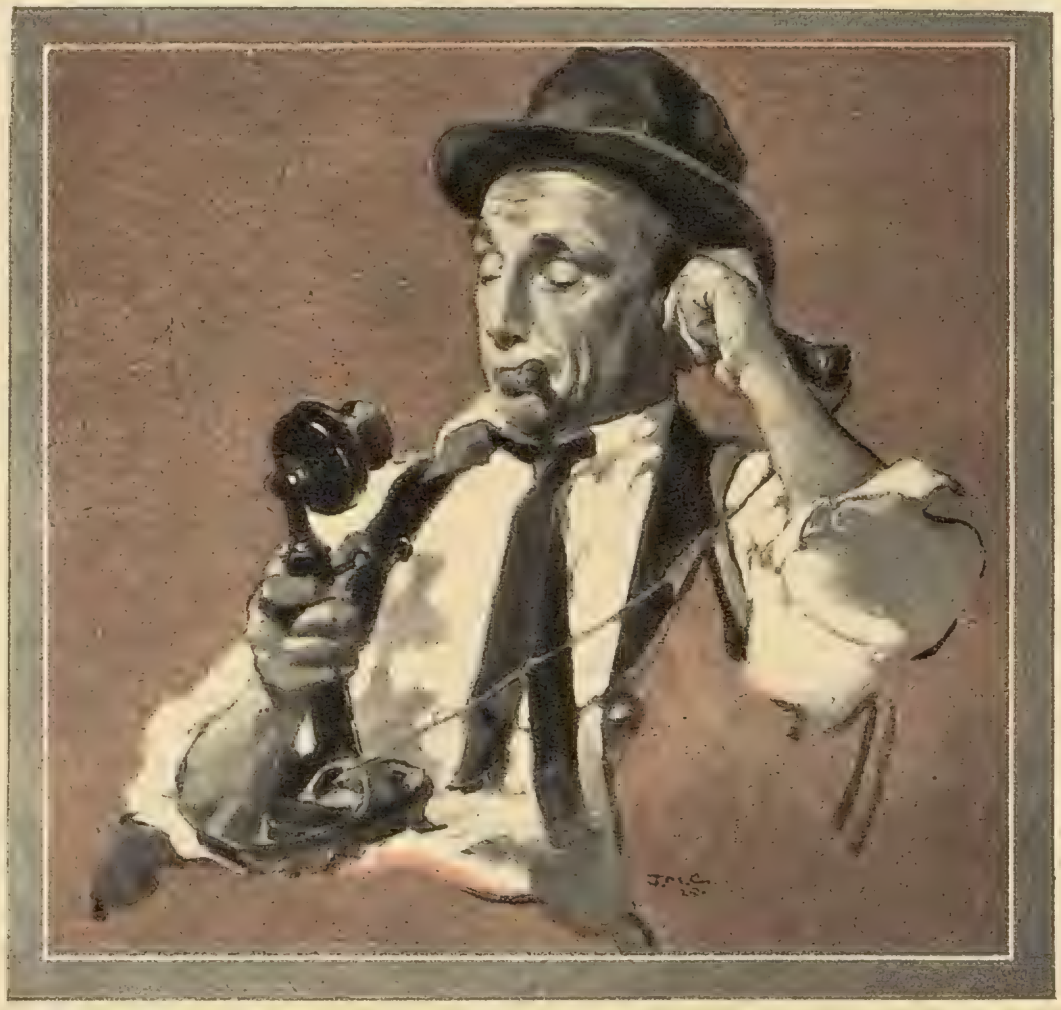
"If you want to be of some use as a reporter," snapped Johnny, "you'll help me ask the neighbors who this man and woman were. That's the important thing right now."

He moved off. Sally followed.

No neighbor could be found who knew much about the occupants of the house. An old man lived there; no one knew his name. He drove a dilapidated car. He had lived there more than a year; one man said nearly two years. He remained a mystery, however long it had been. He had occasional callers at odd hours of the night, always in automobiles, sometimes in big costly cars. The shades were drawn down, day and night. He bothered no one. He would speak when spoken to, but he wouldn't talk two minutes and nothing could be got out of him.

They didn't know who owned the house; some lawyer had bought the property a couple of years back. He had laid out those gravel streets. Nice piece of ground, even if the house was worth next to nothing. The old guy might be a bootlegger, one man thought, though there was nothing to make you believe it except those big cars that came at night.

The plot of ground on which the house stood was an extensive holding. Two wide graveled streets cut through the tract at right angles, and the house stood in one corner of their intersection, a block south of Telephone Road. The nearest neighbors lived two blocks away, in either direction along the road.



A newspaper man for thirty years, Hunt had no interest other than his paper. He gave the utmost in devoted effort each day.

Sally was reporting her meager list of findings to Johnny when the justice of the peace, who in Texas acts as coroner, arrived. They followed him into the house. Johnny knelt beside the dead man, alongside the justice. Sally took one good look and retreated to the door. She was, after all, not needed at the moment and it was close in the room.

But Johnny was not squeamish.

"Let's see if there is anything under him," he said. A fireman rolled the body over. There was an old leather bill fold, charred at one end, in an unburned patch of trouser cloth. Johnny went over to a lantern standing on the lower step of the burned stairway and examined the wallet. Sally, watching him from the doorway, saw him tuck a little slip of paper into his vest pocket, after a quick look around, and turn back to the justice of the peace and the fire chief.

"Well, this guy had a little money, judge," he remarked. "Look here."

THE justice took the charred bills and counted: "Ten, twenty, one, two, three, four—twenty-four dollars. Numbers here; it's still good. Nothing else. No name on the purse; nothing else in it. Can't tell much about how he looked. Two lower front teeth gone. Well, well! Where's the other body?"

The chief led the way, and Johnny and the justice, followed by a fireman with a lantern, went into the bedroom. The justice stood at the foot of the bed, studying the body; he leaned over closer and turned it. Between the woman's knee and the dirty sheet they found a beaded bag. The justice opened it; there were a dozen keys on a silver ring, a twenty-dollar note, ninety-two cents, a silver vanity case, a lace-edged handkerchief. Nothing with a name on it.

As they stood there, staring down at the body, a muffled squeak behind them whirled them around. Transfixed in the circle of the chief's flashlight, stood Sally.

"Johnny! I know that woman!" she blurted.

"*You* do?"

"Who is she?"

"Alice Blair. She has a dress shop on South Main."

"Wait, Sally! Are you sure?"

"I think so." She edged a little closer, peering down. "It looks exactly like her, and she has red hair, but the face is a little fat for her."

"That's from the heat, Miss Sally," the justice explained.

"Ready to move this body, judge?" Two ambulance men with a stretcher had come in. The justice nodded, and Sally again fled hastily to the front porch. Behind the stretcher bearers as they came out was Johnny.

"You may be of some use after all, kid," he said cheerily to the pale girl. "Let's get to a telephone and call this Blair girl's house. Do you know where she lives?"

"Yes. Over her shop."

"Well, that's easy. There's a telephone in that first house down the road. Come along."

SALLY'S hands trembled as they thumbed the telephone book, looking down the line of Bs. Blair, Miss Alice, Modes, 3502 South Main Boulevard; Blair, Miss Alice, r 3502 South Main Boulevard, Hadley 3863. Johnny called the number. Sally could hear the buzz as the operator rang again and again.

"Hadley thrrree-eight-six-thrrree does not answer."

"It's four-thirty," said Rorke, as he hung up the receiver. "I don't think we can get much more out here; let's go to the Blair place and see if we can rouse anybody there."

While Sally was driving across Polk Avenue toward South Main, she searched her memory for all she knew of Alice Blair. She had known the modiste for nearly two years, and had bought several dresses and some underwear at her shop.

"I think she must be about twenty-five years old. She's very pretty," she told Rorke. "Red hair with brown eyes; unusual, you know; red-headed women nearly always have gray eyes or blue. She lived in Paris for some time, and she does know—did know—good clothes. She has had this shop as long as I've known her; I met her just after she opened it. She has done pretty well with it, I think."

"Know anything about her reputation?"

"I never heard a word against her. She was one of those gentle, calm girls; well poised and well educated. She was born somewhere here in Texas; she told me where, once, but I've forgotten. I don't believe she had ever been married; at least, I always thought of her as unmarried."

She stopped the car in front of an arcade apartment of Spanish colonial design. A street light on the corner showed the wide-arched windows of the first-floor shops; on the second from the corner small black letters modestly advised the passer-by: Alice Blair, Importer. Modes, Lingerie.

Rorke and Sally peered into the shop. The single light showed neat cases and cabinets shrouded for the night

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page eleven

in gay glazed chintzes. They went into the entrance to the building, off which the shop door also opened. One letter box and doorbell slab was labeled "Blair." Johnny thumbed the bell button. They could hear its buzz overhead faintly. He rang steadily for a minute, then again. Neither he nor Sally spoke as they turned back to the car at the curb. Just as they reached it, a motor cycle screeched to a stop; a policeman dismounted.

"Hey, Pete!" Johnny called.

"Hello, Johnny! What you doing here?"

"Stopped to see about the Blair woman. She's not there. We just tried."

"No? Well, I'll just give her another ring." They waited while he clumped up to the door and entered the vestibule. Presently he returned, saying, "I guess it's her all right." He mounted and rode off.

Sally drove slowly toward town. When she spoke it was in a small, subdued voice.

"That's terrible, Johnny." The tragedy was beginning to be real to her.

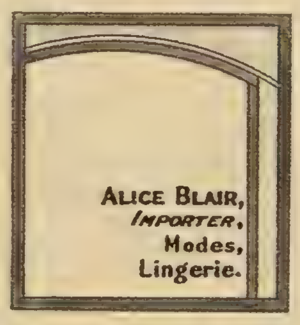
"Stop at Mike Genora's, Sally. Let's have some coffee."

Johnny was not unkind, but he was too busy thinking to talk much now. Sally kept silent. She had never been out on a big story before, and she wanted desperately not to appear to be too much of a cub.

Rorke was her current hero. She was proud of his approval, though she suspected it was approval of her sportsmanship and sturdy spirit, rather than a belief that she would ever be the "newspaper man" he had promised to try to make her. Rorke had been a reporter since before the war. Tall, lean, ugly enough to make women think him fascinating, his gray eyes had already seen too much of life's petty dramas.

As he would have expressed it, he was no longer given to "taking any wooden nickels." He was interested in Sally Lomax as a new specimen; she amused him, and her adoration of his superior knowledge flattered him. Lazy and energetic by turns, he was deeply in love with his work although he swore intermittently that he was "bored as hell with all of it." He talked customarily like that; at heart, he said, he was a "forty-dollar flatfoot," but he could write like an archangel playing on human heartstrings when he wanted to.

He was, Sally had some time ago decided, a gentleman by birth, but a newspaper man by choice. His taste in tailors she admired. In the office he smoked a pipe with a heavenly stink; he always smelled of good tobacco. She knew little else about him, except that he came from Georgia—a place called Rome—and had studied at some vague small college, leaving untimely to turn reporter in New Orleans.



HE had come to Houston late in 1917 for air-service training. Kept there as an instructor at Ellington Field, he had liked the place well enough to stay after he was discharged from the service. He had applied to the Pioneer for a job; he was now the town's top reporter.

His efforts to "make a newspaper man of Sally Lomax" were condoned by the rest of the staff as one of the star reporter's temporary sentimental flurries. The city editor had told Rorke he was wasting the Pioneer's time. Andy Hunt, nominally city editor and actually managing editor of the paper (for the managing editor was at Mineral Wells laving his rheumatism), was plainly bored with Sally.

A newspaper man for thirty years, Hunt had no interest other than his paper. He gave what he demanded from his staff: the utmost in devoted effort each day. There are newspapers scattered all across the country that owe their vitality to the Andy Hunts who direct them. There are fat Hunts and slim Hunts, honest Hunts and rascals; all of them are persons to be reckoned with: good editors, sometimes great editors. It just happened that the one in charge of the Houston Pioneer was honest, and, at bottom, kindly. His good temper had long since vanished in the wake of lazy reporters and self-seeking, spineless, or stubborn owners of the papers he had run.

His hair was iron gray; to see him with a coat on and his hat off was unusual. Short, wiry, of indefinite age, he was a dynamo of nerves and energy. Society girls who had wormed their way into his staffs he had had to endure before, here and there. Only the fact that this one's brother was Richard Lomax, born to wealth, influence, and social standing, become district attorney of Harris County, kept Hunt from firing Sally over the publisher's head. A realist always, he hoped some day to have use for this girl's connections.

Not that Lomax wanted his sister to be a reporter. He had tried objections, overruled; a mandate, defied; ridicule, ignored. Sally had stayed on the Pioneer, doing those picayunish jobs everyone in an editorial room hates: writing obituary notices, covering women's clubs and luncheons, unimportant school-board meetings; answering the telephone for busy and important reporters, and hungering for something real. She had read fiction about cub reporters; they always made good dramatically and confounded the superior veterans, who thereupon admitted the cub to full fellowship in the mystic order of printer's ink. She still half believed those yarns.

SHE was an attractive, healthy twenty-two, confident but not forward, well bred, a state university graduate. Tall, slender, she carried herself with hard-muscled grace. Her dark brown hair in an unruly bob topped an eager, intelligent face; her brown eyes more often sparkled with humor than softened with feminine guile.

She had been early advised by a salty old editorial writer that no good reporter talked too much. She recalled that axiom this morning, following Johnny meekly into the all-night restaurant, and perching on a high stool at the counter. Dumbly she drank coffee, and motioned casually to the waiter for more. Johnny finished his own second cup. They went back to the car. Not a word had been exchanged for ten minutes.

"Let's drive by Westheimer's," he suggested. "The boys may have found something on one of those bodies by this time."

She stayed in the car in front of the undertaker's place, adjoining police headquarters, while Rorke went in. In a few minutes he returned, lighting a cigar.

"You may be right, kid." He stood with one foot on the running board of the car. "That girl's underwear is very fine stuff, and all of it had 'A. B.' embroidered on it. And her eyes are brown." Sally's hands tightened on the wheel; she smiled, though nervously, at Rorke.

"Well, youngster, let's get to the office. It's five o'clock. Time to wake up the old man and the crew for an extra."

"Is there anything I can write, Johnny?"

"Sure there is. You can write plenty, for once in your life." He grinned at her. "Likely this is your great chance, Sally. You talked to the woman who discovered the fire. And you know all we know about the Blair girl. Andy will want you to write a story about her—maybe a sob story. Keep it simple; don't try to sob. Don't use any sad adjectives, but make 'em read it and weep."

Sally labored harder during the next hour and a half than she had ever toiled at anything before. It was flattering to be ordered about by Mr. Hunt, like a real reporter instead of an intruder to whom he must be civil. It was thrilling to see in print the first story she had ever written for the front page, changed and chopped, but still hers.

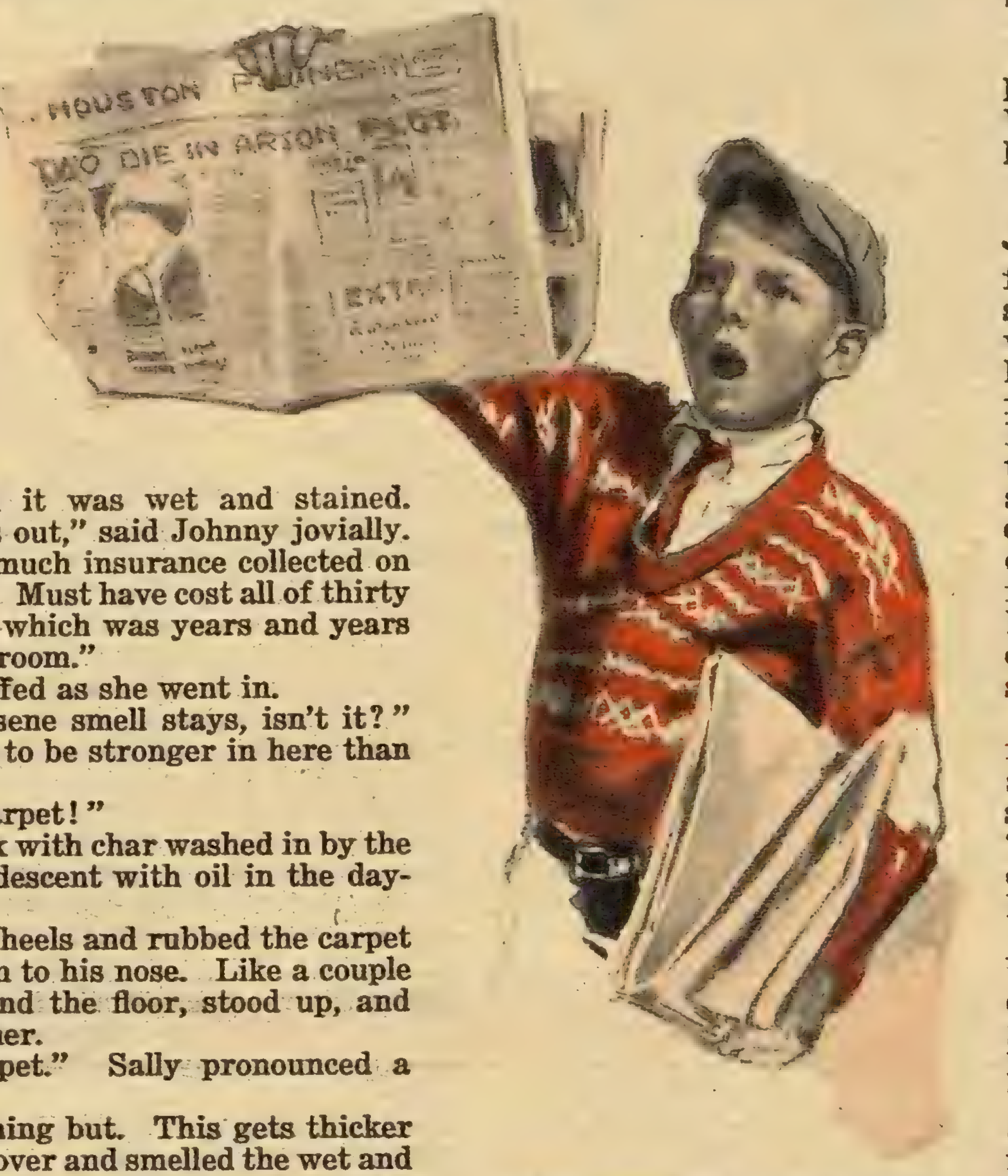
Daylight was full on when the first copies of the extra came up to the city room. She lighted the cigarette Mr. Hunt had offered her casually, and read the damp print lovingly. Presently she pulled out a slide of her battered desk and cocked her feet upon it. The cut-steel buckles on her soggy suède slippers winked at her. She blew a thin, reflective column of cheap cigarette smoke at them, and flipped the butt into the middle of the floor; a reporter at last.

Johnny Rorke sauntered over.

"Tired, kid?" he asked. "Want to run me out to the house again?"

"Yes. What do you want to go back for?"

"Oh, just to see what we can see in daylight. I want to look at that lamp again. . . . Damn funny why that woman didn't go out the back door instead of into that bedroom. . . . But that back door was locked and no key in it." He was thinking aloud while Sally was putting on her coat.


HOUSTON
TWO DIE IN ARSON PLOT
EXTRA

The Pioneer had made two clean beats so far.

A hundred assorted folk were buzzing around the place as Sally stopped the car in front of the burned house. A policeman standing guard at the front gate spoke to Rorke and touched his cap to Sally.

They looked first at the spot where the body of the man had lain. The threadbare carpet under him had not been burned, though it was wet and stained.

"Well, one thing stands out," said Johnny jovially. "There's not going to be much insurance collected on the furniture in this place. Must have cost all of thirty dollars when it was new—which was years and years ago. Let's look at the bedroom."

Sally, ahead of him, sniffed as she went in.

"Funny how that kerosene smell stays, isn't it?"

"Sure is. Seems to me to be stronger in here than it is out there."

"Johnny, look at this carpet!"

Soaked with water, black with char washed in by the hose streams, it shone iridescent with oil in the daylight.

Johnny crouched on his heels and rubbed the carpet with his fingers; held them to his nose. Like a couple of pups they sniffed around the floor, stood up, and gazed solemnly at each other.

"Kerosene in this carpet." Sally pronounced a dictum.

"Nothing but, kid, nothing but. This gets thicker and thicker." Rorke bent over and smelled the wet and grimy bedcovers. "Same here. Plenty. Let's look around. There's something more than an accident in this."

They passed through the "dining room" into the drab and dirty kitchen.

"There were whisky glasses on the table in here," Johnny remarked. "The fire marshal took 'em down with him. I said in my story that the old man and the girl had got drunk and turned the lamp over. I'm revising that brilliant decision rapidly. How could one quart of oil spread through two rooms and up on that bed?"

HE opened the door on to the little back porch; the door had been unlocked, evidently, by a fireman's skeleton key. There, glistening in the first rays of the sun coming through the distant pine trees, stood a five-gallon oil can of galvanized tin. It was back against the wall, where it would not have been easily picked out by a fireman's lantern. Rorke unscrewed the cap, then picked up the can, glitteringly new.

"Hot dog!" he whispered to himself. "Look at this!" he called back to the girl who was still lingering in the dingy kitchen. "You wanted crime last night. You got it!"

"How, Johnny?"

"That, little one, is a five-gallon can. It has been full of kerosene. It has been full of kerosene quite recently; in fact, it has been put down here recently, which is more to the point. If you don't believe it, look on the porch. That greasy ring is where the can stood, full enough to slop over. It's empty now. Who emptied it inside there? And why?"

"Oh!" Sally's wondering voice sounded very, very young.

"Um. . . . Doesn't look, now, like a lamp exploded, does it? No, ma'am!"

He leaped off the porch and hurried around toward the front of the house, to bring the policeman back with him.

"Around here, Morgan. Look at that can, will you?"

"Say, that's funny, ain't it?" said the bluecoat, picking up the can and setting it down reflectively.

"Well, unusual, anyway, Morgan. Say, what's upstairs in this shack?"

"Ain't nothin'. Them rooms up there's as bare as a bone."

"Naw?"

"Surest thing you know, Mr. Rorke. Want to climb up that ladder and look?"

JOHNNY was coming down the ladder from a fruitless inspection of blackened walls and roof, when he heard Sally call him from inside the house. He traced her voice to the closet under the stairway. A mass of crumpled newspaper came flying out to him, followed by another bundle; after them came Sally, face smudged, hands grimy.

"It's all filled with newspapers, just soaked with kerosene," she said breathlessly. "Johnny, they wanted everything in this house to burn up!"

"You don't say! You're getting smarter and smarter, Miss Sherlock!" He patted her grimy cheek. "Come on, let's get to a telephone. The old man is going to grab this arson angle. Besides, I want to get down to the post office as soon as it opens." He kicked the loose papers back into the closet and closed the door.

"Why do you want to go to the post office?" she asked as she started the car.

"Business. Step on it, honey. Say, who owned that house? Didn't I hear you telling the old man? And don't take that next corner so fast, will you? I'm in a hurry, but not to be killed. I know too much."

"Bob Morrison owns that whole tract. At least, the fire marshal said he did."

"Morrison? Well, he won't miss what he lost on that shack. He's got plenty. So much that he craves to waste it running for governor."

"Do you reckon he has a chance? Dick thinks he has, but maybe the wish is father to the thought. He helped Dick a lot getting elected, you know, and they are thicker than thieves. I thought maybe Dick just wanted him to be elected so much that he wouldn't believe anything else."

"Too far ahead of the primaries to tell. I've sorter thought the judge's lady friend wanted him to run more than he did. What do you think about that? You know her, of course."

"Who? Mrs. Curtis? I don't see why they don't get married and be through with it. But, then, I reckon it's his procrastination. He's the laziest-looking skinny man I ever saw. And getting elected is such a lot of fuss and bother."

"Well, I reckon he's going to run. He asked me to take over his publicity on the side. Hey—there's your brother!"

Sally shot her car ahead to draw alongside its twin, a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SMOKE SCREEN
Continued from page thirteen

sedate dark green instead of canary. The man in the other roadster pulled over to the curb and stopped.

"Sally Lomax! Where have you been? What are you up to now? Look at your face!" Trying to be stern, her brother was grinning in spite of himself.

"We've been to a fire, Dick. Two people burned up." She tried to make it sound professionally callous. Being the baby sister was an enduring curse; Dick wouldn't take her work seriously.

"Yes? Try to rescue them and get your face that dirty? Go home and wash it." Now he was openly laughing at her.

"No, really, Dick, this is serious. We think the house was set afire."

Lomax turned to Rorke. Johnny's serious face sobered the district attorney at once.

"What's this, Rorke?"

Johnny outlined, briefly, the story, adding the clues he and Sally had just uncovered. Lomax, who had listened in silence, stepped on the starter of his car.

"Thanks, Rorke. The morning paper didn't have it. I'll see what they know at my office. Sally, you'd better go home and wash your face." His car shot forward.

Sally made a face at his back, and turned to Johnny. "Where to, now?"

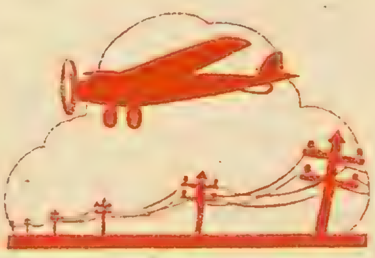
"Nearest telephone, a beanery, and the post office. I'll buy you some breakfast, young woman, if you'll go home and wash your face, as your brother told you to. You aren't as pretty as you could be. Reckon I'm not, either."

Sally left him at a drug store near the post office, and drove home, declining his breakfast invitation. At nine thirty she was back in the Pioneer office, reading the made-over extra, bannered TWO DIE IN ARSON PLOT BLAZE. Andy Hunt was no piker.

John Rorke's signed story on the front page revealed that the dead man was Martin Fox, said to have been about sixty years old, identified through a half-charred postal money-order receipt. (Rorke didn't tell how he had pocketed this when he had opened the dead man's half-burned bill fold.) The stub had shown only the first three numbers, 976—, the amount, $92, and part of the stamp of the issuing office, Houston, Feb. —; the rest of the date was charred off. The post-office clerk's book had shown that one Martin Fox had sent a money order for ninety-two dollars to a banker in Longleaf, Texas, on February third. The clerk recalled that Fox had been sending approximately a hundred dollars to that bank every month for a year and a half; every clerk in the money-order department had come to know the old man.

Rorke's story went on to relate that a reporter had talked to the cashier of the Longleaf State Bank as soon as this had been learned.

"MARTIN FOX was born near Longleaf, and lived here until about fifteen years ago," the banker had said. "He left here to go to Dallas, and moved from there to Houston more than two years ago. He has been buying a small farm near Longleaf, where a tenant is raising hogs for him on shares. He bought the farm three years ago and started paying it out in small monthly payments. About two years ago, after he went to Houston, he raised the amount he paid to around a hundred dollars a month. He always remitted by postal money order.



"I don't know what he worked at in Houston," the banker was quoted further. "I am under the impression that he was a collector for a firm of lawyers. He was always a secretive sort; once I asked him what he wanted with a farm at his age—he must have been about sixty—and he said: 'So I won't have to keep my money in a bank.' He had no folks around here; they all died years ago. He told me once he would never marry."

The banker had added that a pair of Fox's lower front teeth were missing; this supported the identification.

The Pioneer had made two clean beats so far. Sally felt a glow of virtuous pride; she had achieved this just by liking to chase fire engines, at which juvenility the uppity Mr. Rorke had been amused. Yet, if she hadn't wanted to see a fire, Alice Blair would not have been identified yet, and Johnny would not have had the money-order stub that had identified old Fox. The Evening Record and the Morning Bulletin were left far behind, thanks to her. The Record had put out an extra, but it was only an echo of the Pioneer's. The later Pioneer had merely added to Sally's first story of Alice Blair the fact that her employees at the shop had not been found for questioning. The fire stories all but filled the front page, surrounding a double column "box" in boldface type:

> **Alice Blair, about 25, red-haired beauty, and Martin Fox, about 60, at 2:30 A. M. today were burned to death in an old house on Telephone Road, just outside the city limits.**
>
> WHO WAS ALICE BLAIR?
>
> WHY WAS SHE ALONE IN THE HOUSE WITH FOX?
>
> WHO SOAKED THE PREMISES IN KEROSENE AND SET THE FIRE?
>
> WHY DIDN'T THE MAN AND THE WOMAN ESCAPE?
>
> **Read the Houston Pioneer for answers to these questions.**
>
> **The News while it *IS* News**
>
> CRISP CORRECT COMPLETE

Andy Hunt noticed Sally at her desk in the far corner of the city room just as she finished reading the revised extra.

"Sally!" The city editor bawled it across the long, dingy room. "Go out to the Blair shop and see what you can get out of the girls who work there. Find out where this girl came from and where her folks are. I've got young Havens out there, but he's dead or something. Get a picture of her. Phone in as soon as you get anything. Noon edition deadline is ten thirty, remember." He might have been giving orders to a star reporter, Sally thought.

"Get art!" he yelled after her. Sally giggled. Calling cheap photographs "art" was to her the "funniest gag in the newspaper racket," putting it professionally.

SHE spent the next half hour at the shop, talking to two tearful young saleswomen, discovering exactly nothing about Alice Blair's past. They didn't know one thing about her. She had spoken vaguely of a sister, but they didn't know where the sister lived, or even her name. Miss Blair had been in the shop all of the day before; a representative of a New York importing house had been there for the past three days. She was an old acquaintance of Miss Blair's, or at least she had seemed to be; they called each other Alice and Grace.

The saleswomen had no key to the apartment upstairs. They had no photograph of Miss Blair. She hadn't been easy to get intimate with. Neither of them had ever heard her speak of any Martin Fox; they had never heard her talk to him over the telephone; once in a while she talked to a man whom she called "Terry." They didn't know Terry's last name. She never called him; always he phoned her. They had never heard her mention any other man, except on business.

Miss Blair didn't drink? All Sally got for that question was a pair of glares. Certainly she didn't drink!

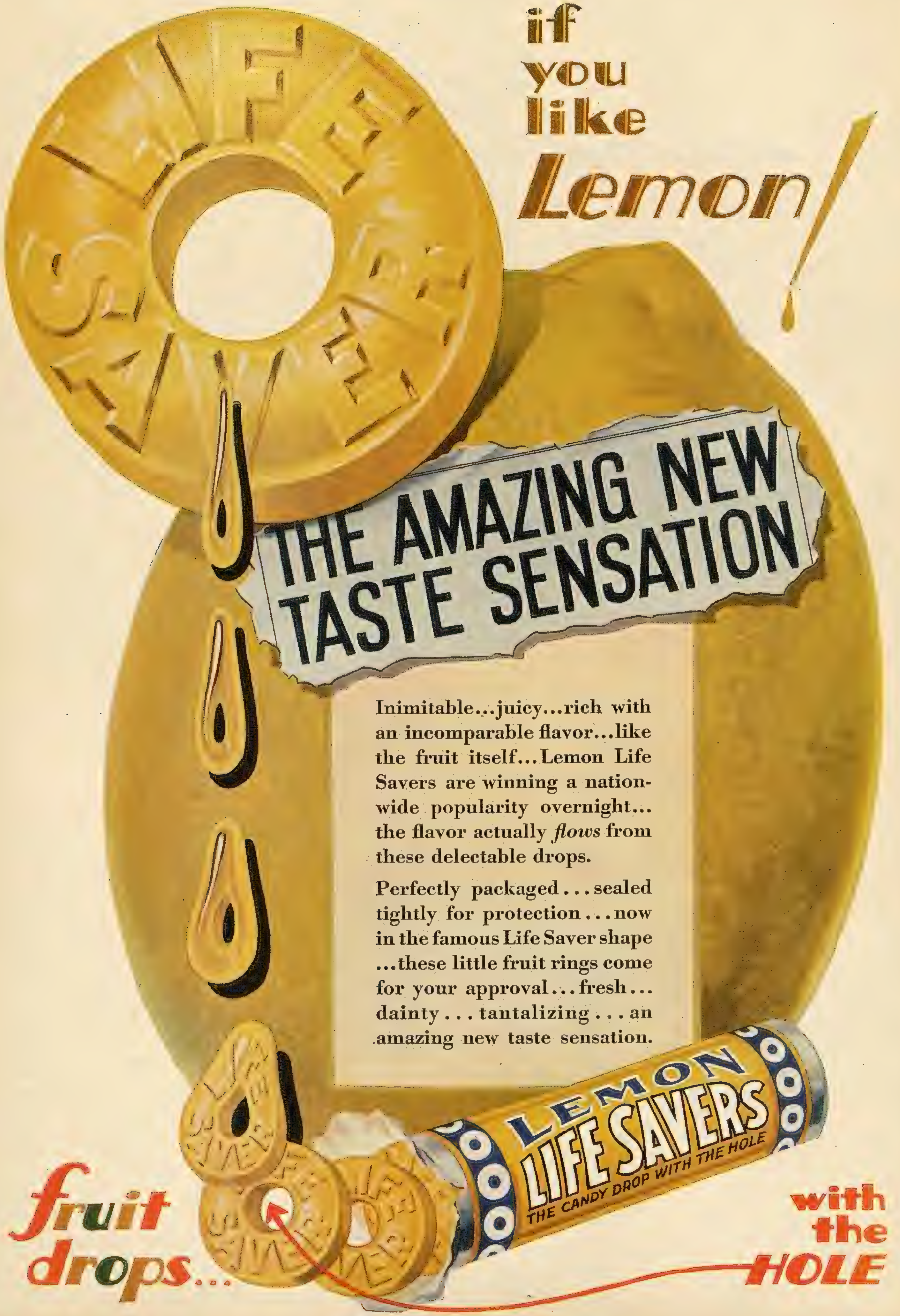
"Well, somebody had been drinking whisky from two glasses out there last night," Sally said. "Why didn't she run out that back door instead of stupidly staying in a room with locked doors and nailed-down windows if she wasn't befuddled with whisky?"

The younger girl burst into tears, and the older announced that she was going to lock up shop and go home. Sally apologized.

Baffled, she drove back to the office. She met Rorke in the lobby, and followed at his heels as he dashed into the city room, and yelled at Andy that he had "swell new dope. Shooting it fast." He and Hunt conferred earnestly at Rorke's desk before Johnny started a drum fire on his typewriter.

Every newly discovered fact deepens the mystery of the bodies in the burned house. But one enigma is solved —and Sally is the one who solves it. In next week's continuation of this story she scores a dazzling beat.

if you like Lemon!

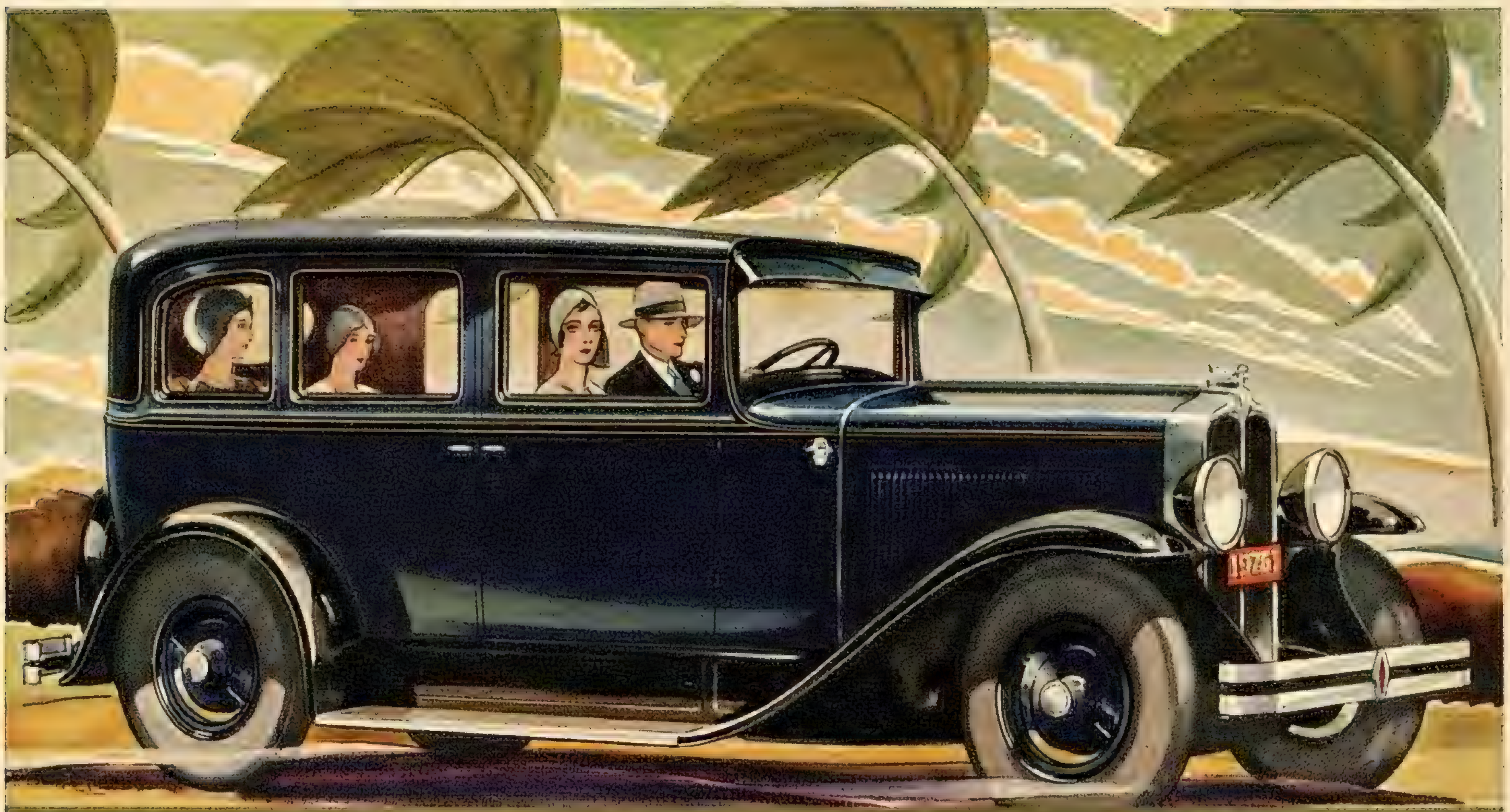

LIFE SAVERS
LEMON
LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY DROP WITH THE HOLE

THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION

Inimitable...juicy...rich with an incomparable flavor...like the fruit itself...Lemon Life Savers are winning a nationwide popularity overnight... the flavor actually *flows* from these delectable drops.

Perfectly packaged...sealed tightly for protection...now in the famous Life Saver shape ...these little fruit rings come for your approval...fresh... dainty...tantalizing...an amazing new taste sensation.

fruit drops... with the HOLE



NEW SERIES PONTIAC BIG SIX

Illustrated above: The Custom Sedan · Body by Fisher

Unusual Smoothness is Revealed by this Finer Pontiac Six . . .

As you travel the straightaway or climb the hills in the New Series Pontiac Big Six, one of the first qualities you will notice is its unusual smoothness — resulting from special features in Pontiac's engine. One is the Harmonic Balancer, which eliminates torsional vibration in the crankshaft. Another is the full pressure system which assures positive lubrication at all speeds. The G-M-R cylinder head eliminates roughness and minimizes spark knock. And improved type rubber mountings cradle the engine, insulating it from the frame and further increasing Pontiac's smoothness. A sturdy 60-horsepower engine of advanced design makes this finer Pontiac a fast, powerful car with remarkably swift acceleration. A new steering system acting on roller bearings makes it exceptionally easy to handle. Improvements in the already powerful Pontiac four-wheel brakes increase its safety. Greater riding comfort is provided by Lovejoy Hydraulic Shock Absorbers of improved design. New Fisher bodies whose stream-line length and lowness have been emphasized make this a more beautiful Pontiac. And because it possesses the famous Pontiac basic goodness, it protects your investment with its economy and capacity for long life. Available in seven distinctive body types. Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Michigan.

Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Series Pontiac Big Six

Product of
General Motors

A FAMOUS NAME
. . . A FINER CAR

$745

PRICES $745 AND UP F·O·B·PONTIAC·MICHIGAN

Another WHAT'S IT ALL *ABOUT* *Article*

By

JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

a veteran war correspondent, who contributed to a recent issue of Liberty an article inquiring What's It All About?—which brought in a flood of letters from readers. It consisted of personal reminiscences of bizarre or mysterious things, among which were cases of what Mr. Archibald believes to have been telepathy. These aroused such interest that he was encouraged to delve in his memory for more of them. This article resulted.

Dalton Stevens

What about TELEPATHY?

Picture by
Dalton Stevens

AND this telepathy stuff. What's *it* all about?

There is one thing sure, and that is that no one can really contradict anything you say about telepathy. We can only go by the strange things which happen to nearly every one of us. The curious feature of it is that those things happen to us much more frequently than we realize. We do not really appreciate what a great bearing telepathy, if there is such a thing, has on our everyday life.

A short time ago in Liberty I referred to a couple of telepathic instances which had come to my attention. By a sort of popular vote of old Mr. and Mrs. Vox Pop and a lot of the little Vox Pops, we will see if we can find out anything more about it. One letter came from Mr. Battell Loomis of California in which he wrote: "You say in your recent article that 'there isn't any one who can tell me what telepathy is all about. But, believe me, those things do happen.' Is that a defi or a confession of mental inadequacy?" I might say to Mr. Loomis that it is *not* a defi.

The mysticisms of India and of China are not in their ancient buildings or their temples.

Realizing that mental inadequacy, I delved into the opinions of the authorities, but finally came to the con-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

clusion that there really wasn't any one who knew what it was all about, and concluded that I was just as good a guesser as they were. In the end I realized I had not received even a faint inkling of the answer. Practically every one to whom I spoke regarding the subject gave me a concrete example of "something strange" that had happened to them, and so again I can only say, believe me, those things do happen.

"I was thinking of the same thing myself." We say that nearly every day, and yet how many of us realize that it is one of the most common examples of the mental conversation we carry on with those with whom we are in close relation?

Again, suppose there are two or more people in a room; there has not been a word spoken for some time. What is to prevent one of them starting to talk about baseball, and another about the possibility of plant life on Mars, or any other subject, exactly at the same instant? In all the world, with all the people of the world, no persons ever start talking at the same time on different subjects. I firmly believe that it is telepathy that controls their thought and directs it in the same channel. Frequently two persons will start talking on the same subject at the same time, but never on different subjects. It seems to me that were it not for the telepathic influence, there would be chaos in our conversation.

Pictures by M. C. Rosser

My wife was calling me from New York, a hundred miles away.

There are few persons who have the temerity to deny this great force that seems to have such a definite bearing on our everyday life, but there are many who are almost totally lacking in any telepathic influence. In the other extreme some persons are declared to be psychic, while others are commonly known as "dumb-bells," for after all a dumb-bell is nothing more or less than a person lacking in mental influence. Perhaps a person who is psychic has the telepathic influence developed to a greater degree, but then again, perhaps it has nothing to do with the subject whatever.

. . . . .

SOME time ago I knew a Bryn Mawr girl who was taking a post-graduate course, studying, as she expressed it, "everything ending in -ology," for she had previously graduated in all ordinary subjects.

This young woman possessed an uncanny mental power. One of the tests which I often made with her was to take a pack of well shuffled playing cards and run them off one at a time in a position where she could not see them. No matter how rapidly I ran them off, she would instantly name every card.

There is no question in my mind that many of us use this influence in bridge, poker, or other card games. Husband and wife when playing bridge together are often so susceptible to this influence that they are even accused of having private signals when, as a matter of fact, they probably do not know they are doing it.

Photo © Harris & Ewing

Senator W. O. Bradley of Kentucky, and the true dream that called him from afar to his daughter's bedside.

. . . . .

One of Augustus Thomas' most interesting plays, The Witching Hour, was founded entirely on this telepathic theme. In it he showed a gambler who finally realized that he had been mentally cheating all his life, never knowing that he did so.

We see such an influence every day in stud poker when a player will have a "hunch" to play out what is apparently the weaker hand.

. . . . .

In some cases it seems necessary to have a definite sound to concentrate our attention to a thought some one is trying to convey. There is a well known whistle of a high and a lower note, just the two notes C and A, that is universally used throughout the entire country to call the attention of some friend in a crowd or at a distance. Why is it that nine times out of ten, if you give that well known whistle and direct your thought to a certain person, only that one person will get the signal and look toward you, although every one knows that same signal? Try it yourself. And even without a sound, pick out some person in a crowd, preferably a friend, and make up your mind to compel him to turn and look at you. Concentrate on him and *force* him to look around. It is the thought that does it.

. . . . . .

"DID your ears burn?" Analyze that. It is merely the inquiry of some one who wants to know whether you got the mental message of others who were talking about you to a sufficient extent to make you blush with pride or with mortification, as the case might be.

. . . . .

Another experiment which I have tried a thousand times is, upon awakening in the middle of the night to wonder what time it is. I concentrate for a moment and get the correct time. Even my secretary laughed at this idea, but it is true just the same. Perhaps it is because there are enough people throughout the land looking at the clock at that exact moment; perhaps I get their thought. Anyway, it does happen time after time. And, another thing, how many of you have had to get up at a certain time in the morning, at an hour varying from your usual custom, and the night before simply made up your mind, and almost invariably wakened on the minute? How do you explain that? Quite frankly, I can't.

. . . . .

We sometimes visit a place for the first time and yet have an uncanny feeling that we have seen it all before. We may have a conversation, and have a subconscious feeling that we have said the same thing before. We may be in a locality where a room or a street may bring a feeling of absolute familiarity, and yet we know that we have never seen this particular place before. We may know that we have never had that conversation before, but still the curious sense of familiarity persists in our minds.

Along the same lines my favorite author, E. Phillips Oppenheim, says: "Has there never been a moment in your life when a sense of unreality has seized you? You doubt for a moment your own identity, you are haunted by mirage-like thoughts, beautiful or sad, you are strangely out of touch with your surroundings." Perhaps that has something to do with the subject. Anyway, a lot of us have had that weird feeling. Perhaps that goes into the reincarnation or spiritualistic stuff.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

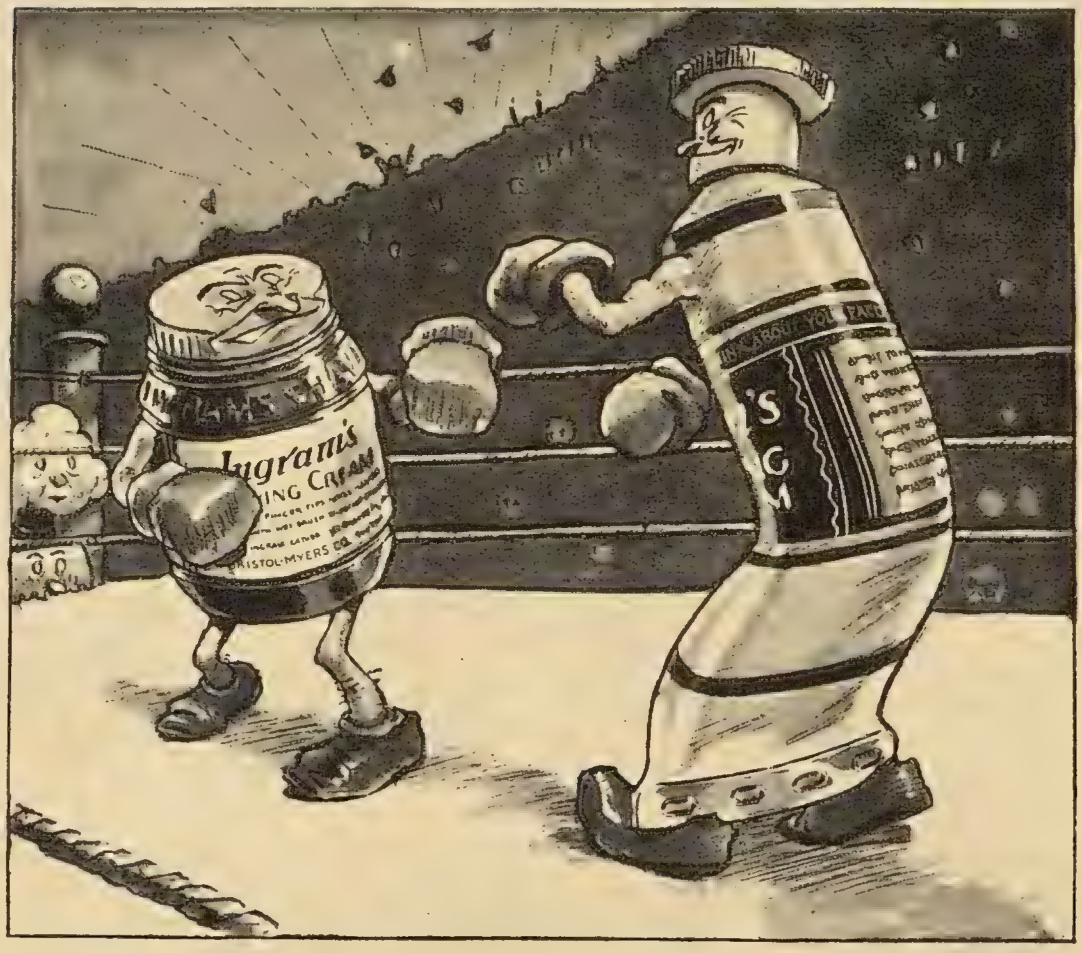
A cool $5,000.00 *and* a cool shave to you!

Easy, fascinating contest! Open to everybody! 328 chances for You to Win!

"The jar will win," says T. L. L. Ryan,
Advertising Advisor to the Company

"Preferences don't change overnight. A million shaving men have found the blue Ingram jar has its good points which no tube can duplicate. The new tube is all right—but it won't outsell the jar that made Ingram's famous for cool, *stingless shaves!"*

Thomas L. L. Ryan



"Back the tube," says H. P. Bristol,
President of the Company

"Most shaving men like a tube. The fact that Ingram's came only in a jar kept a lot of men from using this cooler, *smoother shaving cream. Now that the tube is here, too, Ingram's sales will reach new levels. And the new tube will outsell the jar!"*

Henry P. Bristol

A FEW weeks ago Ingram's announced a $5,000.00 prize contest that calls for no red tape—simply for your business opinion! Here's the proposition:

Shortly before January 1st Ingram's went on sale in a tube as well as a jar. The price is exactly the same as for the famous Ingram jar. And the cream it contains is the same—with the same *cool* comfort in shaving.

Predict how the sales of the tube will compare with those of the jar, during 1930—and win your share of $5,000.00 in cash prizes.

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926	751,392 Jars
1927	1,148,628 Jars
1928	1,560,828 Jars
1929	1,992,998 Jars

Remember, it's the jar that made this remarkable sales record! It has its advantages—don't underestimate them. Most Ingram users prefer the jar! But many men, we know, prefer a tube. So we brought the tube out, in addition to the jar, to appeal to *all* men who shave.

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less,* how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have upon the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give $5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	**$1,000.00**
Second prize	**$500.00**
Third prize	**$250.00**
Next 325 prizes . . . . *each*	**$10.00**

Have you ever tried Ingram's? It was the first of all *cool* shaving creams. Because of three special cooling and soothing ingredients, Ingram's tightens and tones the skin *while you shave.* You can get either the tube or the jar from your druggist. Or we'll send you a week's supply of *cool* Ingram shaves free on receipt of the coupon. But, whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest today!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.

2. Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.

3. You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.

4. If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.

5. Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 31, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 31, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves

*Name*________________

*Street*________________

*City*________ *State*________

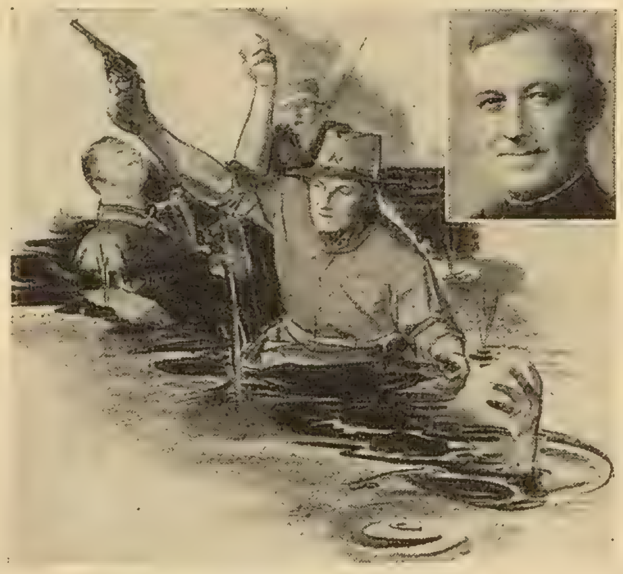
(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

All that is what you might call fundamentals of telepathy, the common, everyday happenings. But surely there is a broader and more scientific aspect.

The first real examples of importance came to my attention out in the age-old lands of the Orient, India and China, where they seem to have recognized the mental influence more fully, and it was there that I became interested.

The mysticisms of India and of China are not in their ancient buildings or their silent temples. I believe that it is really the intangible thoughts received from their mental heritage of forgotten centuries. In this country, where we jump from a seat in the local to a strap in the express at Fourteenth Street to save a possible two minutes at Grand Central, we cannot understand the calm, unspoken secrets of the mystic East.



Picture by M. C. Rosser; photo © Harris & Ewing

Major General T. Q. Ashburn, and the battle in the Philippines at the hour of which his mother in Ohio dreamed that he was in danger of drowning.

. . . . .

In considering the scientific side of the question it occurred to me to get the opinion of a scientific man.

One of the closest personal friends I have in Europe, Baron Constantine Economo of Vienna is one of the world's recognized authorities on neurology and psychiatry. I first met Economo many years ago, and I have followed him through many activities born of an inquisitive scientific mind. I saw him in uniform in the World War. I met him out in the Carpathian ranges at a time when the Austrians were meeting the onslaught of the Russian army. He had attained a high rank in his military life, but there was always a scientific side to his service.

Dr. Economo was recently called to this country by Columbia University to deliver three lectures on his favorite subject. His lectures were received with thought and attention by men who know, so it occurred to me to wire him and ask him what it was all about. I received the following telegraphic reply:

JAMES ARCHIBALD
WASHINGTON D C

UNTIL NOW NO ABSOLUTE SCIENTIFIC PROOF HAS EVER BEEN GIVEN ON TELEPATHY—ALL CASES OBSERVED MAY EXPLAIN IN A DIFFERENT WAY ESPECIALLY BY CHANCE AS ONE FORGETS FAILURES BUT ALWAYS REMEMBERS STRIKING OCCURRENCES—TRANSMISSION OF THOUGHT MIGHT EXPLAIN MUCH BUT ALL SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS MADE BY MYSELF WERE FAILURES AND COULD NOT PERSUADE ME OF EXISTENCE OF SUCH AN UNKNOWN NERVE POWER—WE CANT DENY ITS POSSIBILITY BUT WE CAN NEITHER CONCEDE ITS EXISTENCE BEFORE ITS BEING SCIENTIFICALLY PROVED—YOURS SINCERELY

ECONOMO

And all I can say is that that opinion of Dr. Economo is great stuff for the Itoldyousos.

But!!! In spite of his opinion, things do happen.

. . . . .

SOME time ago I was alone at my farm out in Connecticut and had gone to bed smoking a cigarette. At four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the telephone; my wife was calling me from New York, almost a hundred miles away. The bedclothing was in flames and the blaze was so well under way that it probably would have been out of control in a very few moments.

I asked her to hold the wire and proceeded to put out the fire. When I had extinguished the flames I took up the receiver and without telling her of the fire went on with the conversation. She apologized for calling me at such an hour, but said, "I awakened from a sound sleep with a feeling so strong that there was something wrong that I was compelled to call you. I could not resist the impulse."

Then, very sheepishly, I confessed what had happened and gave thanks for her having saved the house and perhaps my life.

It won't be any telepathy that passes through the minds of a lot of you who say that any one who smokes a cigarette in bed ought to be burned up, but I still say that I'm very thankful I wasn't. Now perhaps that wasn't scientific, but it did happen.

. . . . .

Just one more case, culled from many of my own personal experiences staged in New York. Having followed war as a reporter for the past thirty-odd years, I have spent most of my life in the faraway corners of the world, and my friends rarely knew where I happened to be, except when my dispatches were coming in from some actual front.

I was in my room on the seventh floor of the old Waldorf-Astoria, had turned in for the night, and was reading a book, when an imperative impulse came over me to write a note to a charming Baltimore friend. I got out of bed, wrote the letter, and had a boy mail it. The next day I received from this same young lady a letter on Waldorf paper which started out with the statement that she had no idea what part of the world I was in, but that she had been thinking of me a good deal that evening and concluded to write to me, addressing it to my New York club.

The next day I called and found that she was on the eighth floor, directly above me, and at the time we were simultaneously writing the notes we were not more than twelve feet apart.

. . . . .

FROM Mr. Matt Chilton, Republican national committeeman from Kentucky, comes an interesting example of what might be telepathy. In a reminiscent mood Chilton said: "One of the most interesting characters Kentucky ever produced was the former governor, W. O. Bradley. Just as some men are outstanding physically, other men are outstanding mentally. Such a man was Governor Bradley. From Kentucky he went to the United States Senate and throughout his life he made an enviable record.

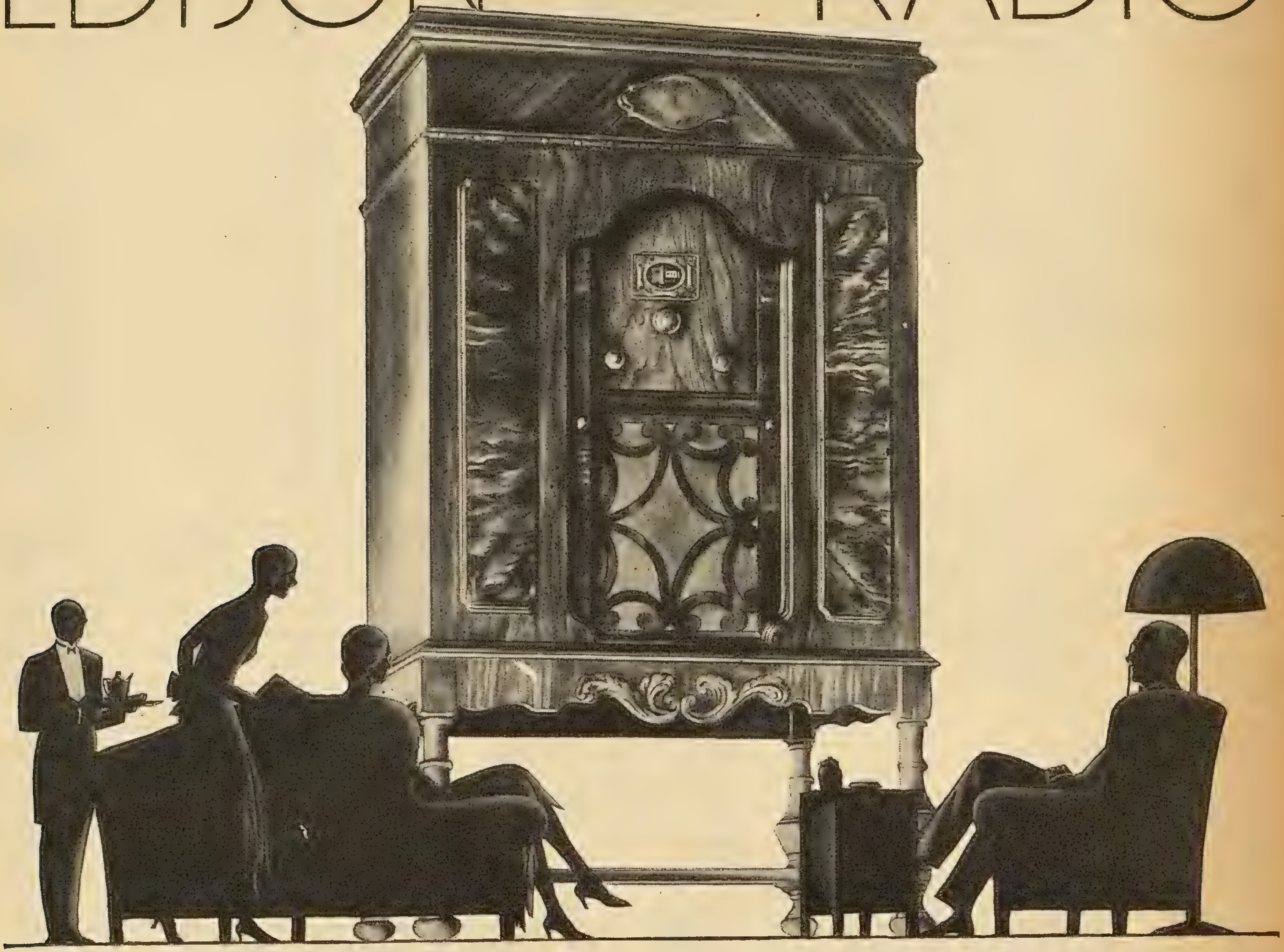
"Long before Governor Bradley became active in politics he was a practicing lawyer in Garrard County. On a certain occasion he was called to Frankfort to argue a case before the court of appeals and, as transportation was still in the horse and buggy stage, the trip was the better part of a day. His opposing counsel hailed from his own town, so as a matter of convenience they made the trip together and even occupied the same room at Frankfort. Having retired after an arduous journey they were soon sound asleep.

"About three o'clock Governor Bradley was awakened by a dream, vivid and compelling, that his little daughter Christine was lying in bed with blood streaming from her mouth. His dream was so impelling that he awakened his companion and told him that on account of the strange dream he was returning immediately to his home. He asked his friend to arrange for a postponement of their case, saying that he knew that he was needed at home on account of some accident.

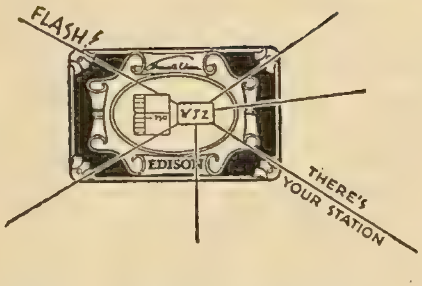
"His companion endeavored to convince him of the absurdity of any such belief in thought, but his feeling was so overwhelming that he dressed and made the return trip during the night. Although his wife had no knowledge of his return she was awaiting him at the front door when he arrived. Without preliminary explanation he demanded, 'How is Christine? Has her mouth stopped bleeding?'

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

EDISON *LIGHT-O-MATIC* RADIO



The greatest name in science guarantees your radio investment ●



Edison Light-O-Matic Tuning instantly, easily and perfectly tunes your favorite stations, announcing each arrival with a flash of crimson light. The nuisance of log books is gone . . . fussing with old-fashioned dials is done!

Thomas A. Edison's signature is not appended to half-way achievements. Not until a perfected radio had been developed in the Edison Laboratories could there be an Edison Radio ● Now the Edison Light-O-Matic Radio is here and confidence in radio-buying has come ● Choose the Edison for its faithful delivery of the artist's true performance. Choose it as an investment in better living. Choose it because of the pleasure it will give you through the years to come ● Above all choose it for that pride of possession assured by the name on the panel— Thomas A. Edison

The model illustrated is the C-4—the Edison Radio-Phonograph Combination. It is all-electric . . . plays all makes of needle records with the same superb radio-realism that so distinguishes the Edison Radio. Its massive studio cabinet is superbly executed. Finish of blended walnut with sliding doors of matched butt walnut and front relieved with butt walnut panels. $325, less tubes. Other models from $175 upwards, less tubes. (Prices slightly higher in the far west.)

●

Write for "Edison's Part in Radio"—a fascinating booklet. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, New Jersey.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

"Mrs. Bradley answered him without the slightest evidence of surprise at his return or his inquiry, and told him that the child was much better, but very badly hurt.

"It developed that in play the child had fallen and that a sharp stubble had pierced the roof of her mouth, but that it was not until about three o'clock in the morning that the hemorrhage had become really serious."

It was after Governor Bradley went to the United States Senate that he told this story to my friend Matt Chilton. Some time after Senator Bradley's death, Mr. Chilton tells me, he met this child. She is now Mrs. John Glover South, wife of the American Minister to Portugal. Chilton asked her if she remembered the incident as related by her father. Mrs. South told him that the accident had happened as related, that she had heard many times of the impelling premonition of her father, and that the story was perfectly true.

And all I can say is that I believe it, and I leave it to you to judge what it is all about.

Picture by M. C. Rosser; photo Harris & Ewing

Elinor Glyn, and an artist's idea of the conclusion of her story, Three Weeks. A similar story was being told, as true, to Mr. Archibald at the time when Three Weeks was being conceived and written.

. . . . .

As a matter of fact, it seems that husband and wife are more susceptible telepathically than others. Perhaps that is why we hear so often a husband complaining, "I never can get away with anything with my wife." Naturally, that is a one-sided arrangement, because, of course, wives never try to put anything over on their husbands.

. . . . .

I am wondering if a lot of suits over plagiarism and patent infringements might not be due to telepathy.

Wallace Munro, the dean of theatrical advance men, sent me the following incident: "Some years ago I wrote the scenario of a play in which a clergyman was the central figure; the basis of the story was to me an absolutely new one, as it covered a field of dramatic construction that heretofore had been untilled. After laboring over the effusion for several weeks, I could not seem to get the proper angle to bring it to a successful climax, so in disgust threw the manuscript in the bottom of a trunk and forgot the incident.

"Three years later Henry Arthur Jones, the eminent dramatist of England, had a play produced by Frohman in New York City at the Empire Theater, entitled Michael and His Lost Angel, in which the same theme was expressed, the same characters used, the same situations developed, and the same dénouement achieved that I had incorporated in my frail effort three years before.

"I had never seen Henry Arthur Jones, but later found out that both scripts were written about the same time. There could not be any way of contact other than by that uncanny medium of transmission of thought."

That coincidence, had Mr. Munro's manuscript ever been submitted, might easily have been the basis of an apparently justifiable suit for plagiarism.

. . . . .

MANY of the leading studios in Hollywood return unopened all manuscripts which are sent to them, merely as a protection against charges by the authors of the stories that their unaccepted work has been stolen. They do this because of the many instances where authors have had the same identical idea and treatment as had emanated from their own staff writers, and they would rather lose the opportunity of reading the stories than take the chance of a lawsuit.

. . . . .

Some years ago Major General Henry C. Corbin of the United States army related to me an incident that might be a case of telepathy, if you believe in telepathy; and if you don't it will give you a lot of explaining to do.

Mrs. Allen W. Ashburn of Batavia, Ohio, was the wife of a famous physician and was also, at that time, the mother of four colonels in the United States army. General Corbin told me that all through the active military careers of those four sons, that loving mother never failed to receive a definite impression of thought whenever danger threatened one of her boys. He told me of one instance, as related to him by Mrs. Ashburn, that happened during the insurrection in the Philippines.

On the night of November 11, 1899, Mrs. Ashburn had a vivid dream that her son, Major T. Q. Ashburn of the Thirty-third Infantry, U. S. V., was in imminently grave peril. She dreamed that her son was in a great open sea and in danger of drowning. As she related her dream to Dr. Ashburn the next morning, she was much confused, she said, because in the dream the water, instead of being of a natural color, was a bright green and, as she expressed it, "did not seem like ordinary water." She also related that the danger was not entirely of drowning, but she could not exactly determine the real cause.

ON the same November 11, Major Ashburn was leading his battalion in the Battle of San Jacinto against Aguinaldo's main force. The advance of Major Ashburn's battalion was made through a great rice paddy; his military objective could only be reached from this direction. Major Ashburn and his men were advancing almost waist-deep in water. Almost as far as the eye could reach, the green rice plants were waving in the breeze like the billows of the ocean. When one of those brave men went down, even from a minor wound, it meant sure death, for they drowned in that morass.

Two months later Major Ashburn received a letter from his mother written the day after her prophetic dream. When the date and hour of the battle were checked up it was noted that, considering the difference in time, the dream was experienced at the exact time of the battle.

A few nights ago this same officer was at a dinner which I attended in Washington. He is now Major General Ashburn in our military establishment. I asked General Ashburn if the facts of the story I had received from General Corbin were correct and he unhesitatingly vouched for every detail. General Ashburn was at first loath to allow me to quote him in the matter, but when I explained that we were simply endeavoring to arrive at some solution of an age-old question, he gave his permission and his stamp of approval as to the facts.

. . . . .

During the Russo-Japanese War I spent almost two years with the Russian army in Manchuria as a newspaper reporter. There were correspondents and military attachés from every part of the world, speaking nearly every known tongue. It was there that the conviction came to me that the telepathic message is actually transferred in words rather than in general impressions. From many things that I observed out there, I do not now believe that there can be any definite transmission of thought unless both parties are thinking in the same language. That may be silly; anyway, it sounds silly, but that's the way I look at it. And perhaps that is why many international marriages turn out so unhappily.

. . . . .

In reference to the fact that I believe the Oriental peoples use telepathy to a very marked degree, I think of the number of times I have heard friends who had a valued servant state that "he anticipates my every want." It probably never occurs to them that they put

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

© 1930 by Dodge Brothers Corporation

SENSATIONAL VALUES

A NEW 6

$835

AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY

The new Dodge Six — big, handsome, comfortable and capable — is the lowest-priced six . . . the lowest-priced closed car of any description . . . ever to bear the time-honored name of Dodge Brothers. With silent, safe Mono-piece (Steel) bodies and internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, it offers a measure of value that establishes a new high point in Dodge Brothers long record of outstanding value achievements.

A NEW 8 IN LINE

$1095

AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY

The new Dodge Eight-in-Line brings to the eight-cylinder field every typical Dodge Brothers characteristic of quality, stamina and dependability. It is an exceptional achievement in engineering, a triumph in luxury, roominess and comfort, as well as a brilliant performer. But most important of all, it is, in every respect, a typical Dodge Brothers product embodying true Dodge Brothers fineness in every part.

DODGE BROTHERS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

WHERE IS THE "TENDER SPOT" ON YOUR FACE?

Try this healing lather on that "tender spot"

WHEN we recently announced, "Lifebuoy Shaving Cream is here," thousands of requests for trial tubes poured in. "Great news," men said. "Must be fine." "Just think—a shaving cream with Lifebuoy's antiseptic protection!"

They tried it. Another deluge of enthusiastic letters. "Marvelous!" "Slickest shave ever!" "So easy on tender spots."

No more painful shaves

Nearly every man has one favored tender spot on neck, chin, cheek or lip that gets sore from shaving. But now, with Lifebuoy's double-dense lather shielding it, the razor glides right over it without sting or burn.

Make this test

Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream today. Or mail the coupon for a free sample. Lather with it. Shave in your usual way. When you go over the tender spot see how the razor gets off every whisker without the slightest irritation. Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather lubricates, soothes, protects. Try it now.

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

LEVER BROTHERS CO.
Dept. 133 Cambridge, Mass.
Please send me a 12-day "Show Me" trial tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream.

Name..............................
Address..............................
City..................State..............

WHAT ABOUT TELEPATHY?
Continued from page twenty-two

in a mental order and that it is promptly fulfilled.

During that same campaign, Lord Brooke, afterward the Earl of Warwick, and myself maintained a mess for many months together. We had nineteen perfectly trained servants to attend our household—and, parenthetically, the nineteen cost less than thirty dollars a month and they subsisted themselves. There was one servant in particular, my "number one boy" Chong who actually did anticipate my every want even late into the night. If I desired a glass of water, for instance, he would invariably arrive with that glass of water without a spoken word.

Photos © Harris & Ewing
Baron Constantine Economo.

. . . . .

It was during this same campaign that there developed the strangest tale of all and the most difficult to tell. Unfortunately, it must be told vaguely, because it deals with the parentage of one of the world's most talked-of characters. It's a weird tale, but, believe me, it's true.

If you know Elinor Glyn's Three Weeks, you know the story that came to me little by little over a period of eight months. It came to me from a titled officer of one of the smaller kingdoms, who became sentimentally reminiscent of a great adventure in his life.

This officer was a king's messenger to a reigning monarch in Europe. The king's daughter was a queen of another country and without an heir to succeed to the throne. The officer told me how he had been given a sealed letter by his royal master to deliver to the monarch's daughter, and how when he delivered that letter a marvelous reception was afforded him and he was her personal guest at the palace for three weeks.

Congressman Royal C. Johnson.

IT was immediately after this visit that he came to the headquarters of the Russian army, and he was full of enthusiasm over his wonderful visit. It was the reminiscent tale of a satisfied happy lover, told bit by bit during the winter evenings in our quarters in Mukden.

Then came the news that a queen was expecting an heir. He came to me in a frenzy of remorse and anger. If I ever breathed a word of what he had told me, he would kill me. He declared that he had been a fool ever to tell me anything whatever, and, as a matter of fact, I doubt if to this day he realizes how much he really did tell me. Seven or eight months later, an heir was born to the throne and again he threatened dire things if I should ever repeat his story.

Some time later I met Elinor Glyn and asked her about her story that had so closely followed the dramatic thread of the tale that had been told me out there in the war zone. She told me that she had written it while a guest at a castle in Scotland, and that, without any previous constructive thought, the idea of the story had come to her during evenings when she was alone in her room. We checked up on dates and they coincided perfectly with the time I was being told the story in Manchuria.

Elinor Glyn then related an episode in her life that she said she had never been able to explain. She had received an absolutely unexpected invitation to visit this particular court—an invitation that amounted practically to a command. Madam Glyn said that she was never able to understand the reason for this invitation, but that she accepted and was lavishly entertained. During her stay she was adroitly questioned as to the origin of her conception of the story.

She had no other explanation than that it was purely an imaginative idea born of an intangible thought.

Another branch of the royal family which aspired to the throne and might ascend in case there was no legitimate heir also tried to get the true story from her, evidently that they might use it in their regal aspirations.

ONE night Madam Glyn was going to make a call on some English friends and she took a public droshky. The driver of this conveyance turned his team in a direction quite opposite to that of her desired destination and drove like mad, disregarding her commands. Becoming alarmed, she jumped out and escaped what she believed to be an attempt to kidnap her; and as a result of this and several other curious incidents, she concluded that it would be a wise thing to leave the country immediately, although she had no idea what prompted such interest in her.

It was not until years later that we met and checked up the coincidences of this story. Perhaps it was just coincidence—who knows?—but in my mind still remains the weird, uncanny tale full of diplomatic love, royal intrigue, and something mysteriously unknown.

. . . . .

It might seem from many observations that the most powerful examples of thought transference come in times of great stress, such as murder, suicide, great disaster, or serious accidents to friends or family. Lovers in the ecstasy of their desire seem to be most active telepathically. The simple act of holding hands is an undoubted medium of mental conversation.

Tragedy and love combined seem

almost certain to create a communicative power.

. . . . . .

In a small apartment in Washington, a few days ago, there was told to me an amazing tale of tragedy and love. It was told in a simple, straightforward manner by a southern girl who had experienced a great passion. She gave me her full consent to use her name and the names of every one connected with the story, but there are innocent persons who would be involved for no purposeful reason. However, the tale I heard was verified in every detail by the girl's roommate and by a doctor and nurse who figured in it.

It seems that this girl had come to Washington from the southland and taken a position in the office of a very well known man. For two years she worked in this office, but from the very first she felt that this man was her man and she knew that he felt the same. For two years no word of love passed between them, but one day when on account of illness she did not appear at the office, the man called to inquire and brought some flowers. Without any preliminary spoken protestation of love those two came to a deep understanding, and from that day there was a great true love more powerful than the man-made laws which made marriage impossible.

THERE passed months of perfect contentment; months of hope, and months of plans for a solution that would satisfy society's demands.

One night the two girls returned to their apartment after a very happy day. Without disturbing thoughts they retired for the night. At exactly ten thirty the southern girl awakened her companion with a piercing scream. She wailed that she knew something terrible had happened to her lover. She alternately wept and prayed. She was in a perfect frenzy of agitation. Her roommate told me that she did everything in her power to quiet the girl and persuade her that it was all the result of a hideous imaginative dream. Four or five times during the night her hysteria suddenly ceased and she apparently listened as though for a spoken word, and then again she would lose all control of herself. At about five o'clock she sank back on the bed and fell exhausted into a heavy sleep, which continued until it was time for them to go to the office.

The next day it was found that at exactly ten thirty the automobile of her lover had been struck by a bootlegger's speeding truck and that the man had been terribly hurt. He had been immediately hurried to a hospital, and the doctor who attended him said that he did not regain consciousness, but that four or five times during the night his eyes opened and his lips moved as though he was trying to speak. At exactly five o'clock he died.

And now this girl's only solace in a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Here are the keys . . .
drive it for five days before you decide!"

"That's the kind of demonstration I want!"

"That's the demonstration everyone gets who buys a used car backed by the Studebaker Pledge!"

Which do *you* prefer—one-half hour's ride over the boulevards—or five days at the wheel *yourself?*

Under the terms of the famous Studebaker Pledge, you get five days' driving trial with the used car of your choice—with this further assurance—if the car you choose does not satisfy, you may return it within five days and apply your payment on *any* car in your Studebaker dealer's stock, *new or used!*

More than 150,000 thrifty motorists last year bought Pledge-backed used cars because they know a good used car is a better buy than a cheap car bought new. Most Pledge-backed used cars have been thoroughly reconditioned—they look and run like new!

The Studebaker Pledge also provides a 30-day guarantee on all Certified cars. It also gives you the honest representation of plainly marked prices.

When you buy *your* used car see your Studebaker dealer first. See that you get the protection of the famous Studebaker Pledge—the fairest used car sales policy in the market.

Pledge to the Public on Used Car Sales

1 Every used car is conspicuously marked with its lowest price in plain figures, and that price, just as the price of our new cars, is rigidly maintained.

2 All Studebaker automobiles which are sold as CERTIFIED CARS have been properly reconditioned, and carry a 30-day guarantee for replacement of defective parts and free service on adjustments.

3 Every purchaser of a used car may drive it for five days, and then, if not satisfied for any reason, turn it back and apply the money paid as a credit on the purchase of any other car in stock—new or used. (It is assumed that the car has not been damaged in the meantime.)

© 1928 The Studebaker Corporation of America

STUDEBAKER
Builder of Champions

INVEST 2c
you may save
$200

Spend 2c now for your copy of this interesting and instructive booklet, "How to Judge a Used Car"—it may save you as much as $200 on the used car you buy. Mail the coupon—*now!*

How to judge a used car

THE STUDEBAKER CORP. OF AMERICA
Div. 143, South Bend, Indiana

Please send me copy of "How to Judge a Used Car."

Name..

Street..

City..State........................

Lonely
Hearts

WILBERT has a heart of gold. Will no one tell him what's the matter—why girls turn pale, and gracious matrons freeze at his approach? Yes, *we* will. This has gone far enough. Get a new pipe, Wilbert, and break it in gently, thoughtfully, with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture. When the curling wisps of its fragrance surround you, everything will be changed, Wilbert.

How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 3*) To make your pipe sweet from top to heel, smoke *all* the pipe load when you break it in, or fill the bowl half full the first few times so that the "heel," and not merely the top, will be broken in. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 42.

B.W.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's milder

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO

WHAT ABOUT TELEPATHY?
Continued from page twenty-five

lonesome life is to go out to the silent cemetery and place a few flowers on a little mound under which lies the broken body she loved so dearly, and she insistently declares that when she kneels beside that little mound, from somewhere out in the beyond come thoughts, thoughts of definite words of hope and cheer. And who can deny it? What is it all about?

. . .

After two years in South Africa, when I was covering the Boer War, I returned on a Castle Line steamer, and among the passengers on board were Rudyard Kipling and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. This was a long time before Conan Doyle took up the subject of spiritualism, or at least, before he made his belief known to the world.

ONE evening the conversation turned to the play of Sherlock Holmes. Just before I had gone to the Cape for the campaign I had seen the first production of Sherlock Holmes as written by William Gillette, and I gave Sir Arthur as full an account of the dramatist's handling of his stories as I could from memory. I remember that he said at the time: "That is just about the mental picture that came to me; but didn't Gillette make the character of Moriarty rather an old man?" I had not told him that the Moriarty in Gillette's play was a very old man, but he was. Sir Arthur said his idea of the master mind of crooks was a younger man, and I believe that Mr. Gillette changed it shortly afterward.

There seemed to be no doubt in the mind of the author of the stories but that he had received a definite impression of the characters as they were played thousands of miles away.

. . . . .

And so it seems that telepathic experiences of the everyday variety happen to most of us most of the time, but once in a while an outstanding example occurs that takes a lot of cross-my-hearts and hope-to-die protestations before any one will believe it. And even then people believe it with a mental reservation.

I WILL wager that there are mighty few of the Vox Pop family who have not had telepathic experiences that would make the examples I quote seem commonplace. I only wish that Liberty might hear of all of them so that we could really arrive at some conclusion.

And from the Hon. Royal C. Johnson, D. S. C., member of Congress from South Dakota, comes an unfinished story that might prove the most dramatic and timely of them all. Mr. Johnson is chairman of the Veterans' Committee, and, as a proven friend to all service men, probably knows old soldiers better than any man in Washington.

He tells me that he has heard many vague but seemingly well founded stories from the marines as to how the natives in Haiti employ some uncanny transference of thought to warn one another against our military movements, and use their great war drums to concentrate that thought message.

I am asking some of you old leathernecks who have served in Haiti what *that's* all about. Perhaps some of you men of the marines can tell me.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

Stories and articles by

Alicia Patterson
Frederick B. Watt
Arthur T. Munyan
John W. Thomason, Jr.

— AND —

the first announcement of

$25,000 Prize Awards

in Liberty's recently concluded Patriotic Game of Presidents

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

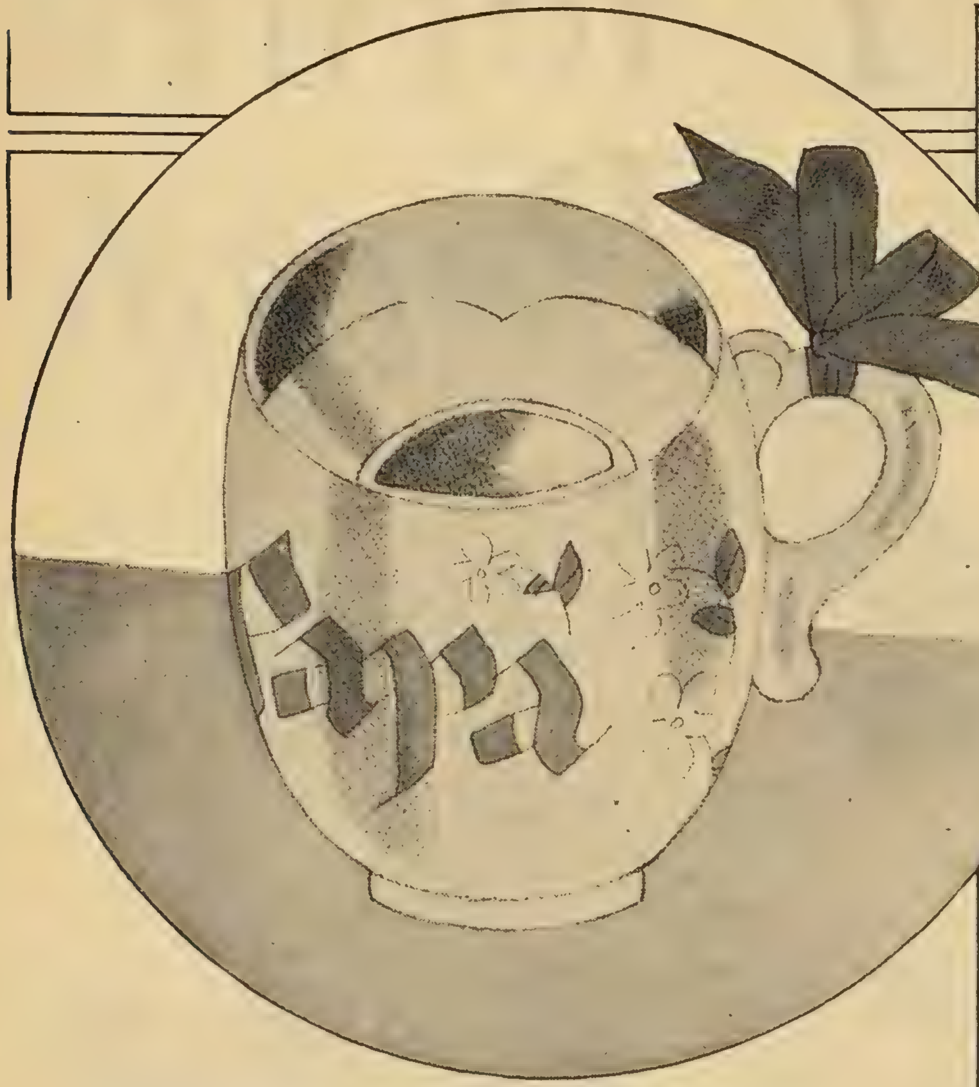
1—Who composed Rigoletto?
2—Who were the Aztecs?
3—What is the greatest coffee-producing country?
4—What was the ancient name for what is now France and Upper Italy?
5—Who is Poet Laureate of England?
6—Where is Brown University?
7—Who is the heroine of The Courtship of Miles Standish?
8—What is a cosmopolite?
9—What does sanative mean?
10—What is a soliloquy?
11—Who was Anne Hathaway?
12—What is meant by being on the *qui vive?*
13—What country will celebrate the thousandth anniversary of its independence this year?
14—On which one of the Philippine Islands is Manila situated?
15—What is amalgam?
16—What is the title of a nobleman next in rank below an earl?
17—What is a Mussulman?
18—What does septuple mean?
19—What is an abattoir?
20—In what country are the Hartz Mountains?

(Answers will be found on page sixty)

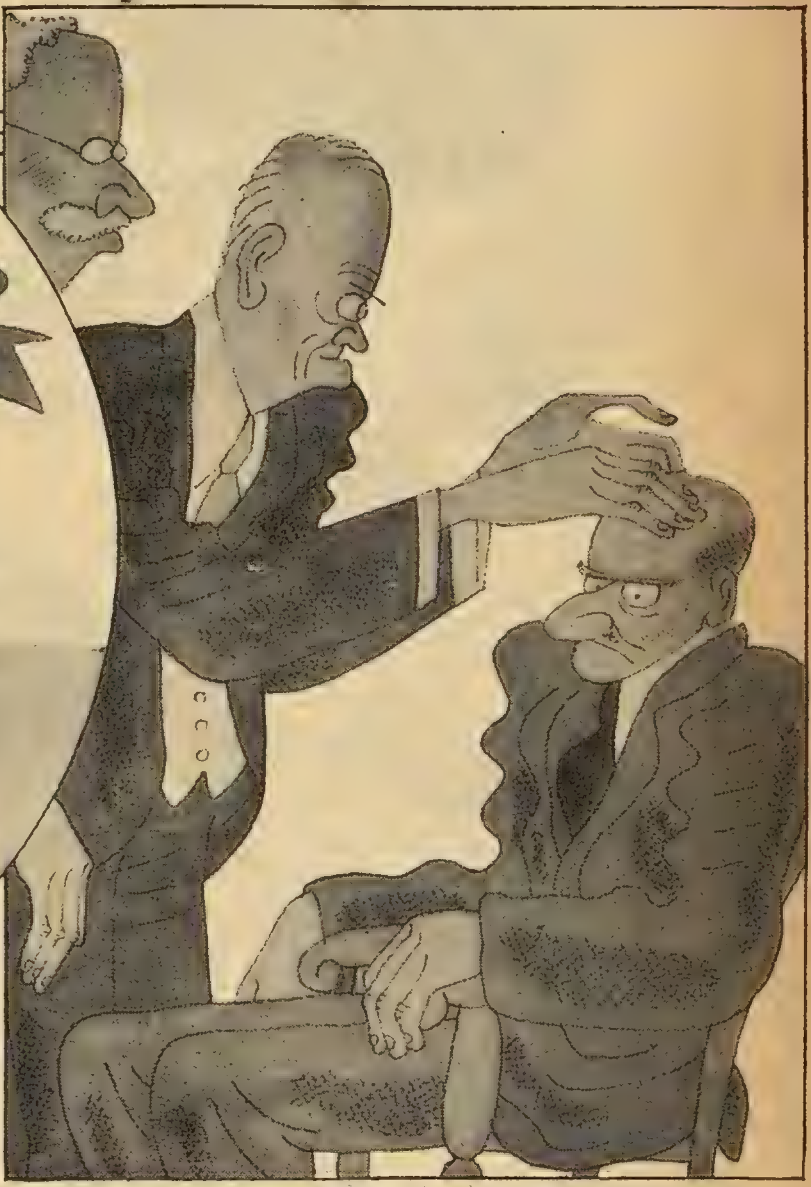
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

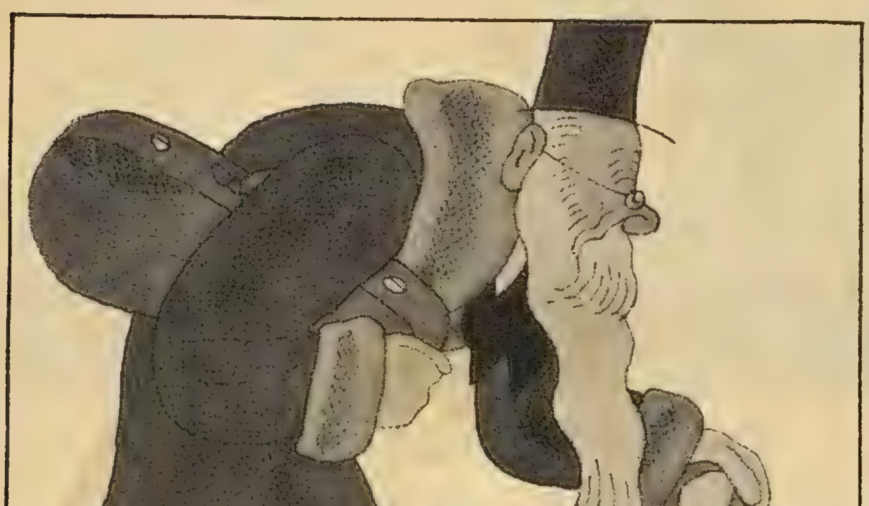
By RALPH BARTON



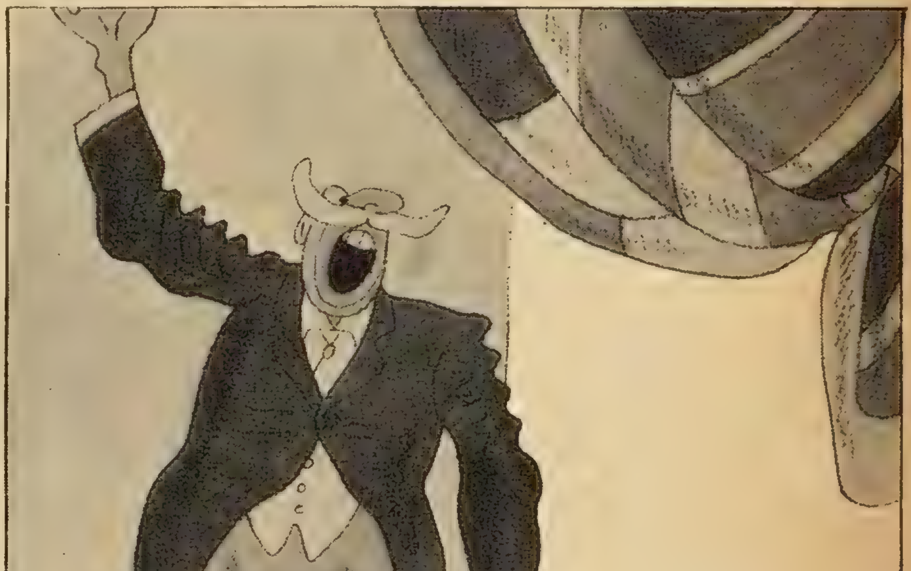
FIRST PRIZE FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING MARCH 22d, awarded to Representative Fort of New Jersey for the most brilliant idea for A Way Out of the Mess. Rep. Fort would recognize wine making, one of the world's most difficult arts, in the home as legal. In other words, it is legal to drink bad wine and illegal to drink imported wine made by experts.



ALIENISTS EXAMINE man caught in streets of Washington who claims not to be a member of any Hoover commission.



HOW A CONCERT VIOLINIST OF TWENTY feels among the growing armies of child prodigies.



THE HUMAN WEAKNESS FOR COMPETITION coming out at its worst in competitive speech making against competitive naval construction.

The Picture Parade

Mr. Arliss Again, and a Talkie Larger than Life

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

Alice Joyce, and George Arliss as a rajah who's "that way," in The Green Goddess.

Charlotte Greenwood puts a kick into So Long Letty.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ The Green Goddess

THERE'S a certain something George Arliss injects into each of his screen or stage portrayals which makes it impossible to associate that particular rôle with any other actor. He dominates his histrionic assignments.

One thing there is in common with all parts assumed by this superb star—his sense of what's funny; his realization of how a smart laugh can atone for most of the terror which has gone before. We have a grand example in The Green Goddess.

The vehicle has been offered so frequently since Arliss stepped into the part and fascinated London audiences in 1921, that the plot of this colorful, glamorous drama of Asia is known to hundreds of thousands. If you didn't catch the stage play at any one of its presentations, you may have seen the silent picture seven years back. Arliss as the Rajah of Rukh, in the Himalayas, is forced by his people to arrange for the murder of three stranded English folk—two men and the wife of one—to avenge the execution of the Rajah's royal brothers by the British.

Wireless and aviation figure dramatically in the action. And all is set down in a smooth, lively manner, with plenty of thrills.

Alice Joyce reënacts her silent rôle as the woman of the piece. She is still a lovely, charming actress. H. B. Warner, Ralph Forbes, Ivan Simpson, and Nigel de Brulier are others who contribute fine performances in support of the inimitable Arliss.

★ ★ ★ Happy Days

At those picture palaces throughout the world which are equipped with Grandeur apparatus, Happy Days comes to the talking, singing screen, larger than life. The silver sheet measures twice as big as usual. Full terpsichorean ensembles may prance across a wide area without the fear of being cramped, because Grandeur registers all.

Grandeur does much for Happy Days. And yet, it lacks a most essential note—color.

The picture opens way down south, on a show boat. Colonel Billy's minstrel show can't get anywhere near

Memphis, because the whole troupe is attached. Broke and no prospects of getting the cash to cover costs! But Margie, member of the company, has a bright idea. She takes a fast train to New York, makes her way into the Stage and Screen Club, and enlists the services of a host of Broadway celebs—who in their olden days had seen service with Colonel Billy. As the result of this, the show goes on, bigger and better than ever.

We have George Olsen and his band, striking up There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. Marjorie White and Richard Keene harmonize I'm So Happy, and dance to its strains. J. Harold Murray sings The Girl I'm Dreaming Of, and a chorus joins. Charlie Farrell and little Janet Gaynor have a duet of their own.

Frank Richardson renders Mona and makes you like it. Dixie Lee gives us her idea of Crazy Feet, and a dancing chorus offer their conception. Sharon Lynn sings Shake Hips, after which Ann Pennington shows how it's done. Vic McLaglen and Edmund Lowe sing a little ditty about how much they really like each other off screen—and along comes a dame.

And then, what do you suppose happens? El Brendel contributes a fair share of slapstick comedy—funny too!

Director Benjamin Stoloff did a snappy job, although his picture starts out better than it finishes.

Not So Dumb features a rained-on Marion Davies and Elliott Nugent.

Lunatics at large? No—just Marjorie White and Richard Keene in Happy Days.

★ ★ ★ NOT SO DUMB

Dulcy of the blonde beauty and bromidic utterances becomes an audible screen figure, portrayed by the crackerjack comedienne, Marion Davies. King Vidor, popular megaphoner of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer fold, directed the piece with his usual tact and talent. For the purpose of talkie presentation they are now calling this former stage comedy by Messrs. Marc Connelly and George S. Kaufman Not So Dumb!

And indeed, if you recall the play and the silent screen version (Constance Talmadge did that), Dulcy isn't so dumb. Of course, she almost ruins her boy friend's chances for a merger with the rich Mr. Forbes. But then she fixes things up superbly. The setting is California; the action fast; the tempo light.

Miss Davies is a delight in the rôle. She keeps the giggles agoing continuously. Donald Ogden Stewart, Elliott Nugent, Raymond Hackett, Julia Faye, Franklin Pangborn, and William Holden help make this one a riot of merriment.

★ ★ ★ SO LONG LETTY

So Long Letty is about as goofy as you'd expect any musicinema to be, with the long, lanky Charlotte Greenwood leading the cast. Her work is decidedly a matter of personal taste. We think she's swell!

You can't help but laugh at this one. Its theme has to do with a week's exchange of spouses, and what happens when Uncle Claude presents a big check to the wrong wife.

Director Lloyd Bacon and the players get right into the spirit of fun. And everybody's happy all the way through.

★ ★ SECOND WIFE

Lila Lee and Conrad Nagel co-star in this drama of domestic affairs. She's the second wife, who suffers neglect because of her husband's devotion to his son by an earlier marriage. It's a not-so-forceful theme, enhanced by the nice work of the players—including Hugh Huntley and Mary Carr.

Russell Mack directed this film and it comes from the RKO studios.

Do you know that—

Clara Bow's next talkie will be True to the Navy, a companion picture to The Fleet's In? . . . Sue Carol is absent from the Fox lot, playing opposite Grant Withers in First National's Three Flights Up? . . . Owen Moore and Ian Keith are Gloria Swanson's leading men in What a Widow!?

Three- and four-star films of the past month

Three stars—The Rogue Song, Son of the Gods, Seven Days Leave, The Bishop Murder Case.

Four stars—Street of Chance, Anna Christie.

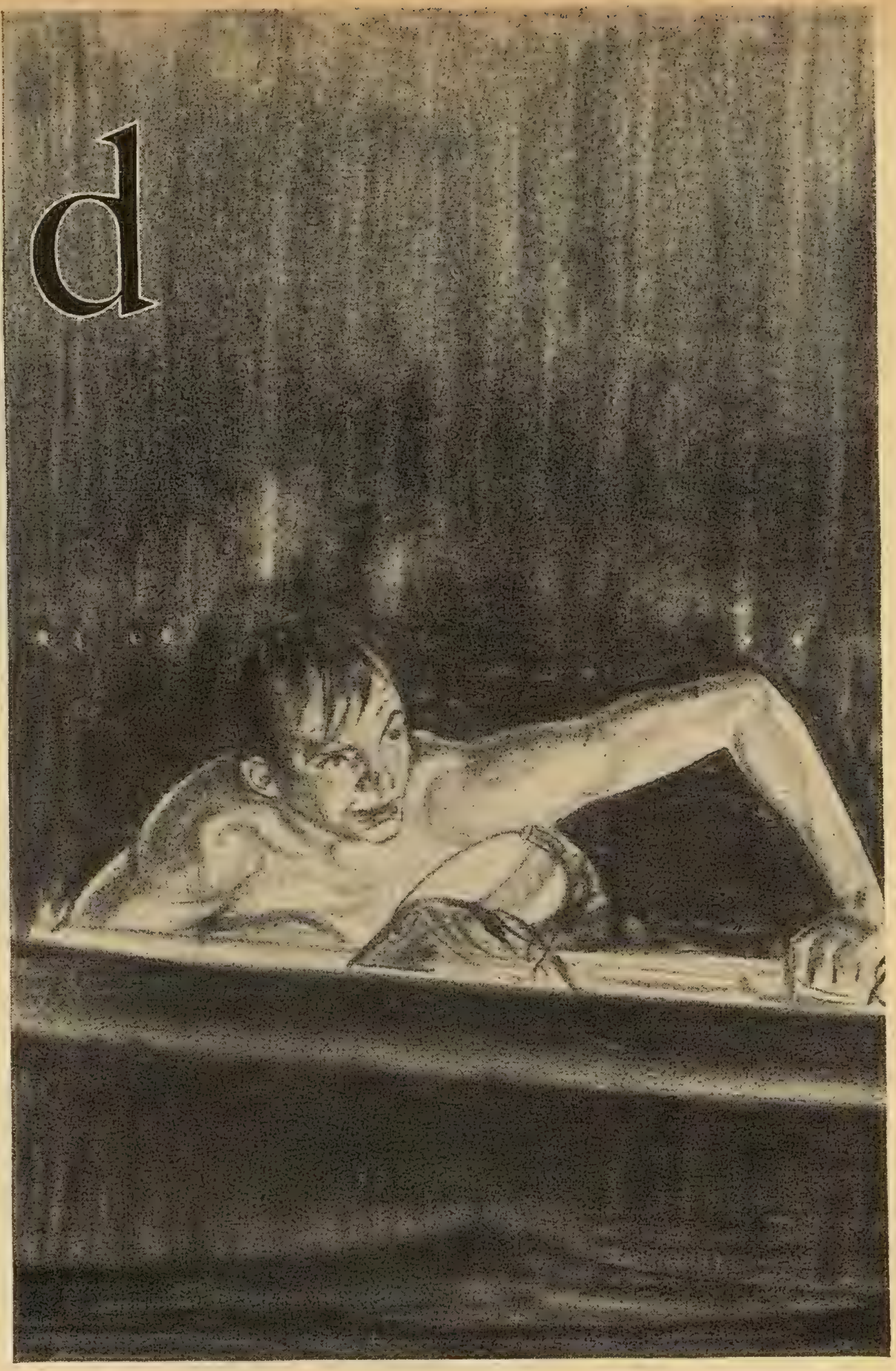
Jilted

A Story of What It Takes to Break a Heart—and Mend It

By

GEORGE F. WORTS

Pictures by A. D. FULLER



Steve felt the hair on the back of his neck stir.

HE was sure that his eyes burned feverishly against his drawn, white face, and that his lips were twisted with pain. But no one seemed to be paying any more attention to him than usual.

As he walked up the gangplank he moved his head slowly from side to side as if he did not quite know what everything was about.

On reaching the deck, the steward carrying his bag said solicitously, as if Tom Lang were a doddering old gentleman, " This way, sir. This way."

Tom Lang followed him down a corridor to his stateroom. Absently, very absently, Tom gave the delighted steward a five-dollar bill. When the door was closed, Tom threw himself down on the bunk. His heart beat on with a clawing sort of ache. Of the hard pillow he implored, " Don't you know it's just—killing—me? "

A mournful bellow issuing from the very bowels of the steamer became a triple-throated summons to adventure, but to Tom Lang it was the hoarse sobbing of a universe entirely out of joint. From head to toes, his body ached, ached, ached.

And as if to mock his pain the ship's orchestra began playing a tune to which Tom Lang had danced all winter and spring. He knew the words by heart. He had sung them lightly in his fine, clear tenor so many times:

The skies were blue and high above
The moon was new and so was love.
This eager heart of mine was singing,
" Lover, where can you be? "

" My heart," he said, and put his hand upon his aching side. " This eager heart of mine."

Like a dash of cold water the reflection followed: " Hell! It's nothing but injured vanity. I'll get over it."

But the orchestra taunted him:

You came at last, love had its day.
That day is past; you've gone away.
This lonely heart of mine is singing,
" Lover, come back—"

" Ellen, how could you do it—to—me? "

Tom stood up and looked out the porthole. The black roof of the warehouse was moving past like a macadam road tilted at an angle—an empty road going on and on forever. Like life. Straight and empty, and tilted at a crazy angle, so you slid off easily. But you always climbed back on, and you plodded on and on. Where? Nowhere. Just on and on.

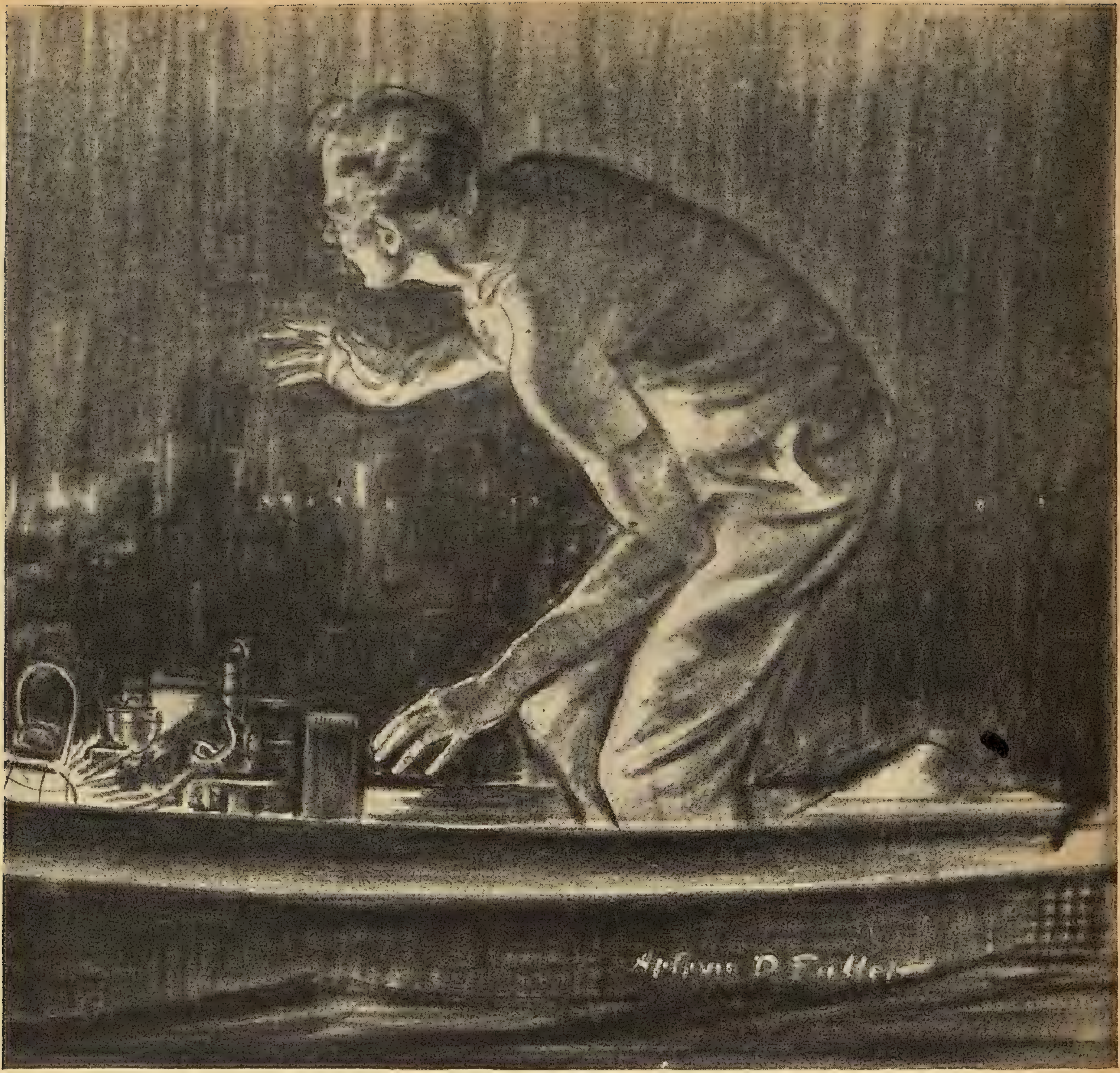
" That's a nutty idea," said Tom Lang. " Watch out, kiddo. This will drive you cuckoo."

Beyond the warehouse roof the towers of New York stood against the pure blue August sky.

" Oh, my God, don't they know anything else to play? "

I remember every little thing you used to do.
I'm so lonely.
Every road I walk along I walked along with you.
No wonder I—

The warehouse came to an end. Tom looked at himself in the washstand mirror. He was surprised to find that he did not look nearly as bad as he felt. His cheeks were not sunken, his eyes were not set off by black pockets, nor his mouth by deep lines. Only his eyes looked a little queer. They were dazed with pain.



A pair of wide, wet shoulders followed a pair of muscular arms into view.

" Tommy, I don't know how to say it. I don't want to hurt you, but I don't know how to avoid it. The truth is, Tommy—"

Hurt him? Kill him! His mind was flicking here and there like the tail of a whip. Their first kiss. On her cheek—a butterfly kiss. You brushed your lips past a cheek so lightly that it tickled. It was not true that a butterfly kiss consisted of tickling the cheek with your eyebrows.

" I'LL always love you, Tommy. Do you think we could have had all the beautiful experiences we've had without it meaning something? Experiences we can remember in years to come—and—"

" And laugh about! " he had finished bitterly.

" No, no! Be happy about. But loving and being in love are different. You know how we've talked about that, Tommy. I haven't stopped loving you. But I'm not *in* love with you. Don't you understand? "

Understand? He understood now that all the magic moments they had shared had meant nothing—to her. The night of the pirate party, for example, when they had met; both so disguised with make-up that one had no idea what the other really looked like. Other couples had gone drifting off, but they had sat by the fire and piled on logs and talked about life and ideals and love, unhesitatingly baring their very souls to each other.

How about that May night when they had abandoned the country-club dance to drive to Montauk Point to watch the moon come up? It had been a still, beautiful night, with hardly another car on the roads. It was still dark when they reached a high sandy hill overlooking the Atlantic. And when the moon came up he discovered that Ellen was asleep with her head against his shoulder. He had looked down at her rumpled hair and sweet, parted lips and flushed cheeks and fairly ached with protectiveness.

Last summer she had gone to a Colorado dude ranch for two months. It was terrible. He had ached almost as badly as he ached now. Air-mail letters every day. Darling, I miss you frightfully. I'll never go away again. I don't like it. I don't like it at all. The world seems perfect when we're together. Nothing else counts. On the night of her return they went to Sands Point, sat on the beach, and found in the sky a question mark formed of stars. Laughter.

" Darling, what's the answer? "

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

"You—you—you!" And squeezed his mouth and nose so tightly against her neck that he had almost strangled.

That awful feeling of desperation took hold of his heart again. "What am I going to do? Honey, you didn't do that—to—me!"

"Never mind, Tom. You'll forget her."

That was Tom's father, with pouches of world-weariness under his eyes, brackets of disillusion about his mouth, trying to take a funny situation seriously.

"It happened to me once when I was a kid."

No matter what it was, it had always happened to his father once, and he had met it so wisely, so gallantly!

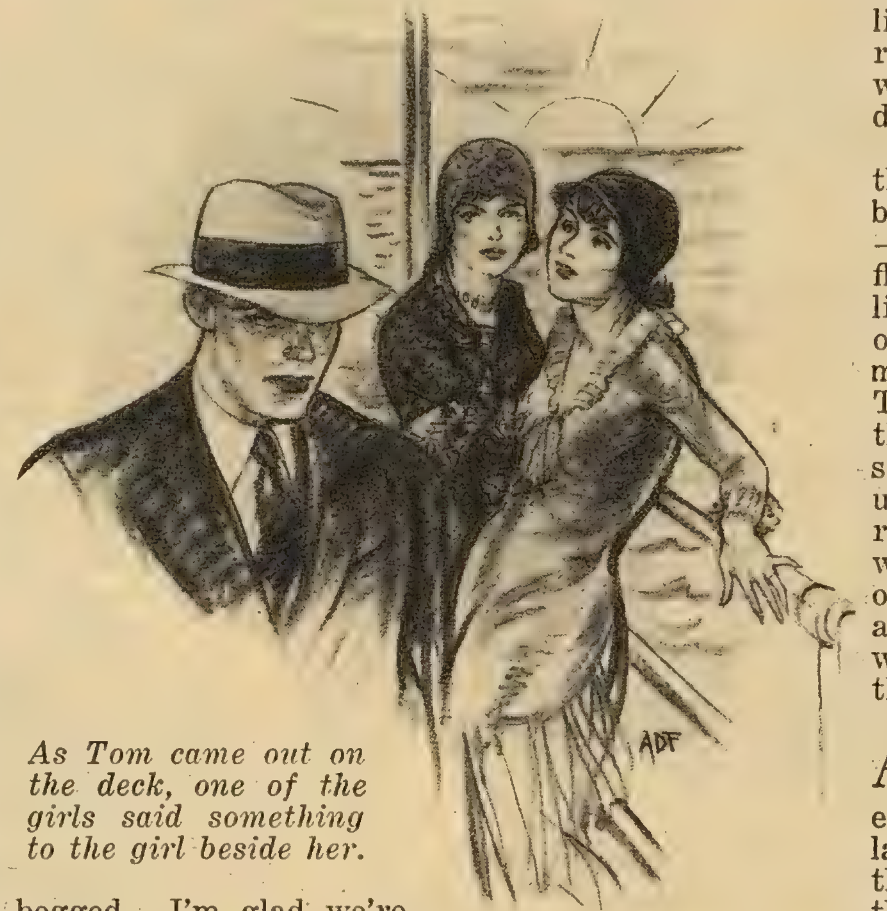
"A few months from now you won't even remember her name. All your life's ahead of you. You're only twenty-one."

"I was twenty-two last March."

"Well, that's pretty damned young. You'll find out, as you grow older, that it doesn't pay to take love affairs so seriously." Meaningly: "I know, Tom. Believe me, I know."

What did an old duffer like him know about love?

A breath of the sea came in at the porthole. She had loved the smell of the sea. It was one of the things they had had in common.



As Tom came out on the deck, one of the girls said something to the girl beside her.

"He's right. I'll find a girl I'll like a lot better than Ellen. I wouldn't have her now if she got down on her knees and begged. I'm glad we're through. After what we've meant to each other, any girl who treats a fellow—" Tom paused. Everything about him seemed to sag with an awful weariness.

With a groan, Tom turned the water on, filled the basin, and washed his face. He rubbed it fiercely with a towel, so that it would not look so pale, and, adjusting his tie, went out and found the way to the deck.

II

AGAINST the rail two girls were standing. One was watching the sunset, the other was glancing shrewdly here and there along the deck and making comments. As Tom came out of the corridor on to the deck, one of the girls was staring straight into his eyes. She said something to the girl beside her, and the girl, with a startled expression, turned and looked too. Dark and knowing, their eyes stared into his while their faces became as emotionless as masks.

What were they reading in his eyes? Did women sense such things? Tom often noticed that strange women stared at him. He knew that as he grew older he had grown better-looking. But the look these two young women were giving him was different. It was as though they were seeing something rather majestic and terrible.

Tom blinked once into the swollen red disk of the sun and hardened his expression. He went down the deck toward the stern, glancing at the faces, the eyes, of people in steamer chairs. He saw eyes that were quick and restless and not at peace; he saw eyes full of desperation like his own. At least he thought he did. Perhaps his experience had admitted him to some great brotherhood!

A colored steward in a fresh white uniform came down the deck announcing that dinner was served. The very thought of food made Tom's stomach shrink. He didn't want food. One of these days he would have to begin eating again. But not now.

Tom went weakly to the rail and huddled there. He looked out along the shining bronze highway which the sun laid across the water, and sighed so loudly that an elderly gentleman who stood a few feet away glanced at him with amused inquiry.

How many times he and Ellen had watched the sun set over the water! Would sunsets always remind him of her? A girl passed, whistling softly and slightly off key. Ellen had whistled softly and slightly off key. She looked like a pert boy when she whistled. Her eyebrows arched and funny little dimples came and went beside her mouth.

The sun went down and Tom clung to the stanchion for its very support. Deck lights came on yellowly and darkness settled over Long Island Sound. The night was hazy and mysterious, the kind of night they had loved. They had agreed that a clear moonlight night wasn't nearly so romantic as a misty night with clouds scurrying in a damp wind.

A lighthouse miles away on the Connecticut shore was blinking. White flash—dark—red flash—dark—white flash—dark. A bright red light surrounded by white ones, like a ruby set in diamonds, came closer and closer. The red light vanished and the white ones underwent a succession of rearrangements until they became parallel rows of lights swimming toward New York. The music of an orchestra, made soft and mysterious by rushing water and distance, drifted to the sufferer.

A MAN and a girl came down the deck, their arms entwined. The girl was softly laughing. Her laughter, with that little catching gurgle at the end, reminded Tom of Ellen's. He turned and stared. She was hugging the man's elbow to her side, looking up into his face, taking long exaggerated strides to keep in step with him. Something about the shape of her head made Tom's heart ache worse than ever. It was a small shining head and she carried it proudly, with a certain air that seemed to say, "I am dauntless."

A tired-looking man came and stood beside Tom. He stuffed tobacco into a pipe, looked down the deck, out across the Sound, and then at Tom. He was evidently going to start talking. Tom didn't want to talk to the lonely man. He hurried away and went down the iron stairs at the forward end of the deck. He picked his way among donkey engines and anchor winches toward the bows. He would be alone in the bows. The wind would blow in his face and he would watch the water curling back.

A man and a girl were in the bows. His arm was around her.

Tom hurried away. He found the wireless room—a room as white and clean as a hospital room, with copper, nickel, and hard rubber gleaming under a naked tungsten.

The wireless operator in his white uniform looked like a surgeon. His face was pink and chubby, his mouth cynical. His small eyes were set in nests of tiny wrinkles. He was absorbed in a cowboy magazine. He glanced at Tom indifferently, then glanced again, and put the magazine down.

"I want to send a radio."

"Sit down here, buddy."

Tom came in and sat down at the table and reached for a pad of message blanks. He wrote with desperate haste:

Miss Ellen Moore, Port Washington, L. I.

Am absolutely sunk. Can't believe you meant it. Please reconsider. What will I do without you? Don't you realize that every plan I have, every ambition I have, is all for you? How can I go on living without you? Please radio that it was all a mistake. Will return immediately. Love you so much

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

First sweeping HOLLYWOOD · · then BROADWAY and now the EUROPEAN CAPITALS · ·

Lux Toilet Soap cares for the loveliest complexions in the world

YOU can keep *your* skin exquisitely smooth just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do . . .

Long ago our own charming Hollywood stars discovered that for attractiveness a girl *must* have soft, smooth skin—and that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its very loveliest!

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this fragrant, white soap.

And now—in France, in England, in Germany—the European screen stars have adopted Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin.

In Hollywood alone 511 lovely actresses use it.

In Hollywood alone, of the 521 important actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. And all of the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms, as well as 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters in New York.

Lux Toilet Soap will keep *your* skin lovely just as it keeps the skin of the famous stars! You will be delighted with its instant, soothing lather. Use it for your bath and shampoo, too. Order several cakes—today.

HOLLYWOOD

MARION DAVIES
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

BEBE DANIELS
Radio Pictures' Player

EVELYN BRENT
Independent

JOAN CRAWFORD
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

JANET GAYNOR
Fox Films

DOROTHY MACKAILL
First National

BROADWAY

MARY EATON
"Five O'Clock Girl"

HELEN HAYES
"Coquette"

MARILYN MILLER
"Sally"

BEATRICE LILLIE
"This Year of Grace"

LENORE ULRIC
"Mima"

ANN PENNINGTON
George White's "Scandals"

EUROPE

ARLETTE MARCHAL
French screen star

SUZANNE BIANCHETTI
French screen star

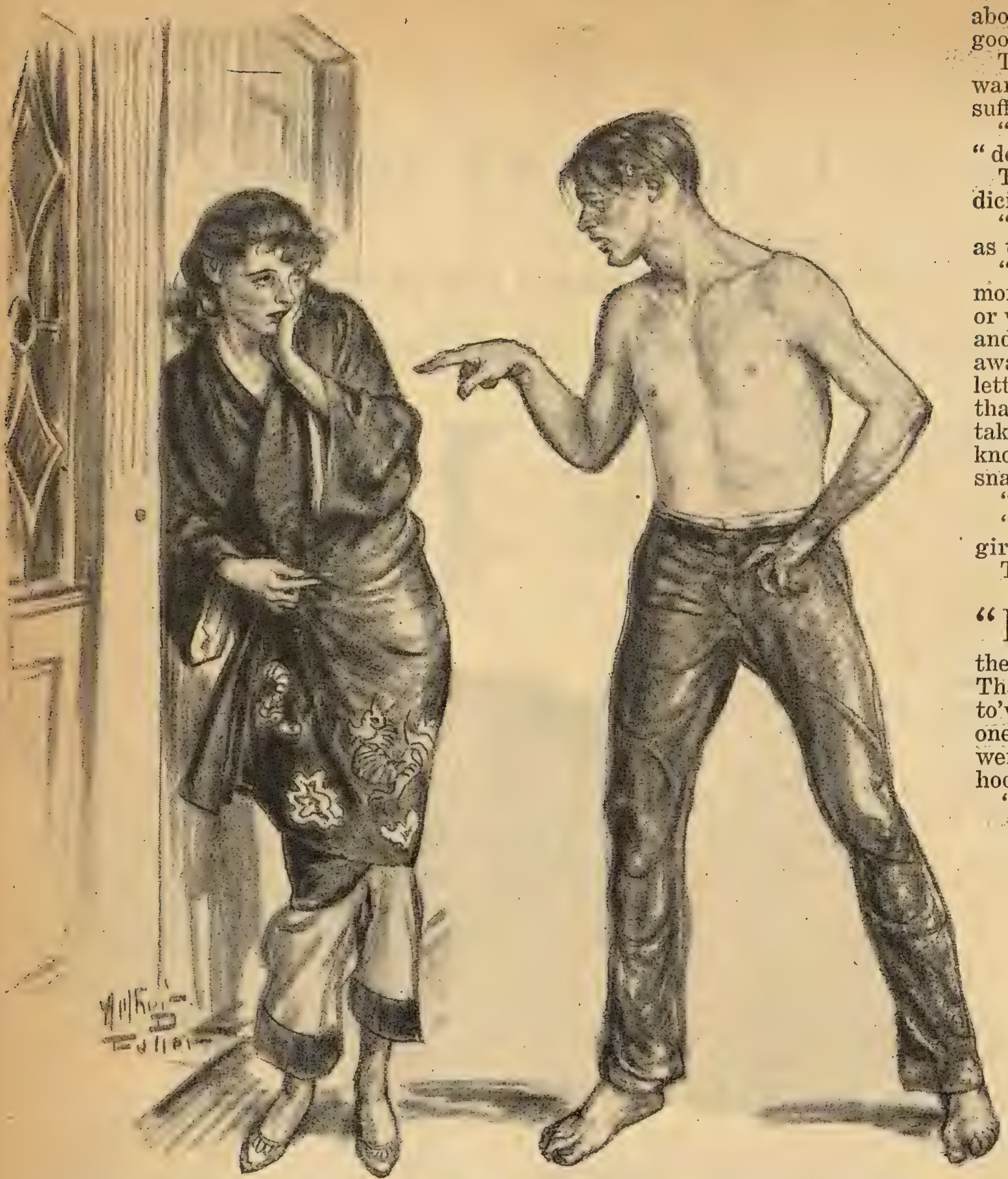
LUCY DORAINE
Franco-Slavic star

LIL DAGOVER
German star

MABEL POULTON
English star

JULIETTE COMPTON
English star

LUX Toilet Soap *Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . NOW* **10¢**



There was something so menacing about him that Ellen backed against the door. "You'd better not scream," he said in a growl.

[JILTED
Continued from page thirty-two]

am positively sick all over. Don't care whether I live or die. Please reply at once by radio. TOM.

It filled one blank and part of another. Tom tore off the sheets and gave them with a hard stare to the operator.

"Is there any way of prepaying the reply?"

The operator did not answer. He was reading the message. He was frowning. His thick brown eyebrows crept closer and closer together and went lower and lower until they formed a single arch over his eyes. He cleared his throat and began reading the second page, his mouth becoming more and more cynical, his general air more and more pessimistic. When he had finished, he looked up slowly at the tall young man glaring defiantly at him and said, "Buddy, don't send it."

HIS voice was so kind, his expression so sympathetic, that Tom stopped glaring.

"Why not?"

"I'll tell you why not. If you ever patch things up, you'd hate her to know how bad she made you feel. I know how you feel. I've been there myself—five times. And each time it hurt just as much. Each time I thought I was going to die. I certainly do sympathize with you. It's hell. That's what it is—hell. But don't tell her about it. It won't do a bit of good."

Tom experienced a glow of warmth toward this fellow sufferer.

"How long," he asked, "does it last?"

The wireless man said judicially, "About a month."

"Do I have to feel as bad as this for a month?"

"It always took me about a month. If you don't see her or write to her or call her up, and if you tear up or throw away all the snapshots and letters and everything else that reminds you of her, it'll take about a month. Do you know the quickest way to snap out of it?"

"No," said Tom.

"Get yourself a flock of girls. Not one, but a flock."

Tom groaned. "I couldn't."

"IT'S the only way. The more the merrier. Play them all and don't fall in love. That's the system I ought to've worked. But the last one that gave me the air I went back to. And I got hooked."

"You mean you married her?"

"That's what I got for going back. I wouldn't take anything but yes for an answer. Well, I got it. Don't do it, buddy. Don't go back. If you do, all the rest of your life she'll have something on you. Play a lot of them. Don't stay alone. You brood over it when you stay alone."

"You certainly do brood over it when you stay alone."

"Sure! That's all you do—brood. You think how mean she was to do a thing like that to you. How could you do a thing like that to *me?* Don't I know? And you think of all the stuff you used to do together, and you hear the tunes you used to dance to together, and you just about go nuts. Brooding is the bunk. You've got to keep saying to yourself, 'It's all over. We're washed up. We wouldn't have got along, anyhow.' After about a month you believe it."

"If I was only sure it would be over in a month!"

"Well, the worst of it is over in a month. You stop having that all-gone feeling—or most of it. You know what it is, don't you? Even if you're nuts about her, it's mostly hurt pride."

"I figured that out," said Tom. "But it certainly does hurt."

"Who did she give you the air for?"

"A lawyer," said Tom bitterly. "A criminal lawyer. He's forty-two and she's only twenty."

"The lousy snake!" murmured the sympathetic operator.

"He has a lot of money," Tom went on desolately, "and a roadster that'll do a hundred an hour, and he sends her orchids and poetry. I didn't even dream she was falling for the—for the—for him. I don't understand how she could fall for a man old enough to be her grandfather.

"A long time ago he told her he had lost all interest in life—and then he met her. He said he didn't care whether he lived or died. And then he met her and everything was different. He said he wanted to go on and on and do big things—now that he knew her. She inspired him. She was giving him back the ideals he had lost. So, now that his faith was back, he was going to go ahead. But if he couldn't have her, things would be worse than they had ever been before. Because, of all the women he had ever met, she was the only one who had ever inspired him to do big things. He said he had been looking for her all his life."

The wireless man nodded sagely. "The old guys work that line. And girls always fall for it. When did you get wise that she was falling for him?"

"Only last night. I was worried before, but I kept telling myself that it couldn't be true. Last night I blew over to see her. I could tell right away that something was wrong, she was acting so funny. Well, and she had a funny look in her eyes. She kept staring at me and I finally asked what the matter was. She said—she said—"

The operator nodded wisely.

"I can quote it word for word. She said you were one of the dandiest fellows she ever knew, and she will always look upon you as a dear and wonderful friend, but she has at last met the man she can really love and they are now engaged."

"She said I was too young and young men don't interest her any more. Oh, Lord, if I just didn't feel so terrible. It makes me sick. It just makes me sick."

He started blindly out the door. The wireless man said:

"You take my advice, kiddo, and forget her. That's the only thing."

"Yes," Tom agreed, "that's what I'm going to do."

III

DANCE music was drifting from the small ballroom. The orchestra was playing I'll Get By. Then they played Still Caring.

Tom sank down in a steamer chair and looked across the water at a light burning on some small boat. The radio man was right. He would forget Ellen. He would go on up to Maine to Ben Rollin's camp. They'd fish. They'd take long tramps through the pines. They'd go on canoe trips. A few weeks of that sort of life and Ellen would be nothing but a fading bittersweet memory.

The orchestra mockingly began:

The skies were blue and high above
The moon was new and so was love.
This eager heart of mine was singing,
"Lover, where can you be?"

Every few seconds Tom sighed. His breath, as he drew it in, would catch several times, as if he were sobbing.

You came at last, love had its day.
That day is past; you've gone away.
This lonely heart of mine is singing,
"Lover, come back to me!"

Tom got up and went to the rail and looked down at the rushing black

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

What an expert chef taught his daughter

Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City.

Gentlemen:

During the first few months of my marriage, I used any number of different kinds of shortenings for my cakes and pies. As my cooking was always very successful, I did a lot of it and having finally decided that there was nothing like butter for shortening and frying, I soon found my budget soaring beyond our means. "Hubby" still demanded desserts and I insisted that we could not afford them.

Strangely enough, though, my Dad was an expert Chef and I had never thought to ask his advice. Then, one day he watched me making a cake.

"Why don't you use Mazola, daughter?" he questioned.

"For cake?" I asked. "I use it for salad dressing but never dreamed of putting it in a cake."

"Try it sometime," he insisted.

I did—and I really think it is a great deal better than butter for cake-making. I was amazed the first time I used it for pie crust, for I had always believed one had to have a solid shortening, but Mazola is much easier to mix evenly and I use it all the time now.

In frying doughnuts, it heats up so quickly and doesn't burn so easily either. I never had such light, greaseless doughnuts before. I'm sure glad I followed Dad's advice about Mazola.

Mrs. Francis Rahberg
Reading, Mass.

Pressed from the hearts of fully ripened golden corn kernels, Mazola is a delightful, pure vegetable oil—itself as good to eat as the corn from which it comes.

For Salad Dressings, for all Frying and Shortening, the world affords nothing finer —regardless of price.

All grocers sell Mazola in pint, quart, half-gallon and gallon tins.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MAZOLA
A PURE SALAD and COOKING OIL from CORN
CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO. GENL. OFFICES NEW YORK U.S.A.

IMPORTANT!

Over a million women have purchased Ida Bailey Allen's "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods," a valuable book containing nearly 300 recipes. Send coupon below for your copy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. y-3, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station
New York City.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________State________

[JILTED
Continued from page thirty-five]

water. Beyond the zone of light the Sound was mirror-smooth. The steamer slid through it like scissors slitting black silk. Either the water was full of phosphorescence or the diffused light from portholes caught the crests of waves and silvered them.

Shore lights and the lone light on the nearby boat sent slender beams across the water.

I remember every little thing you
used to do,
I'm so lonely.
Every road I walk along I
walked along with you.
No wonder I am lonely!

Tom looked quickly along the deck, forward, then aft. Some distance away a man was asleep in a steamer chair. A tall woman in white was just vanishing around the after turn.

He waited until she was out of sight. Then, rapidly, he took off his coat, his necktie, his shirt, his undershirt, and his shoes. He climbed to the rail. He estimated where he would enter the water if he dived straight out and landed flat—the racing dive with which he was so familiar.

As he dived, the song followed him:

And while I'm waiting here this heart of mine keeps singing,
"Lover, come back—"

Salt water mercifully blotted it out.

IV

STEVE NOBLE was having some difficulty with the gasoline engine which, when the spirit moved it, propelled his sixteen-foot open launch, the Myrtle S. Steve had come out into the Sound for an evening of eel bobbing. But he had neglected to make the anchor rope fast. The tide swung the Myrtle S about until she began to tug at the anchor rope. Slyly the anchor rope paid itself out until a splash warned Steve—too late!

As he carried no spare anchor there was nothing for him to do but putt-putt back to Bridgeport. Now, Steve knew very little about internal-combustion engines. He knew just enough to turn on the gas and the ignition, to pour a little gasoline into the petcock if the engine was cold, and to spin the flywheel.

Steve spun the flywheel tonight until his arm was almost numb. He jiggled the float on the carburetor. He removed the spark plug and cleaned it. He inspected the gasoline in the tank. He hit the engine here and there with a heavy wrench. And after each attempt at locating or dislodging the trouble, he spun the flywheel again. There was nothing wrong with the engine except that it would not work.

A strange kind of mania presently possessed him, as it will possess even the mildest-mannered of men who pit their strength against the whimsicality of a sturdy one-cylinder marine engine. His cursing, at first robust, degenerated to the whimpering profanity of a beaten, despairing soul.

He heard a splashing in the water alongside. Out of the black night two hands reached up and grasped the coaming. Steve, staring at the white hands, felt the hair on the back of his neck stir. A pair of wide, wet shoulders followed a pair of muscular arms into view. And a young man clad in nothing but a pair of trousers heaved himself aboard. His chest was rising and falling slowly, catching the lantern light in golden areas.

"Where'd *you* come from?" Steve stuttered.

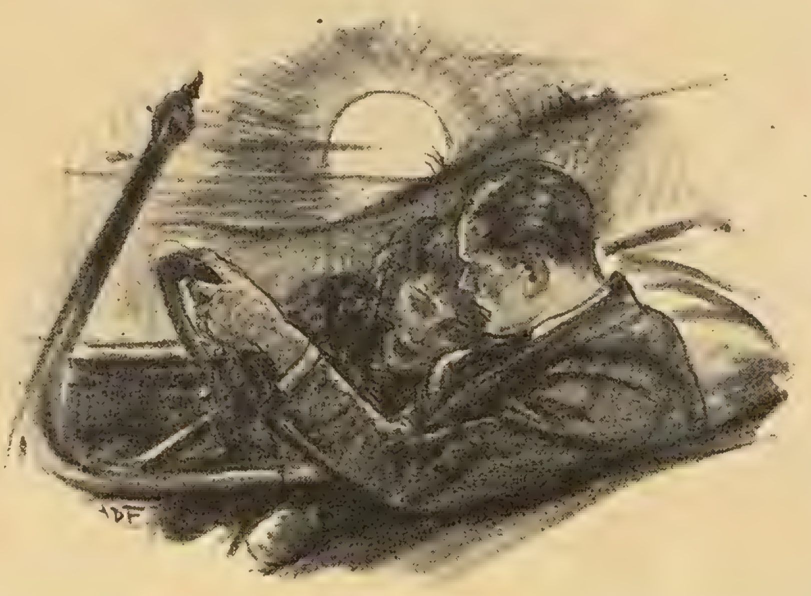
"That ship," the swimmer said. He was not breathing hard. "Saw your light. I must get to Port Washington right away."

"Say," Steve growled, "are you cuckoo?"

Tom endeavored to explain. Steve listened to the story with an air of incredulity. "She lives," Tom concluded, "in Port Washington. It's just across the Sound, isn't it? I'll give you thirty dollars to run me over there."

"Not a chance. I'm a plumber, and if I don't show up in Bridgeport by eight o'clock I lose my job. I should take a cuckoo guy like you across the Sound and lose my job!"

"You can be in Bridgeport by eight, can't you? It isn't so far. I'll give you forty dollars."



He had looked down at her sweet, parted lips and fairly ached with protectiveness.

"I'll bet you're some lunatic out of some nut factory. Well, if you get fresh with me I'll crown you with this wrench."

"You don't understand," Tom said. "I've got to talk to her."

Steve Noble was well along in his forties. The panics and passions of young love were far astern.

"ANY guy who would jump off a steamer on account of a skirt ought to have his head examined. You ought to be tickled silly to get rid of her."

"Then," Tom said wearily, "will you take me to Bridgeport?"

"Sure! Tickled to death! Just start up that engine!"

Tom looked at the engine. It was squat and compact and it was painted green. It was a disarmingly simple and efficient-looking engine.

"What's the matter with it?"

"If I knew, do you suppose I would be setting around out here like a stranded jellyfish?"

"Won't it go?"

"Go! I've cranked her until my back feels like a horse has been laying on it. You know how to make them go?"

"I ran one once up in Maine."

"Go ahead and run this one."

Tom placed the lantern beside the engine and looked at it. After a while he said: "This must be the carburetor. Is the switch on?"

"Yes, and so is the gas, and they ain't any dirt or water in the strainer. All you do is crank her. I've seen her start with one twist."

"I used to prime that one up in Maine."

"All right. Prime her. There's gas in that oil can."

Tom squirted gasoline into the petcock. He grasped the flywheel. He spun it. The engine hissed and grunted.

Steve leaned back and lighted his pipe. "Any guy who would jump off a nice comfortable steamboat on account of a skirt is just plain nuts."

"Are you sure you've got gas?"

"Sure, we got gas. Who'd she turn you down for?"

"Oh, a lawyer. Does the spark spark?"

"Sure, she sparks. Has he got jack?"

"Yes." Tom grasped the flywheel again.

The engine hissed and grunted. Tom began to swear.

"Take it from me," Steve said with a sigh, "you don't begin to enjoy life till you put skirts behind you. I got turned down by one once. What a lucky break that was! I didn't know then how smart I was not to go back and argue with her. But I know it now. They give it all kinds of fancy names, but all they're after is a meal ticket. And the first guy who comes along and offers 'em a better meal ticket—off they go with him. And these modern girls are the worst. They don't ask you—they tell you! Any guy who goes back to argue with a girl who gave him the air is a sap."

Perspiration was trickling down into Tom's eyes. His cramped position was giving him a backache. His profanity was no longer virile and scourging; a note of hysteria had crept into it.

The engine hissed and grunted, hissed and grunted.

"Listen," Steve said. "Are you so crazy to see that girl that you will crank that thing hour after hour just to get to Bridgeport?"

"I'd crank it for a week!"

"You have to take a train all the way into New York and another train all the way out to Port Washington."

"What of it?"

"Are you as goofy about her as all that?"

"Any girl who treats a man the way she treated me has an earful coming to her."

"You mean, you ain't gonna argue with her to take you back?"

"I'm going to tell her what I think of a girl who would play such a dirty trick on a man."

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? I'll give any guy a hand who wants to tell some skirt where to head in. I thought you was goin' back to argue with her. If you can get that thing started, we'll go to Port Washington. If I lose my job, what the hell? Give her one more heave, pal, and then I'll spell you."

Tom grasped the flywheel again. His palms were raw. His knuckles were bleeding. The small of his back felt as though it were full of knives. He heaved the flywheel over. There was a loud bark. There was no reason why there should have been a loud bark, for Tom had done nothing that he or Steve had not done before. But there was a loud bark. The barking continued. Mysteriously, magically, the little green engine settled down to work.

V

TOM limped up the path toward the familiar white house, with its wide windows, its velvety lawn, its gracious maples, the deep veranda on which he had spent so many romantic hours.

He vigorously pressed the button. It was awfully early. The sun was just coming up. He pressed the button again. After a while he heard someone coming haltingly down the stairs; coming down a few steps, pausing, coming down a few more and pausing again. He took a deep breath.

Ellen opened the door. She wore a blue satin dressing gown over rose chiffon pyjamas. She was scarcely awake. Her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes dark and misty with sleep.

She looked at Tom, squeezed her eyes shut, and looked at him again. Startled, she ran her eyes from his head to his feet. Tom's face was spotted and smudged with black oil. His eyes were bloodshot and strange. His feet were bare, and there was a cut across the top of one of them which was still bleeding a little.

Ellen reached behind her and quickly closed the door. Her rosy color was fading.

"Why, Tom," she said softly, "I thought you'd gone to Maine."

"Well, I didn't go to Maine," he panted. "I came back to tell you what I think of any girl who would give a man the raw deal you gave me."

Ellen gasped. Her eyes blazed with sudden indignation. "Tom Lang, you haven't any right—"

"Oh, yes, I have! I went to a whole lot of trouble to come back here and tell you what men think of girls like you."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

HER LONGEST WALK IS FROM CURB TO CAR... YET SHE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

SHE simply *lives* behind the wheel of her car. Her friends say that if the front door were a bit wider, she'd park her auto in the living room and save herself walking at all.

Yet for all her sole-saving habit she has a most bothersome case of the ringworm infection commonly called "Athlete's Foot"! And she doesn't know what the little rash-like eruption of tiny blisters between her toes* means.

How many millions of Americans share this girl's affliction and, like her, wonder what it is!

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton,* is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* It is so easily overlooked at first that it has stolen up on the entire Nation until now the United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton,* has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved, by bacteria counts and by photomicrographs, that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

This will be good news to the many thousands of people who have worried over a threatening foot condition without knowing how to get rid of it.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours a short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with i-t-c-h-i-n-g—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write

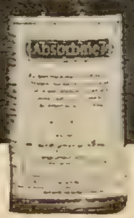
W. F. YOUNG, INC., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

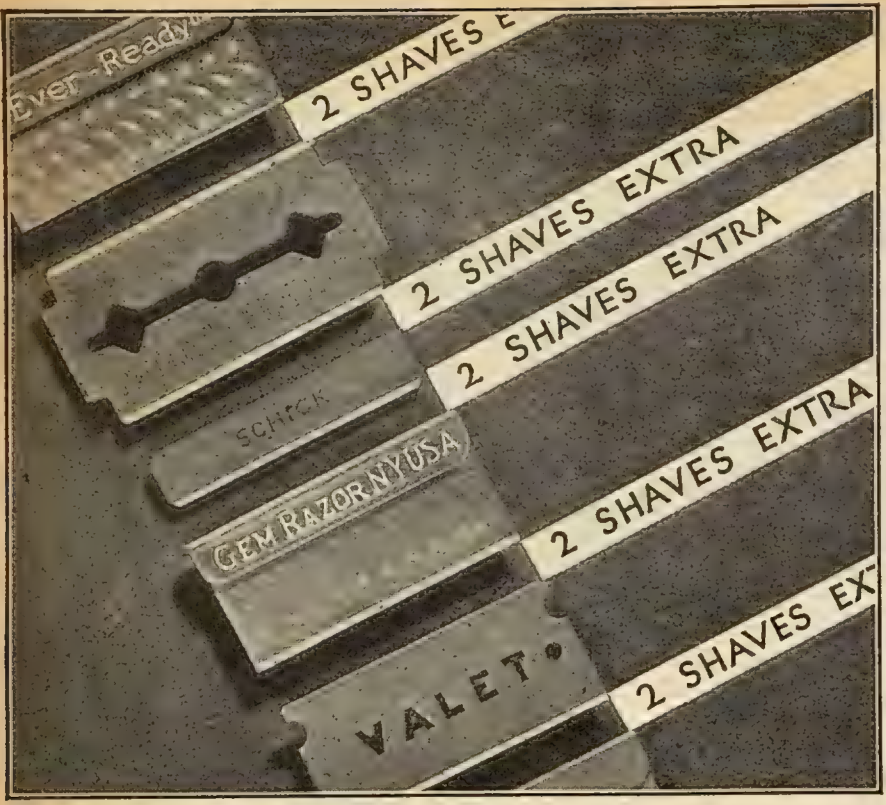
*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.

FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS.





I Guarantee you

2 MORE SHAVES per blade

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

...and I mean *good* shaves, too. Your money back if I'm wrong.

I hope you take me up. Mennen Shaving Cream—the biggest tubeful, by the way—hasn't let me down yet. A Better Shave? Sure—because Mennen softens the hairs *and* forms a fine film over which the blade glides smoothly. Mennen means better skin, too. The lather penetrates and flushes *out* the pore-dirt.

Mennen alone gives you two kinds of shaving cream ... Menthol-iced and Without Menthol. Both give that clean, comfortable, Mennen shave. Both build up a fine quick lather in any water. The only difference is this—Mennen Without Menthol is bland and gentle. Menthol-iced lather has a triple-cool tingle all its own. Both creams are delightfully Mennen ... that's the main point ... and my guarantee covers them both. Take your choice.

Test my guarantee! Shoot in the coupon for a free trial tube.

And remember—*The invigorating after-shave 6-Second Massage with Mennen Skin Balm! Also, Mennen Talcum for Men removes face shine and doesn't show.*

MENNEN Shaving Creams

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
MENTHOL-ICED

2 Kinds...MENTHOL-ICED AND WITHOUT MENTHOL

THE MENNEN CO., Dept. L-3, Newark, N. J.
Jim Henry: Send me a free trial tube of Mennen, Jim. I'll try it with my razor.

Name...

Address.............................. City..............................

☐ *Send me Mennen Without Menthol* ☐ *Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced*

JILTED
Continued from page thirty-seven

"Tom, just a minute. Aren't you being—"

"Don't interrupt me! I didn't come back here to start an argument. I don't want any more smooth arguments. I'm going to tell you just what I think of you."

"Tom Lang, if you don't get off this porch this instant, I'm going to scream."

He came nearer. There was something so menacing about him that Ellen looked alarmed. She backed against the door.

"You'd better not scream," he said in a growl. "You'd better stand there and take what's coming to you."

Ellen opened her lovely mouth again to speak, but she closed it and stared up at him.

"If a man acted the way you've acted," Tom said, "you'd call him a rotter—and you'd be right. That's what I'd call him—a rotter. You lied. You cheated. You broke your word. Because you're a girl you think you can get away with murder."

"Tom, won't you—"

"Keep still! You think you can get away with anything. You think you can make a fool out of any man by using a lot of words that sound as if they mean something. All this eyewash about the difference between loving and being in love! It's nothing but a smooth way of hanging on to one man while you're chasing around with another. What are you? I'll tell you. You're a two-timer!"

TOM paused, panting. He bared his teeth in a grimace.

"All you girls are after is a meal ticket. Some other man comes along and offers you a better meal ticket—and off you go with him! What do you care about honor or principles or ethics? Ethics!" he snarled. "Ethics! What do you know about ethics? What does the word mean to you? Not a thing! You're a girl; therefore you're entitled to get away with murder! A man wouldn't dare use your methods. If he did, some decent man would step up and sock him. And he'd deserve it. But you're a girl. What do you care about honor or principles or ethics as long as you're getting an emotional kick—or—a man who offers a better meal ticket?"

Ellen had caught her hands together and was holding them to her breast. Her eyes, staring unflinchingly up at him, looked dazed. Her lower lip drooped.

"Tom," she began in a husky little voice, "won't you please—"

"No, I won't! You're a rotten sport. You don't play the game. You don't know how to play the game. All you want is an emotional kick. Well, I'll give you an emotional kick. I'll give you an emotional kick you won't forget in a hurry. I'm glad I found out what you are. Believe me, I've learned my lesson. Keep away from girls like you. That's what I've learned. Because you don't play the game. You're spoiled and selfish. You talk about love! You don't know the meaning of the word. You couldn't love anybody but yourself if you tried. You're just a little narcisst. I'm cold. I'm absolutely cold. I'm absolutely indifferent to you. If I never saw you again as long as I live, I'd be glad. Because you're nothing but a wet smack. I hope I never meet another girl like you. That's what I hope."

"Tom," Ellen said in a broken little voice, "how can you say such horrible things?"

"Because they're true!"

"When you know I love you!"

"You don't love anybody but yourself."

"Tom, it—it isn't true." She could not control her mouth. Her eyes swam with tears. With a little sob, she threw her arms around his neck and pulled his cheek tightly against hers.

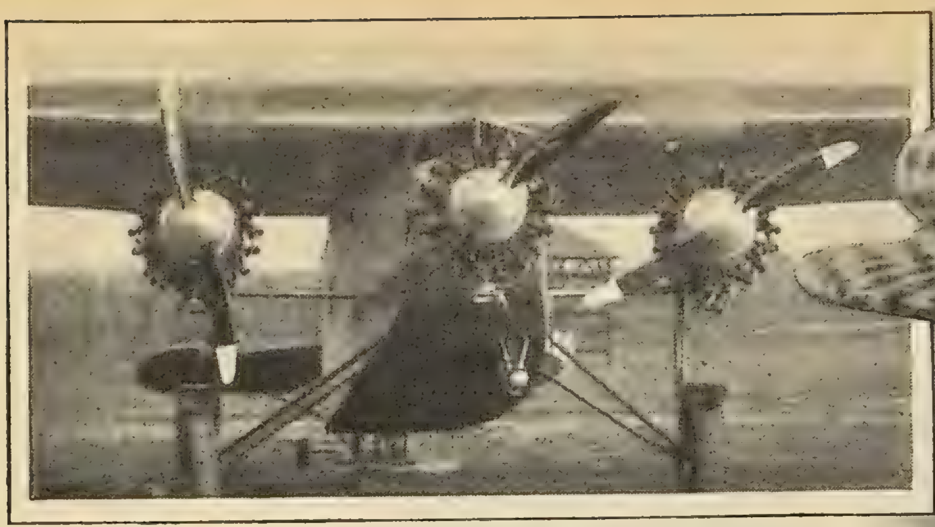
"None of it's true," she whimpered. "I've never loved anybody in the world but you. I realized it yesterday after you'd gone. I broke off everything with—with him. Oh—Tom!"

Tom remained rigid with surprise. One of her hands crept up to the back of his head and ruffled his hair.

"Darling, you're awfully mad, aren't you?"

"I was," Tom said.

THE END



P. & A. photo

The Wright Whirlwind motors of Byrd's plane America.

Deus Ex Machina

A Glimpse of the Man Who Made Lindbergh Possible

By

RICHARD CARROLL

who writes articles, often on topics of aviation, for Liberty, and sometimes contributes fiction. He is himself a flyer, as well as a World War veteran.

THE great majority of automobiles have water-cooled engines, while the motors of most airplanes are air-cooled. The answer is weight. A few pounds of engine weight more or less matter very little to the earth-bound automobile, but they spell the difference between failure and success in the airplane.

This is the story of the man who has done most to develop the air-cooled engine for airplanes and so has done most to make extended flight possible. Very likely you have never heard his name, which should be linked with those of Lindbergh, Byrd, and Chamberlin, for his genius made their greatest exploits possible. He is Charles Lanier Lawrance.

When the Wright brothers took their first airplane aloft they had solved only part of the problem of flight; they had given man wings, but they were the wings of the crow, not of the eagle. Aviation had been started on its glorious way, but progress must be slow unless the power behind the wings could be greatly multiplied.

It would have been easy enough to have power in plenty if the weight of the engine hadn't mattered. But it did matter. Heavy engines handicapped the light machines; forty miles an hour in the air earned the adjective marvelous, and long-distance flights were stunts fraught with danger and often fatal. Real flight waited on the genius who would produce an engine of great power and little weight.

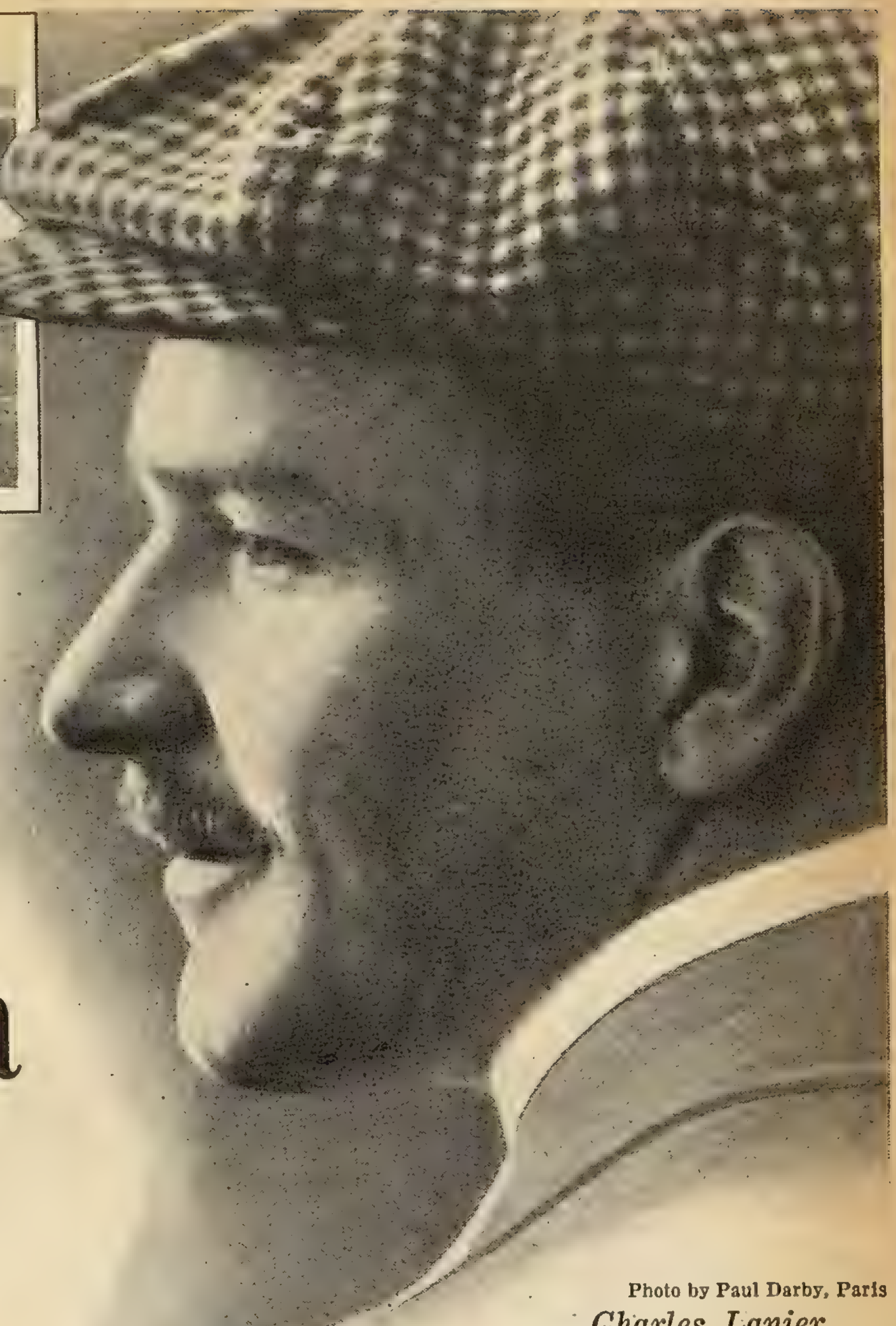
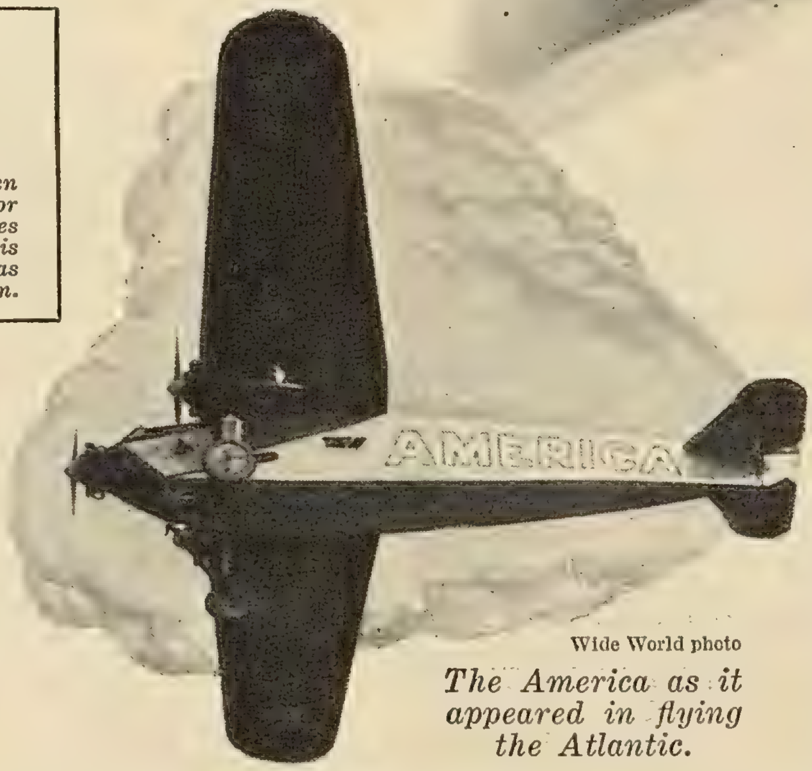


Photo by Paul Darby, Paris

Charles Lanier Lawrance at the time when he designed his first airplane engine.



Wide World photo

The America as it appeared in flying the Atlantic.

Many men wrestled with the problem and many engines were built in hope and discarded in despair. They might in part meet the problem of weight, but they heated up dangerously or were so complicated as to be impracticable. Air cooling was tried and appeared to be a failure. Then in 1909 Bleriot flew the English Channel, using for motive power an air-cooled, two-cylinder affair, something on the order of a motor-cycle engine. But Bleriot's motor had little power, and in an effort to pep it up more cylinders were added; then it wouldn't work at all.

The next step was an engine of French design in which the cylinders rotated around a stationary crankshaft. The plan was to cool the engine by literally twirling it in the air. It worked well enough to be used to some extent during the war, but it was by no means a satisfactory cooling device.

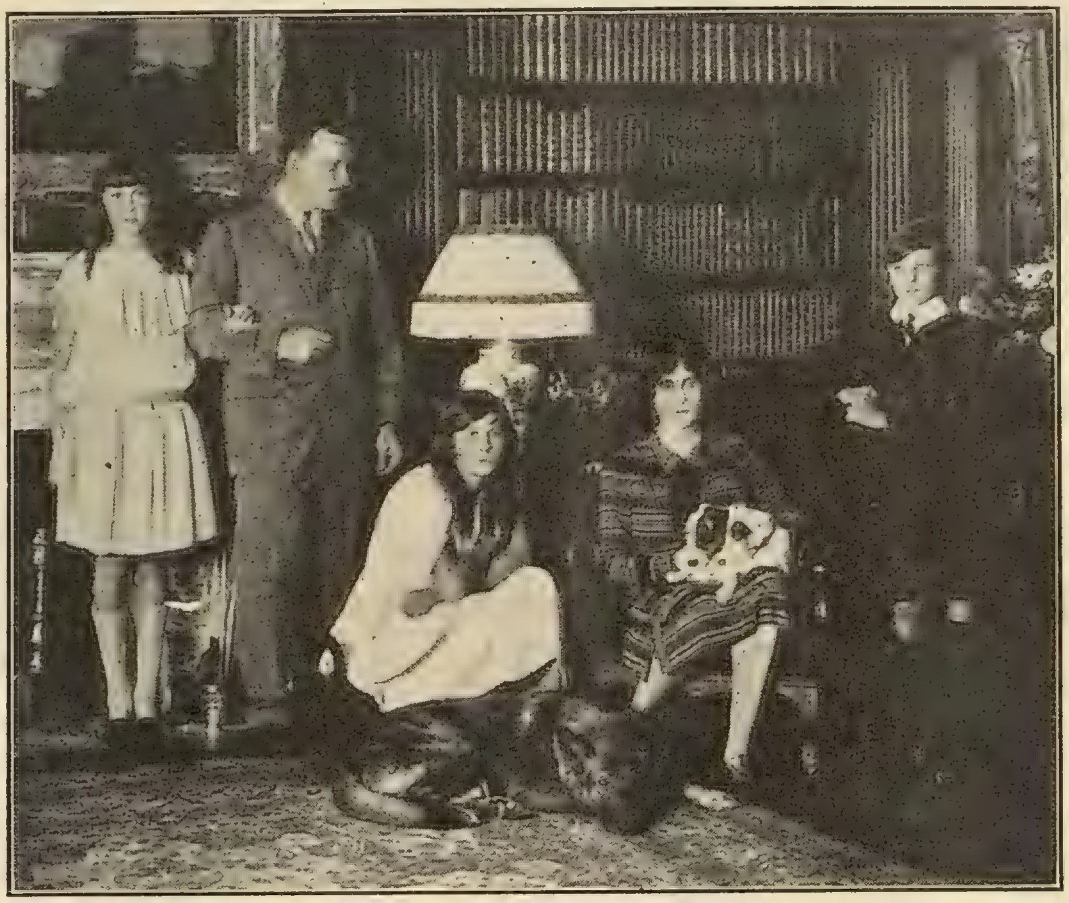
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

After the war, interest in air-cooled engines was lessened for a time in the United States by the great numbers of surplus planes which our government sold at nominal prices. A few companies did keep at the problem, but none was successful; no engine was produced that was not subject to serious overheating.

It was not until 1917 that Lawrance solved the problem. He was then thirty-five years old and engines had been his hobby since boyhood. He produced in his Brooklyn, New York, workshop a three-cylinder, air-cooled, radial engine of sixty horse power that ran smoothly, efficiently, and *without heating*.

Lawrance had succeeded where so many had failed. His engine was the sire of the world-famous Wright Whirlwind nine-cylinder motors that carried Lindbergh to Paris, Chamberlin to Germany, and Byrd across the Pole, broke nearly every flying record and, to cap its triumphs, held the Question Mark aloft for 150 hours and the Fort Worth for 172 hours, the latter forced to earth by a split propeller and with its engine still performing perfectly. It is also the true father of every successful air-cooled airplane engine in existence, including the Pratt & Whitney Wasps and Hornets which were built by engineers who worked with Lawrance.



Charles Lanier Lawrance and his family at home in East Islip, Long Island. From left to right, Mardie, Mr. Lawrance, Emily, Mrs. Lawrance, and Francis.

A great many things happened to Lawrance before he came to his day of triumph, and not the least interesting was his refusal to do more than cut his teeth on the silver spoon which was his birthright. As the son of Francis Lawrance, banker and industrial magnate, and the grandson of Charles Lanier who stood beside Harriman, Vanderbilt, and Hill as a successful director of railroad properties, young Lawrance was born to easy money and social position when he arrived in this world on September 30, 1882, at Lenox, Massachusetts.

FROM the time he could walk the boy cared more for machinery than he did for anything else—although the day was to come when he found that money was a mighty necessary thing. Outwardly Lawrance proceeded along the route ordained for his kind: he attended the exclusive Fay School at Southboro, Massachusetts, the even more exclusive Groton School, for which sons of the socially elect are registered at birth, and Yale, where he matriculated in 1901 at the age of nineteen.

But before the boy was eleven he had found time to design complete plans for a submarine which he still believes to have been practical, and while at Groton he started building an automobile which he completed during his freshman year at Yale. His instructors found him a poor Latinist, but had nothing but praise for his ability in mathematics.

A fellow freshman at Yale, Buell Hollister, now a member of the brokerage firm of Pyne, Kendall & Hollister, helped Lawrance finish the automobile and also helped him finance it, since Lawrance's allowance couldn't be stretched to cover all of the $1,000 which was necessary.

The car was a great success. It had a four-cylinder motor and boasted what was then a novelty in America, a standard gear shift and a worm and sector steering gear. Lawrance drove it from New York to New Haven after correcting a tendency it developed to run backward when the gears were set to go ahead. To build such a car in 1901, when an automobile was a rare bird, greeted with cries of "Get a horse!" was indeed a remarkable feat for a college freshman.

It is characteristic of Charles Lawrance that he didn't rest on his laurels, but began at once on another motor. Before he was graduated the new car was proving itself on the road, and the ink was hardly dry on Lawrance's diploma when he and two friends, Sydney S. Breese and Arthur Moulton, had joined forces to build automobiles under the style of the B. L. M. Company.

THE first job of the associates was to finish a car designed by Moulton in time to compete in the famous Vanderbilt Cup race. The car was completed the day before the race, but blew a cylinder head and was forced out. The young engineers repaired the damage and later took many prizes with their experimental racer, which attained the then high speed of ninety miles an hour.

The B. L. M. Company built and sold twenty cars and was apparently on the road to real success when it went broke in the 1907 panic. Lawrance was learning the importance of money, but he was an engineer and not a business man, and, sick of financial troubles, he accepted the often repeated invitation of his grandfather to give up his "foolishness" and come to live with him on the Lanier estate near Paris. The old financier thought that Charles ought either to enter the financial world or lead a life of gentlemanly ease; this messing around with dirty engines was no business for a gentleman.

So Lawrance tried loafing for a time, but his eager spirit couldn't long stand idleness, and in spite of his grandfather's objections he went to Paris and enrolled in the Ecole des Beaux Arts as a student of architecture. For the moment he was tired of engines. At the end of the year he returned to New York to marry Emily Dix, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, famous rector of Trinity Church, and granddaughter of John Adams Dix, of Civil War fame, also at one time governor of New York.

Directly after the wedding Lawrance and his wife sailed for France, and Lawrance resumed his architectural studies, finishing his course and passing tenth in a class of 350.

But now that he was an architect Lawrance's mind turned, not to designing buildings, but to building automobiles. He began work on a car for himself and went in debt to buy equipment and parts. He had a generous allowance from his family, but building automobiles is an expensive business. It was his wife who solved the problem. She hired a small flat, kept only one maid, and cut down expenses until they were living on a dollar a day. She held to this plan until they were free of debt.

It was at about this time that Lawrance became interested in aviation. His first venture was not with motors but with a new type of wing designed to give more lifting power. He sent his plans to the famous French

[CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING]

The Paris Primer

By

BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

ALL winter we have been reading style scare headlines, and wading through long-winded articles warning us that Paris styles are trying to shackle us to the past, and inciting us to revolt.

The Paris primer, containing the A B Cs of spring styles, however, explains with one-syllable clarity that there is nothing to revolt against; on the contrary, the greatest fashion freedom ever allowed. You have to get educated in order to take your choice, or to adopt everything, if that pleases you.

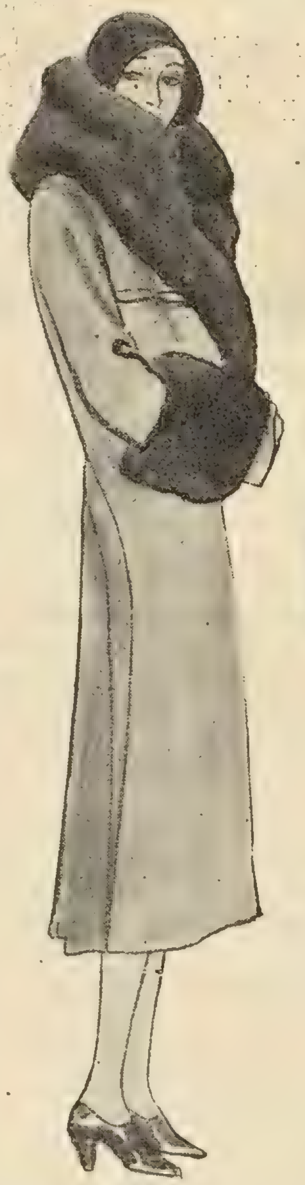
Skirt lengths are going to be on a sliding scale. The hem goes down and it also rises, and it stops midway up the calf of the leg. Along the Riviera, ladies are taking to the rule of three skirt lengths — short for practical wear, medium for semiformal, and long for formal. Notice that the time of day is not indicated. You vary the length according to usage. You may wear your evening dresses quite short if you have to scamper around in them, and you may wear your day dresses long if you live in limousines and suchlike.

There is less fitting to daytime clothes, and even for evening one needn't be girded with whalebones, because fitted lines are alleviated by boleros, blouses, and falling draperies, and the waistline wanders once more, the only rule being that the skirt shall be considerably longer in proportion.

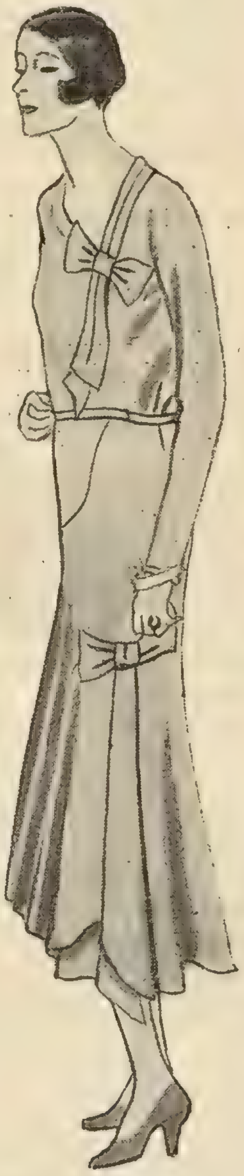
WRAPS for spring are of many kinds, and you choose your cape or coat according to the height of your waistline and the length of your skirt. When real springtime comes you will see jackets and capes no longer than the normal waistline for long dresses, and others just to the hipline.

Knee- and three-quarter-length coats and capes will be good, and for our fifteen-inches-from-the-floor dresses we shall wear full-length wraps. This applies to all hours in the twenty-four.

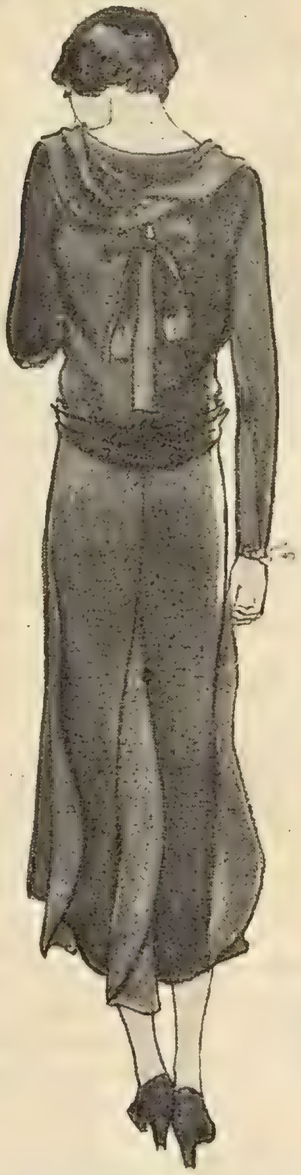
The daytime neckline will be a line of first importance. Paris is going to drape it so that every woman ought to look charming. Lots of daytime coats and capes will be collarless, and with them smart women will wear flat-fur handkerchief scarfs, or scarfs of such fur that tie in a big bow on one shoulder, rather than the familiar silver fox. For warmer weather, cloth scarfs will be used in the same way, and heaps of dresses will have necklines tricked out in lingerie, bows, and jabots.



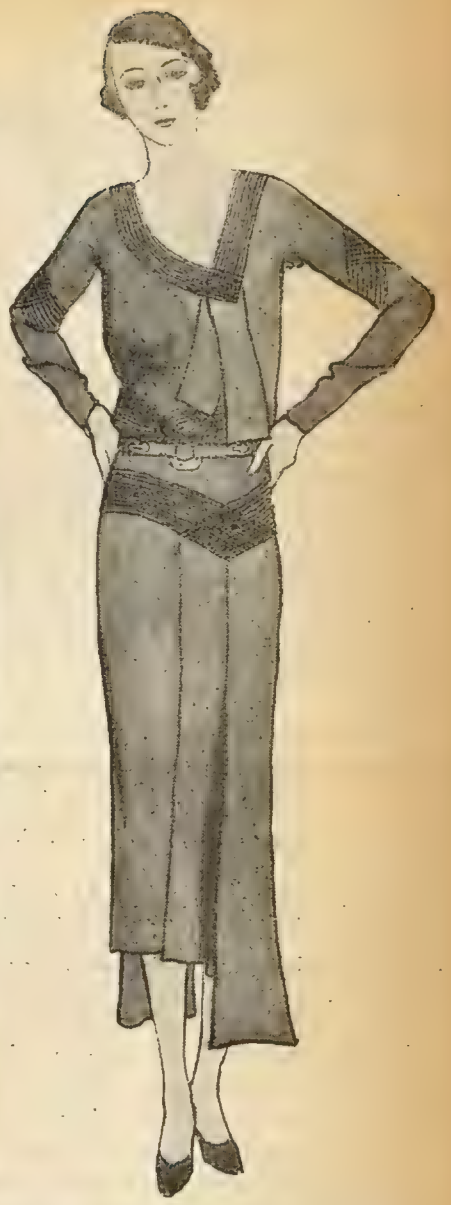
This rose-beige wool coat is trimmed with beaver, and is worn with the rose-beige frock beside it.



An Augustabernard frock of rose-beige wool crêpe trimmed with bows.



Thin crêpe is a smart spring fabric. Augustabernard's blue georgette dress for the Duchess of Sermoneta.



Many spring frocks will have rising and falling hemlines like this Chanel dress of red crêpe.

Wherever the waistline is placed it will be marked either by belt or drapery. The latter may be a sash or merely folds of the dress itself. Short sleeves—well above the elbows—have made their début in the South, and they are to be extremely important in Paris styles for the North. Long sleeves will flow over the arms without closely fitting them, or they will be puffed and frilled somewhere or other.

CRÊPES will be very smart for daytime, and they will be either thinner or thicker than crêpe de chine.

Our second sketch shows a rose-beige transparent wool crêpe dress from Augustabernard, trimmed with incrusted bows of self-material.

The coat that makes an ensemble with this dress, and which is pictured at the left, is made of rose-beige wool crêpe, with a deep shoulder yoke, and is trimmed with beaver.

The Augustabernard dress of blue crêpe shown in our third sketch is a little bit longer. This rather formal frock is made of a very thin crêpe which is draped in folds at the not very high waistline. The neck has a scarf collar, and a bow is tied through a slit in the back. The skirt is flared by curving bands set on at right angles.

Our fourth sketch shows a heavy crêpe marocain frock from Chanel, which, like the preceding, was created for the Duchess of Sermoneta. This one is Burgundy red trimmed with fine tucks, and a band jabot at the neck. The belt is attached with rhinestone clips. The skirt with its fitted yoke has a new kind of uneven hem, made by two panels that fall very low at the sides of the back and front. The rest of the skirt is fifteen inches from the floor.

Vox

How Safe Is Flying?

SANTA ANA, CALIF.—There's no stopping it. No use trying to halt aviation. So why not reconcile yourselves to that fact, and give the boys a great big hand, instead of giving the old fogies more meat to chew on by publishing editorials like "How Safe Is Flying?" and articles like "If You're Thinking of Flying—"?—*An Air-Minded Propagandist, or Just Plain Nut.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—In the present age of sordid, subsidized propaganda your editorial, "How Safe Is Flying?" is certainly a joy to all who think straight.

Such courage demands and deserves the approbation of every he-American. Here is mine—and how!—*John J. Leidigh.*

MORRISVILLE, PA.—Your editorial in Liberty of February 15th was right. Aviation, as it is today, is not safe.

I have practically grown up with aviation and I believe I am qualified to make that statement, and further to state that it can be made several times safer if the operators will take the trouble to understand and admit the facts, and place experienced and competent men in their operations service with authority to conduct operations safely.

Just a few of the conditions as they are now:

1. Incomplete weather and communication service.
2. No emergency landing fields on many lines.
3. Noted reckless stunt pilots as operation officials, and, again, men with no experience.
4. Young, inexperienced men with commercial licenses placed as co-pilots through influence of officials and investors. In many instances these kids are actually in charge of the plane.
5. Orders and policies to go through, regardless of weather.
6. Orders to fly low and make speed.
7. Continued use of planes without proper inspection and overhaul.
8. In some instances, after long division flights, planes are loaded without inspection and sent on night flights over territory where there are no landing fields, and are flown low to show the sights.

Summed up, it is simply greed to make money from a machine that is not developed or properly equipped and manned. —*Floyd Smith.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Have read with interest and amusement the promised article by Lorimer Hammond on airplane safety.

It called to mind the figure of the man who was called to see what was wrong with the furnace and after much learned tabulating of data on furnaces recommended that a new coating of paint be spread over the house.

In a word, the chief hazard in aviation is the lack of scientific construction in the conventional plane. If the automobile was as crudely made as the plane, the manufacturers would go out of business in less than a year.—*Enoch Prouty.*

SPARROWS POINT, MD.—Your airplane editorial and Lorimer Hammond's article, "If You're Thinking of Flying—" were dirty digs at one of the nation's newest industries.

I am not an aviator, nor am I connected with flying in any way, but I know that commercialized flying is here to stay.—*James K. McClure.*

NEWARK, N. J.—Your editorial, "How Safe Is Flying?" was sound. But the conclusions could, I think, be added to.

Air travel is largely dependent on travelers whose time is intensely precious. That is, travelers whose relatives are dying, or something similar, and responsible subordinates of corporations. Parachutes should be provided, and, in case of trouble, passengers must be expected to jump.

At present, the issue of danger is not faced squarely—a fact which makes air travel more dangerous than necessary.

When I again achieve an executive position, reluctance on the part of any subordinate to fly in the interests of my company will lead to his being fired.—*Alan Osbourne.*

Aw, You Remind Him

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—After reading Mr. Werner's "portrait" of Hobson, I fail to see why this man Hobson is christened the Lindbergh of his day.

The fact that he failed in his mission to sink the Merrimac overshadows Hobson's much praised bravery.

To make the failure more apparent we read where Hobson, even though he did not actually surrender, had really made up his mind to do so when captured. The climax comes, though, when it is related how fortunate it was for the American forces that Hobson did not succeed in blocking the harbor of Santiago.

Why not remind Mr. Werner that Lindbergh successfully accomplished all of his missions?—*Fred Steel.*

We're Printing This Instead

FLINT, MICH.—A few criticisms from a regular patron of Liberty:

Edward Doherty is excellent for articles. He is punk for stories. Elliott White Springs is rotten for both. Bert Green is just plumb crazy.

To boil it all down, it amounts to this: Why the heck didn't you print my short short story?—*Robert W. Bond.*

Still Arguing

ATLANTA, GA.—When it comes to writing stories that hold your interest, this fellow Edward Doherty knows how. "The Diamond Eye" is the best story you've printed yet. It's action from beginning to end.—*"Cliff" Livingston.*

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Oh! Oh! Oh! Think of it. Dick and Jean, in "The Diamond Eye," occupying the same stateroom and they're not married. What a lucky break for Jean! Well, some girls get all the breaks. Wonder what the old boys are saying to that.

Oh dear, I guess my turn will never come.—*Just a blonde stenog with ambition.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I've waded through two installments of "The Diamond Eye," and have the third here before me. It's getting no better fast.—*Gene Baldwin.*

WINNIPEG, CAN.—In the course of your last two great serials, in which I find no fault, the hero has been forced to take an ocean voyage with a young and beautiful but intelligent woman; sharing the same cabin with her.

How long has this been going on as a maritime custom? While awaiting publication of your answer, I shall be packing a few trunks and suitcases, just in case.—*Danskin.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I want to congratulate you on securing "The Diamond Eye." I can hardly ever wait for the next Liberty to come out, and, believe me, I never miss one.

The only trouble is you don't publish them twice a week.—*A Libertyite.*

Here's Hoping Your Teacher Doesn't See This, Lewis

OAK PARK, ILL.—Have just finished "The Man Who Makes Murder Out"—subtitled: "The Remarkable Case of Edward Oscar Heinrich."

Interesting? Yes. Educational? Yes. Am I going to compliment you on it? Yes.

If more articles like this were published in Liberty, I am sure my English teacher at school would not object to our reading your magazine. (Never mind. I read it anyhow, every week.)—*Lewis B. Rheinsmith, Oak Park High.*

Discovered!

CHICAGO, ILL.—After long and profound meditation on the subject, I have at last reached a conclusion as to the reason for these short short story atrocities in the name of literature!

Obviously, the only reason that most of these "gems" are printed is that their authors must have wagered the editor $100 that he wouldn't publish them!—*F. A. Hetessy.*

Pop

For Mr. Gallico

New York, N. Y.—I read with a great deal of interest Mr. Paul Gallico's article on the overemphasis of college football under the caption "But This Isn't England," in the February 15th issue of Liberty. Despite your editor's note, I am forced to voice a certain amount of criticism of two remarks incorporated in Mr. Gallico's contribution.

Mr. Gallico refers to baseball players as "probably the most thick-skulled set of athletes in the world." It might be well for Mr. Gallico to formulate another article and give us his reasons for such a statement. In reading that particular portion of his article I wondered if he considered Lou Gehrig, a college graduate as is Mr. Gallico, a "thick-skulled athlete." I also wondered if he considered second baseman Farrell of the Giants and shortstop Gerber of the Boston Red Sox—both physicians—as "thick-skulled." I would advise Mr. Gallico to conduct a little private investigation on his own hook to determine the percentage of the big league ball players today who are college men or who, in the off season, are engaged in some remunerative business.

The other of Mr. Gallico's remarks pertains to "sweating, Coney Island type baseball crowds." Apparently Mr. Gallico did not get his season pass from the Polo Grounds last year, which necessitated his sitting with hoi polloi.

In my opinion there is no comparison at all between the average football crowd and the average baseball crowd. If football were played in the summer time, possibly the crowd attending the game would come within the crowd of "sweating, Coney Island type" crowds. Eighty per cent of the football crowd does not know what is happening 100 per cent of the time. By the end of the first half they are so totally paralyzed, either from the cold or gin, that even if they did understand the game being played, they could not appreciate it.

I would be willing to wager that the only reason 60,000 of the 80,000 that attended the Yale-Army game went, was because they wanted to display a new garment or to be able to say at some time that they saw the game.

I have attended a good many baseball games in my life and there is no crowd that attends any type of sport that understands and takes a greater interest in the game being played than does a baseball crowd.—*H. H. Beane.*

Chicago, Ill.—I'm sorry I can't travel to New York, in person, and tell Paul Gallico how much I enjoyed his great article on college athletics. Since I can't get east, you'll have to tell him for me.

As the years go by, the United States is less and less dominated by English ideas—and that's for the good of both countries. It's time we got entirely free from British ideas on sport.—*G. Luke.*

Bryn Mawr, Pa.—I see no reason for Mr. Gallico or anyone else writing what he did. People like himself who are trying to make excuses for themselves always "get under my skin."

Did you ever stop to think of the effect the present state of conditions in college athletics has upon the college life in general? A prospective student does not pick his college because Professor Smith teaches journalism and he is considered the best authority on the subject; but he picks his college because of the record of the football team.

The primary purpose of colleges in this country is to impart knowledge unto the students. This purpose is exceedingly interfered with by the position that athletics has usurped.

I have had professors actually admit to me that they could not hope to really get down to work and teach the students until the close of the football season.—*John W. S.*

New York, N. Y.—Atta boy, Paul Gallico! When better sports articles are written, you'll write 'em.—*Old Athlete.*

The T. Q. Editor Doesn't Like the Last Sentence

Asheville, N. C.—We've got the Liberty craze. It seems to be catching! Your "Twenty Questions" have surely started something. We can hardly wait for Friday each week to test our Intelligence Quotient.

These questions have been life-savers from the same ole bridge and radio every evening. They're oodles of fun and terribly interesting. Competition for high scores is keen. Now you never catch any of us glancing at newspaper headlines and the comics, and then throwing the paper aside; we read papers and magazines from cover to cover, including the fine print under the pictures.

So far, I must admit, we appear to be abysmally ignorant, but we won't be discouraged. We've "got it so bad" that we've bought a whole book of questions, and fill in from Friday to Friday.

Whatever you do, don't cut out this department. We wish you would make it fifty or a hundred questions.—*Mrs. M. H. Sanders.*

Miss Weiman Thanks You

New York, N. Y.—In "On Your Back," Rita Weiman has outdone herself. It is a joy to come across a story that is worked out from an interesting premise to a logical conclusion; not a scrap of "writing," but a real picture of an interesting and amazing aspect of our modern life.—*Lilian Lauferty.*

There's No—

Boston, Mass.—I've been waiting for a short short story that opened effectively, progressed interestingly, said what it had to say, and then stopped. I found such a story in Anthony Gibbs' "Continental Express."—*F. Hall.*

—Accounting—

Asherton, Tex.—Mamma, come get your boy! I'm all a-stew after reading "Continental Express," the short short story written by Anthony Gibbs.

You say he tried singing. And so, it's plain, you saved him from the mob of egg-tossers because, if his singing was as bad as his writing— Oh, well.—*W. C. Blythe.*

—for Tastes

Hillcroft, N. C.—Some magazines are putting their stuff on the radio, with excellent results. Now, I would just love to hear how your yarn, "Continental Express," would go over the radio. Wouldn't you?

It would sound like soup leaving the spoon.—*E. A. Reardon.*

And What Is This Letter Intended to Be?

Carlsborg, Wash.—The naïve sincerity with which your Interior Decorator divulges his marital woes impresses me as if he were one of the countless God's creatures that can't tell a lie.

Simple as his style pretends to be, it develops occasional fits of verbiage more confused than anything a literary pathologist could find in Woodrow Wilson. Some of the words he uses are so exclusive that my dictionary does not carry them in stock.

Being a new reader I am, as yet, not prepared to give you a definite opinion as to whether Bert Green has literary talent.

However, the more earnestly I study his "Love Letters," the surer the feeling creeps upon me that they're intended to be funny.—*Vincent Noga.*

Here's a Mean One

Chicago, Ill.—Franklin P. Adams, in his article, "Tidying Up," speaks of the copy boy sometimes losing a piece of copy or so. It is too bad the boy didn't lose this whole story on the way to the composing room. And you pay real money for such bunk!—*Keith Grider.*

As One Bumper-Off to Another

Sumter, S. C.—"One Fine Day," by Rayner Seelig, was *good.*

When it comes to slang, Miss Seelig certainly knows more than the average gangster.

She knows all about getting bumped off and about guys packing rods.

Give us some more of her work.—*From one who has bumped off a few himself.*

My Maid—My Impossible Female

A Search for the Perfect Servant

WASH.
PORTLAND
MONTANA
NORTH DAKOTA
MI
OREGON
IDAHO
WYOMING
SOUTH DAKOTA
NEB.
FREMONT
OMAHA
LINCOLN
NEVADA
SALT LAKE CITY
UTAH
COLORADO
KANSAS
CALIFORNIA
ARIZ.
PHOENIX
NEW MEXICO
OKLA.
EL PASO
TEXAS

Showing the nation-wide scope of this article's report on the servant problem.

By

GRACE ROBINSON

a former reporter for the New York Daily News, one of whose many contributions to Liberty was Gasoline Gypsies, the log of a transcontinental motor trip. Among her newspaper achievements is an exclusive interview with the Prince of Wales.

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

WHAT is the servant problem today?

To find out, Liberty sent questionnaires to its correspondents in towns and cities all over the United States. They were requested to interview local employment experts or typical housewives for facts on the current cost, temper, and ability of servants.

Replies came back covering thirty-one towns.

They ranged in size from teeming New York, with its six million inhabitants, to Fremont, with its 9,000 human beings, set down on a Nebraska prairie. They were selected from an atlas with respect to location and population, so as to cover a wide variety of living conditions. Middle-sized towns like Holyoke, Massachusetts (60,400 population); Columbia, South Carolina (50,600); Phoenix, Arizona (60,000), predominate, although Chicago with its three millions, New Orleans with its half million, and small towns of less than 30,000 inhabitants are also represented.

The inquiry revealed two general truths. First, that the Perfect Servant exists only in New Orleans. Second, that the Perfect Mistress is not to be found.

Wages vary from board and room paid college girls to the magnificent remuneration of $100 weekly which some Chicago plutocrats pay their valets.

Consider the southern housewife. For the most part she is not satisfied with her Negro servant, but she refuses to be pessimistic about him.

"If there be a servant problem in Mississippi," says our correspondent in Jackson, "it is not due to the scarcity of servants, but to their shiftlessness, inefficiency, and unreasonable demands. Especially is the last true of the younger generation of Negro women. They insist on the shortest possible hours and some even want the mistress to send the automobile for them mornings. Many families make the concession until they can find another Negro to fill the place.

"Cooks in the larger towns have their little 'unions.' Few in Jackson prepare more than two meals a day—breakfast at seven or eight, dinner at twelve or one o'clock. By two P. M. they are back at their homes, 'restin'' after their five or six hours in 'de white folks' kitchen.'

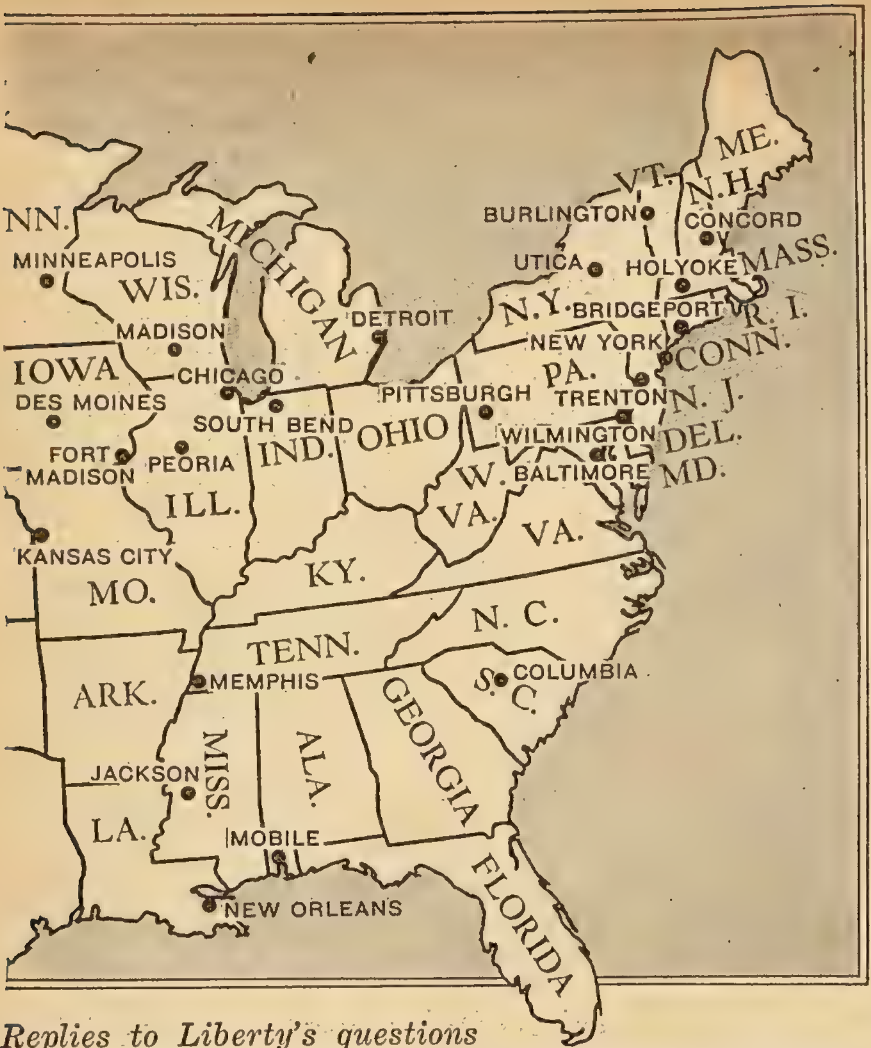
"For these few hours they are paid from four dollars to ten dollars per week. No objection is raised to the big basket of left-overs they carry to husbands and children. That feeds the family, and the cash they get is all velvet."

In Mississippi no one asks or gives letters of recommendation. "Every employer just takes the risk."

In seven cities the old-fashioned hired girl is extinct.

SAYS Mobile, Alabama: "Southern people have all kinds of troubles with their help. Let some Negro 'society member' die, and the cooks, washwomen, and maids must have part of the day off to attend the funeral, and many mornings are late on account of staying up all night at the wakes. Our best people often are obliged to telephone police headquarters and request that Mattie or Gusta be freed, promising to stand their fines for drunkenness.

"Complaints of southern Negro servants would fill a book. Chiefly, they suffer from 'ailments' which in their language means illnesses. Paid off on Saturday night, they are generally broke by Sunday. As to the drinking habits of employers—these do not antagonize the southern servant. The Negro manservant will help his boss sober up or mix him more drinks.



Replies to Liberty's questions were received from these thirty-one cities and towns.

"Before the World War Negro women and girls could be had for as little as fifty cents a day and food. For this sum they cooked, scrubbed floors, and did the family washing. Today, with a large percentage of them educated, the southern housewife must pay eight to twelve dollars a week for her cook alone. And in most instances the cook will not prepare the evening meal.

"Despite the independent attitude of the Negro servant, something of the old-time affection between mistress and servant still exists in Mobile."

There is no dearth of "raw servant material" in South Carolina, reports our correspondent in Columbia. "And 'raw' is right. Want ads and employment agencies are unnecessary. Tell some Negro, man or woman, passing your door that you are in need of a cook, washerwoman, housegirl, chauffeur, butler, or what not, and in two days' time you will have all the applicants you could desire.

"South Carolina housewives simply make the best of a trying situation. Many of the Negroes are dirty; most of them have no 'pride of reputation'; few have any particular training. They are unreliable, and most of the women — especially those past middle age—have a 'man' for whom they provide from their mistress' larder. But they are long-suffering, astonishingly patient at times; they get drunk only occasionally, and have no objection to their mistresses' drinking. They can get through a vast amount of work when so minded. They take pride in the 'establishment' in which they work, no matter how humble that establishment may be.

A South Bend, Indiana, clubwoman remarked that if it was a question of an efficient servant or an amorous husband, she'd fire the husband.

One Portland, Oregon, matron obtained a culinary genius who had a car and demanded garage space.

"White servants have been tried repeatedly in South Carolina, but lacking social diversion and refusing to mix with Negroes, returned north. Now there are almost none, except in resort cities, as Camden and Aiken."

In New Orleans is found the "Creole nigger" — descendant of generations of Negroes house-broken by the old Creole families. But these Negroes, alas, seldom leave the white families into which they have been virtually born, and newcomers to the historic city must resort to employment agencies. As in most southern cities, the domestic does not resent the term "servant." But he does have his sensitive spot. "The Negro would be shocked and hurt to hear his mistress refer to him as 'nigger' in conversation with a third person. She can chide him as a 'worthless nigger,' but only to his face.

"THE old-fashioned maid of all work still exists in New Orleans. Even among wealthy people the specialized servant is rare. In large households a cook is usually a full-time cook, but her scullery helper will have varied duties. Butlers, chauffeurs, houseboys, and maids rarely specialize sharply.

"The New Orleans Negro servant seldom employs the threat method. He is never afraid of his job. If dissatisfied, he quits and hopes to find a better place."

Prohibition has not increased servant difficulties, says our New Orleans correspondent.

In Baltimore 75 per cent of domestics are colored. The servant problem of late years has become complicated by "overeducation," relate employment experts in that city.

"Hundreds of boys and girls are graduated from Negro high schools yearly. With their smattering of French and art, they consider themselves above the servant class, and Baltimore has more Negro lawyers, preachers, doctors, dressmakers, and beauty-parlor artists than are needed for the colored population. At the moment, however, factory shutdowns have thrown an ex-

[Cont'd on next page]

MY MAID—IMPOSSIBLE FEMALE
Continued from page fifty-three

cess of servants on the market. Wages have declined ten per cent in the last year.

"Female cooks get ten to fifteen dollars. Few Negro servants appear at their places in time to prepare or serve breakfast. They arrive any time between seven thirty and nine A. M. and quit at five to seven. Until recently, when the supply of colored cooks started to exceed the demand, they would not work in homes where dinner was served later than six-thirty.

"Few servants are dismissed for drunkenness. An employment agency will blacklist an applicant on that score as quickly as for dishonesty.

"The old-time hired girl is nearly extinct. Of late, help has been specializing to an exasperating degree. An old-fashioned housewife, affluent, and indulgent to her help, asked an agency to send her a general maid. When she interviewed the applicants she found them all specialists.

"Of the last one, a fur-coated, silk-stockinged mulatto flapper, she asked: 'And what is your specialty?'

"'I'se a duster, ma'am.'

"'Well, you "dust" quick as you can,' laughed the housewife, and turned in to do her own work.

"HOUSEWIVES are hoping present unemployment will lessen the specialization mania.

"Many Jewish families employ German girls. At first these are industrious and willing, but they soon learn to shirk and become as arrogant and unmanageable as the American-born. Christian men or women, Catholics often preferred, are demanded by many employers who believe churchgoing domestics will be faithful and honest."

The Arizona housewife employs not Negroes but the picturesque Indian maid, or the Mexican señorita with her great black eyes and her buxom figure. The Indians may come from almost any tribe, but Pimas, Papagos, and Hopis predominate. Usually they have had domestic training in Indian schools, and are under the oversight of the school authorities. They are described as very honest, though patience is needed with them in large measure. Colored help, by comparison, is regarded as undependable by Phoenix, Arizona, housewives. Mistresses complain their Mexican and Indian maids are lazy; the girls object to late card and drinking parties where they are required to serve, although they say they would not mind if they were paid overtime. Ranchers in the vast open spaces of the southwest are hard put tc it for household help, "so [illegible] from the movies."

WHAT THEY GET

in 31 typical cities and towns — weekly wages, except where otherwise specified

City	*General House-worker*	*Cook*	*Chauffeur*	*Other Help*
Baltimore, Md.	$8-$12	$10-$15	.. ..	Day worker, $2 a day and carfare.
Bridgeport, Conn.	$45 monthly; no laundry	$75 monthly	$30	Chambermaid, $60; couple—butler and cook—$130; child's nurse, $60, monthly.
Burlington, Vt.	$10	$10-$20	....	Second maid, $10-$15; mother's helper, $5-$7.
Chicago, Ill.	$12-$22	$20-$30	$100-$135 monthly	Second maid, $16-$20; valet, $100 weekly.
Columbia, S. C.	$5 sleep out	....	$20	Chauffeur may also have other duties; uniform provided.
Concord, N. H.	$10-$15	Up to $25	$25 up	Day worker, 40 and 50 cents an hour; students work for board and room.
Des Moines, Ia.	$5-$20	....	....	Couple, $60-$75; girls and older women work for board and room; man, $15-$25.
Detroit, Mich.	$10-$23	....	....	....
El Paso, Tex.	$4-$10 sleep out	....	....	Day worker, $1.62 (Mexicans).
Fort Madison, Ia.	$15	$35	$35	Houseman, $30.
Fremont, Neb.	$8-$15	....	....	....
Holyoke, Mass.	$10-$15	....	....	Schoolgirl nursemaid, 50 cents half day.
Jackson, Miss.	....	$4-$10	....	....
Kansas City, Mo.	$30-$75 monthly	$50-$125 monthly	$75-$150 monthly	Butler, $50-$100 monthly.
Lincoln, Neb.	$5-$10	....	....	Students work for board and room.
Madison, Wis.	$12-$18	....	....	Second maid, $8-$12. Students work for board and room.
Memphis, Tenn.	....	$10-$15	$15-$20	....
Minneapolis, Minn.	$6-$15	....	....	....
Mobile, Ala.	$5	$6-$15	....	Cook receives extra tips for late parties.
New Orleans, La.	....	$5-$12	$10-$15	Housemaid, $4-$6; houseman, $5-$6; butler, $8-$15; laundress, $4-$9
New York City*	$65-$100	$75-$250	$100-$200	....
Omaha, Neb.	$5-$20	....	....	....
Peoria, Ill.	$12-$15 no laundry	....	....	Housemaid, $3-$4.
Phoenix, Ariz.	$35-$45 monthly	....	....	Indians and Mexicans.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	$30-$50 monthly	$40-$75 monthly	....	No laundry. Butler, $60-$100 monthly.
Portland, Ore.	$20-$65 plus uniform	$75-$100	$100-$175	All monthly. Students work for board and room; Filipino houseboy, $35-$40 monthly.
Salt Lake City, Utah	$40 up monthly	....	....	....
South Bend, Ind.	$5-$15	....	....	Includes laundry work done for help. Day worker, 40 cents an hour.
Trenton, N. J.	$15-$30	....	$35	....
Utica, N. Y.	$10-$12	$80 monthly	$35-$50	Chauffeur gets no room or board. Houseman, $50 monthly. Day worker, $3-$4.
Wilmington, Del.	....	$15-$25		Waitress, $75 monthly.

* All wages monthly. Chambermaid, $60-$70; waitress, $80-$90; couple, $150-$250; mother's helper, $50-$60; chambermaid-waitress, $75; chambermaid-nurse, $70-$75; lady's maid, $75-$85; nurse, $75-$125; governess, $85-$130; butler-valet, $100-$175; butler-steward, $150 up; butler-houseman, $90-$100; butler-chauffeur, $100 up; footman, $90-$100; general manservant (Japanese, Filipino, or Negro), $90-$150; valet, $100-$150.

Housewives in El Paso, Texas, praise the sobriety of their Mexican servants, although they are "six cents from the open saloon." A five-minute street-car ride takes the thirsty servant, or his master, into Mexico, where oceanic quantities of strong drink may be imbibed legally and without even the trouble of a passport. With a land flowing with wine and tequila ever beckoning, border servants show no disposition to disappear on Saturdays and squander the pay check in a spree. Neither do servants complain of morning-after dispositions in employers.

Although the liquor question does not enter the situation, the slowness and ineptitude of the untrained Mexican immigrant does. Mexicans occasionally answer with charges of ill treatment, scant food, and unreasonable labor demands. They receive only $1.62 a day, or $4 and carfare a week. Even this low wage has been withheld on occasion, and the housewife has ordered the unintelligibly protesting foreigner from the house with only hard words and abuse for pay.

"IN the majority of such differences," says our El Paso informant, "investigation shows the linguistic disparity between employer and employed has caused the misunderstanding. Adjustment is usually made through the employment bureau, care being taken thereafter to see that maid and mistress understand each other on the point of salary at least. Of the twenty-five per cent American population of El Paso that has been here long enough to know the Mexican and understand his language, most actually prefer the Mexican girls because of their loyalty and willingness to learn.

"Seventy-five per cent of employers insist the immigrant be able to understand kitchen English. From this rudimentary basis, most housewives will essay to teach American housekeeping methods. To assist domestics to better-paying jobs, the American government has subsidized a vocational school to instruct them in American cooking and housekeeping. When trained they command ten dollars or more a week.

"Servants generally live out, working only from eight to five, so the question of hours is seldom discussed. Occasionally a girl consents to live on the premises.

"Any stigma attaching to the term 'servant' is not felt here—the average domestic being too unfamiliar with the language."

Portland, Oregon, might avail itself of Filipino labor, but refuses to do so to any large extent because of "the Filipino's proclivity for violent love-making." Mothers with young daughters prefer not to take chances. However, where the surroundings are suitable, Filipinos have been found highly efficient. Housewives find they do better work than maids, and do not object to extra jobs, like grass-cutting.

"Oregon employment experts find the college-girl domestic their greatest problem. The student goes into a family that cannot afford a full-time servant but will pay board and room. Many of these girls working their way through school find they are required to wash, iron, help with cooking, and take care of children evenings. Such an arduous job leaves them no time for their studies. So avaricious have many housewives proven that schools frequently refuse to supply such girls, fearing they will be imposed upon.

"Sixty per cent of Portland servants are American. The rest are Scandinavian, with a scattering of Orientals, including Chinese, who are hired as cooks and gardeners.

"One Portland matron, Mrs. F. A. Jacobs, obtained a good cook who had a car. Mrs. Jacobs has a fine house and a two-car garage. The cook demanded garage space. Mrs. Jacobs did not feel called upon to leave one of her own cars in the open, so she lost a culinary genius."

Detroit, with its great nouveau riche class, is in the throes of a servant situation that is not rendered easier by the competition of the automobile industry, offering short hours and high wages. Americans are not popular. "They consider themselves equal, and in some cases superior, to their employers, and in many cases they are," says our correspondent.

"EMPLOYMENT agents cannot get enough Canadian, Scotch, and English girls to fill the demand. Housewives bid high for the old-fashioned resident maid of all work, paying her fifteen to twenty dollars a week, with three dollars added if she does the laundry. Colored domestics are unpopular because of their marital troubles, but are used to eke out the shortage.

"Servants yell about poorly heated and poorly furnished rooms and insufficient food. Housewives shout back that servants insist on spending their evenings as they please—the Finns in particular.

"Married couples are popular because they will do the work of three persons. Their employment also is economical as to housing. Irish Catholics are shunned particularly by Christian Scientists and even by Catholic employers. Early Mass in many cases militates against these religionists.

"Servants never cease complaining about the housewife's morning-after disposition, particularly in newly rich families.

"Non-English-speaking immigrants are not wanted—except among the Jews, who do not seem to care whether a servant is a Hottentot or a deaf mute so long as she knows how to work and keeps at it."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Join
for 3 Nights
The Thousands Who Have Found a
Drugless Way to Instant Sleep . . .

Sound Sleep Without Drugs. A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Instant Sleep, But Induces The Kind of Sleep That Brings All Day Energy Next Day

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day, teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First, it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then, *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous, active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used for 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands take it during the day, too, to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine — but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. Or use coupon below for 3-day test supply.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE
BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. J-20 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name..........
(Print name and address clearly)

Address..........

City.......... *State*..........
(One package to a person) 707-R

SNAG?

When your wet-weather sneezes put a snag in your conversation . . . and you can't even enjoy a smoke . . . consider that one great cigarette . . . which clears the way to old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c
THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

Next Week

Liberty announces the names of the

FIRST WINNERS in its $25,000 PRIZE GAME OF PRESIDENTS

Here they come! . . . The lucky ones whose solutions to Liberty's Patriotic Game of Presidents were judged the best of the thousands received. . . . Other prize winners will be published in succeeding weeks, until the list is complete. Look for the first winners to share the $25,000 prize money

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

[MY MAID—IMPOSSIBLE FEMALE
Continued from page fifty-five]

Minneapolis servants—who are mostly Scandinavians—complain of overwork. This is their day: up at six, breakfast for master and children who go to school, housework during day, lunch for children at noon, dinner to serve at six or seven, and several times a week a big party, for which a supper must be prepared, and after which cleaning up must be done. The mistress, used up from partying, demands breakfast in bed. Under this régime the servant gets little sleep.

The housewife complains that the girl is fussy about her tasks—won't do any job even remotely related to washing or scrubbing—gets a grouch if she must step out of her routine. Although the Minneapolis general servant is fairly sober, she does smoke too much.

Agencies urge an eight-hour day as a solution to the servant problem, giving the girl two to four hours off in the afternoon. Housewives refuse to try it.

The inconsistency of some housewives is illustrated by the case of one girl who came back, furious, to the agency that had sent her out a week before.

"Y'know what that woman wanted? She wanted me to let darling Louise run into the street just as it pleased her—and told me off came my head if the kid got killed by an automobile!" Investigation showed the woman did indeed forbid her maids to cross Louise, four years old, even in the matter of playing in the street—but warned them they would be responsible if the child were injured.

IN South Bend, Indiana, experts frankly charge that the servant shortage is due to housewives' exorbitant demands for long hours and to their constant nagging.

Asked whether she considered a pretty servant desirable or dangerous in her household, one clubwoman remarked that if it was a question of an efficient servant or an amorous husband, she would fire the husband. "Husbands are easier to get!" she wise-cracked.

South Bend matrons demand good looks in menservants. One well-to-do housewife left exact specifications as to the kind of houseman she wanted. "About six feet tall, blue eyes, thirty to thirty-five years, dark hair, preferably curly, well built." The bureau actually located a man who filled the bill. When the matron saw him she was delighted, and promised him good pay, and that if he stayed a year she would give him his own car. He has now been in her home a year and a half, and has his own car—not a cheap model, either.

Kansas City, Missouri, reports a drop of 30 per cent in demand for servants, due to labor-saving devices and increasing hotel life.

The Utopian ideal, a college-trained housemaid, has materialized in Des Moines, Iowa. An employment expert cites examples of grammar-school graduates who take special courses offered at the state college at Ames, thirty miles away. They become conversant with calories, vitamins, and other food values, and can prepare well balanced and tasty meals. They get top prices for their services, and in pretentious establishments receive a commodious room, private bath, and private reception room.

Employment agents there urge housewives to treat domestics as their husbands treat office workers. They believe regular hours and duties, pay for overtime and special efforts, and bonuses for long terms of service would bridge the ancient mistress-servant gap. A few Des Moines housewives recently tried the bonus system, offering $50 to $75 at the end of six months' continuous service, with the intention of doubling the gift at the end of a year. Results remain to be seen.

Omaha, Nebraska, housewives complain of petty thievery on the part of their servants, who are almost never colored and generally American-born. But their worst problem is the immorality of maids, practiced outside their employers' homes.

In Lincoln, Nebraska, the Y. W. C. A. employment expert finds German girls the neatest, most willing, and most competent. Fremont, Nebraska, also uses German young women. Daughters of even well-to-do German farmers hire out. Few homes are built nowadays to accommodate servants, Fremont reports.

Bois Dormant
HOUBIGANT
PARIS NEW YORK
Bois Dormant
"ENCHANTED WOODLAND"
PARFUM TRÉS MODERNE
Its irresistible fragrance will endure long after memory of its application has departed . . . bewitching, charming.
PRICED AT $5, $9 AND $16 THE FLACON
PURSE SIZE $1.00 . . . FACE POWDER $1.00
HOUBIGANT
PARIS

[CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING]

aërodynamical engineer Eiffel, and Eiffel thought so well of them that he embodied the theory they exemplified in his book. That was in 1911, and when the war came both England and Germany used the Lawrance wing design on many of their fighting planes.

But Lawrance wasn't to desert his motors for long. Arthur Moulton, who had been one of the B. L. M. partners, wrote him from New York describing a new idea in automobile construction and inviting him to join in building an experimental car. Lawrance accepted and they built two models, calling them L. M.s. They were credited with a speed of ninety miles an hour. Mrs. Lawrance used one to tour Europe.

The money, or part of it, for these experiments came to Lawrance in an amusing way. His grandfather invited Charles to accompany him to the boat to meet J. P. Morgan, and Charles drove to the meeting in an ancient and much battered Panhard. The great financier joked Mr. Lanier about his grandson's dilapidated car and Lanier responded by offering to buy Charles a new one. Lawrance said he'd rather have the money and build one for himself. He got a check for $4,000, which seems generous, but when the car was completed it had cost just twice that.

Wide World photo

Lindbergh, before his great flight, with the Spirit of St. Louis.

In 1913, the year before the war, Lawrance attended an aviation show in Paris and learned that the most powerful airplane engine was a 130-horse power, water-cooled job. Of course, he at once decided to build a better one. He turned out an eight-cylinder engine of 200 H. P. It, too, was water-cooled—more power but no less weight.

Arthur Moulton joined Lawrance in his experiments. To keep expenses down they opened their shop for general repair work, this paying for the general overhead. Their first experiment was with aluminum cylinders and pistons. Lawrance was on the trail of the light engine. All the experts laughed at him, as experts always do, but the aluminum cylinder and pistons did the work and Lawrance went to work on another engine. He was getting on with the job when the war came and he, with other Americans, was hurried out of France. Probably he'd have stuck to his workshop, but he now had two children, one a baby of a few months, and he listened to Ambassador Herrick's warning to go while yet he might.

BACK in America, Lawrance's first need was to raise money to go on with his experiments. He decided to sell the family estate, comprising 375 acres at Bay Shore, Long Island. But real estate wasn't money, and when the United States entered the war the place was offered and accepted as a naval air base. At the same time Lawrance enlisted as machinist mate. He was soon commissioned ensign and was set to work on engine designs.

By now he was certain that the air-cooled engine was the answer to the airplane problem. He got permission to experiment with a small two-cylinder, air-cooled engine designed for midget planes to be carried on submarines; but soon decided that the idea was impractical and was allowed to go ahead on a design of his own. The result was a three-cylinder, radial engine, air-cooled, of sixty horse power, which contained all the basic features which later were to go into the Wright Whirlwind J5. He called it Model L. Fifty of these engines were built before the end of the war, and some of them are still in service.

When the war ended, Lawrance found himself richer in experience but poorer in money. He tried to raise funds to start a company of his own, but with the pressure of war removed no one was interested in air-cooled motors when there were plenty of cheap water-cooled ones to be had. It was then that Lawrance's rich friends and relatives came in handy. Willard Straight put up $15,000. Lawrance's sister, now Mrs. W. Averill Harriman, put up another $15,000 and the Lawrance Aëro Engine Company was born. It started work at once on two nine-cylinder engines of the Model L type, one of 175 H. P. for the army, the other of 200 H. P. for the navy. A little later he made his first model J1, which developed 200 H. P. and weighed only 475 pounds.

But his material triumph was by no means permanent. He was now several hundred thousand dollars in debt, and Mrs. Lawrance again took charge. She took over the estate at Bay Shore, filled in fifty acres of bay front, dug canals, built model homes, laid out lots, and in one year sold enough to pay off her husband's debts. There was enough more left over to pay for an estate of 140 acres at East Islip, Long Island, and this extraordinary woman landscaped it, laid out lawns, gardens, and walks, built a landing field for airplanes, and moved the family in—there were now three children. Later there was to be a town house in the city and a winter home in Beaufort, South Carolina, but this was when the air-cooled engine business had improved.

THAT came soon. The Wright Aëronautical Corporation, one of the largest in the field, sent engineers to look over Lawrance's J1. They decided it was what they wanted and Lawrance sold out for $500,000 and a stock interest in the company. He agreed to act as an experimental engineer for the company. The two original investors found they had made a good gamble, for Lawrance paid them $90,000 each for their $15,000 contributions.

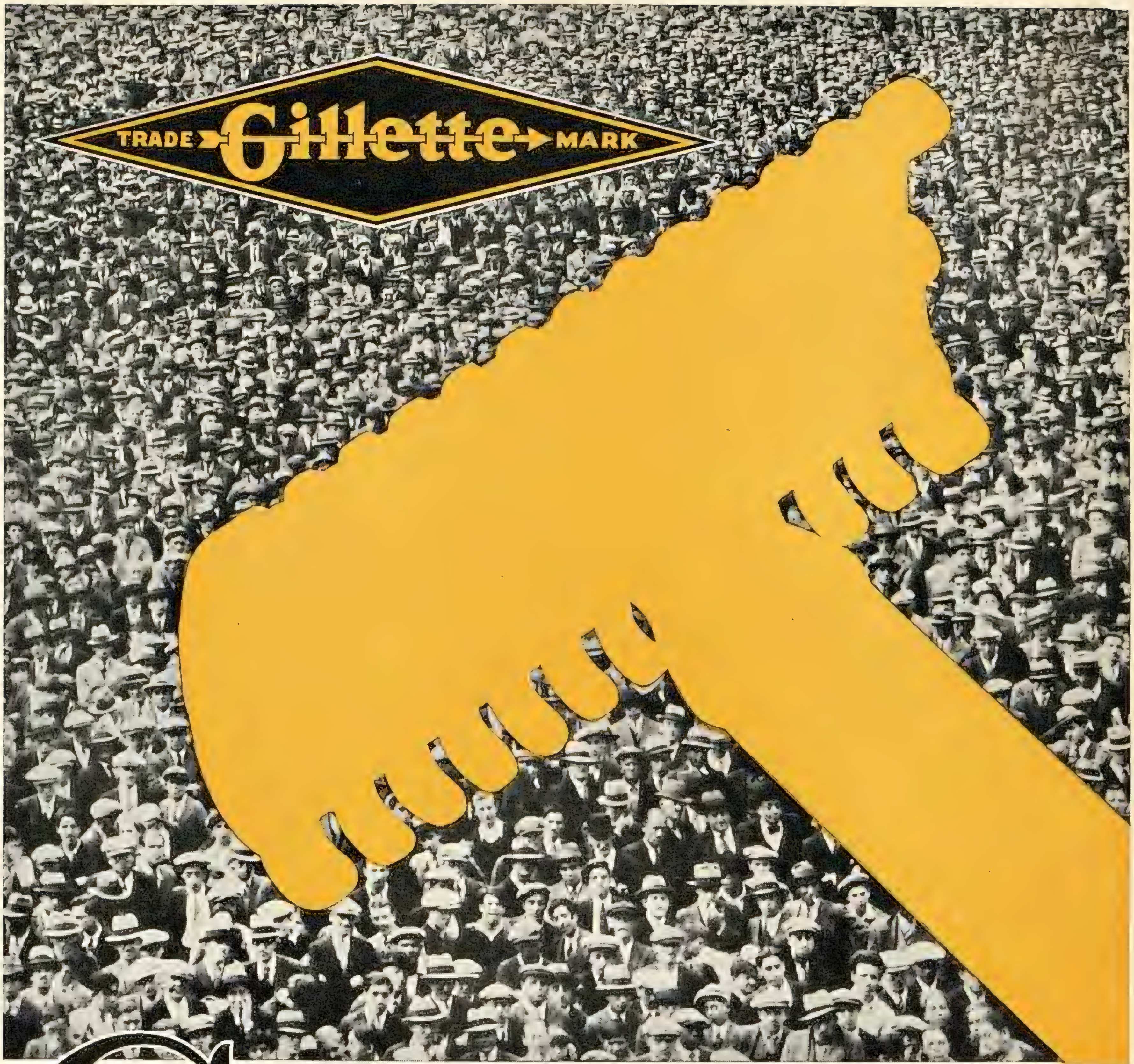
The Wright company with Lawrance's help began at once to improve the J1 and presently produced the J3—the first Whirlwind model, which has been widely copied.

Lawrance's brain child was to go marching on. In 1925 several engineers who had been associated with the Wright company left to join the Pratt & Whitney Corporation of Hartford, Connecticut, which not long after produced the Wasp and Hornet engines of 425 and 525 H. P., the latest if not the last word in air-cooled engine designs. At this writing they hold many flying records.

Of the future no man can speak with certainty. The army and navy have, partly at least, taken the curse off the water-cooled engine by removing the heavy radiator and keeping down temperature by means of a chemical mixture, and the Packard Motor Company has flown a Diesel-powered airplane 700 miles on a few gallons of fuel oil at a cost of little more than five dollars for the trip. The inventive mind of man is certain to make the wonder of today obsolete in some near or far tomorrow, but meanwhile Lawrance's motor and its offspring produced by Pratt & Whitney remain supreme.

And now a last glimpse of the hero of this tale: He was watching Lindbergh take off on his great adventure. The plane had got safely into the air and had winged its way out of sight. Reporters asked the inventor when the flyer might be expected to reach his goal. Lawrance knew to a decimal the force of the engine he had created; he figured the mileage and said Lindbergh should land at 5:30. He did land at 5:23. It was typical of the man that later, when it was suggested that he had received little mention amid the acclaim of the users of his engine, he should reply: "Who ever heard the name of Paul Revere's horse?"

THE END

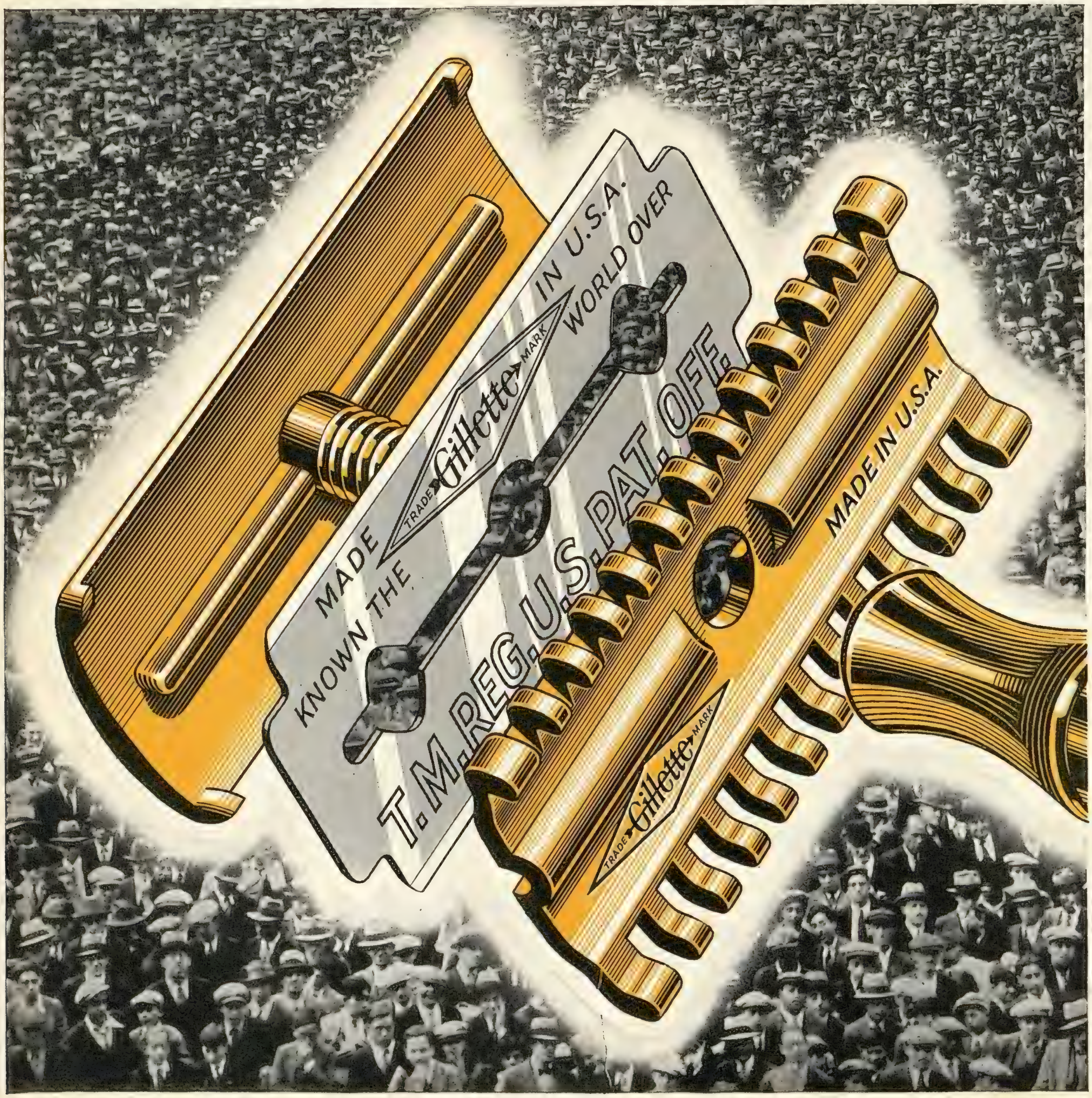

TRADE Gillette MARK

Gillette announces

— the greatest shaving improvement in 28 years...

(PLEASE TURN OVER)

A New Gillette — a New


MADE IN U.S.A.
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
TRADE Gillette MARK
T.M. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE IN U.S.A.
TRADE Gillette MARK

New Blade Gillette Razor

No more "razor pull"... No more wiping... with this new blade of processed steel

QUICK FACTS

1. *New blade can be used in your old Gillette*
2. *New processed steel; new blade resists rust*
3. *Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"*
4. *To clean turn guard at right angles . . . then re-tighten . . . rinse . . . shake dry*
5. *New shape guard channel gives full shaving clearance*
6. *New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally*
7. *No projecting posts to dull blade edges*
8. *Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped*
9. *Square blade ends safer to handle*
10. *Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears*
11. *New blades same price as old*
12. *New razor, 24K. gold-plated, with one new blade in case, $1.00*

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago Gillette changed the shaving habits of the nation by creating a safety razor with double-edged replaceable blade—an improvement so far-reaching that it has maintained leadership throughout the world for more than a quarter of a century without essential change.

Today Gillette offers another great contribution to man's shaving comfort—a New Gillette Blade and a New Gillette Razor (patents pending).

The New Gillette Blade can be used in your present Gillette Razor. To preserve and increase the good will of the one hundred and ten millions of present Gillette owners has been the first consideration. But the New Gillette Razor has so many points of superiority that any man who has tried it once will gladly discard the faithful instrument of the past.

Used together, the New Gillette Blade and the New Gillette Razor abolish forever the two unpleasant factors in shaving—"razor pull," and the tedious drying of razor parts. Imagine a shave so smooth and cool that you hardly feel the razor on your skin. Think of the time and trouble you save in the course of a year by not having to take the razor apart for cleaning—just rinsing it off and shaking it dry. These are two—but only two—of the advantages of the new razor and the new blade. Read the many other advantages summed up in the column at the left under "Quick Facts."

Back of these great improvements lies a fascinating story of research.

Cause of "razor pull" found

More than twenty-seven thousand men have been interviewed—some with stiff beards, others with tender faces, men who are hardest to please. Tens of thousands of used razors were examined. In these studies a discovery of far-reaching importance was made:

In almost every case when a man complains that his razor "pulls," an expert

(PLEASE TURN OVER)

THE GREATEST SHAVING

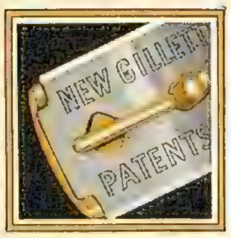
examination shows that it has been nicked or dented by being dropped on the washstand or floor.

Why should a little nick—even a microscopic nick—spoil your shave? Here is the reason:

The parts of a Gillette Razor are machined to a fine precision. The slightest dent at one of the corners causes an unequal tension on the blade, throwing it out of perfect alignment. The blade may even crack under the unequal tension. Perhaps you have had this happen for no apparent reason. Perhaps you have blamed the blade for the trouble.

Gillette finds the answer

We could not keep men from dropping their razors. But we could offset the harmful effect. To do so required a change in both the razor and the blade. In the razor we reinforced all four corners of the cap with sturdy lugs made to withstand nearly any kind of abuse.



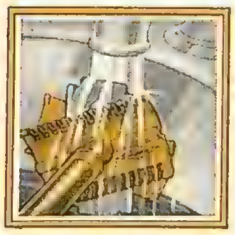
Reinforced corners

The blade was treated even more ingeniously. All four corners were cut out; when the cap and guard of the razor clamp together, the blade is not held at the corners. Even if you drop the New Gillette, you probably will not dent it. Even if you dent it, you do not, *cannot* spoil your shave.

New processed steel . . . Rust-resisting. Just rinse . . . Shake dry

What strikes your eye immediately at the first glimpse of the new blade? It shines. A new, different, finer finish . . . the result of a new process of treating the hard, special steel.

How many tedious minutes you have had to waste in unscrewing your razor, washing it off, and carefully wiping it dry! How many towels have been cut! Now all this nuisance is abolished forever—the new blade resists rust. A single twist of the fingers turns the new razor blade at right angles. Then re-tighten. Hold the razor under hot running water. Shake thoroughly. Lay on the shelf.



So easy to rinse

Shaves closer in corners

Note the ends of the blade particularly. They are square—the old blades were rounded. A square end is much easier and safer to handle with wet fingers . . . no fishing down the drain pipe for a slippery blade. But even more important, the ends of the blade are much more nearly flush with the ends of the razor cap and guard . . . much easier now to reach those inaccessible little corners around the mouth, the ears, the nose.

Notice the longer, bent-back teeth

When an instrument is precisioned so finely, the smallest thing may be tremendously important. Thousands of tests proved that the teeth of the New Gillette should be a little longer—bent a little farther back.

A little improvement? Yes. But notice how smoothly, how comfortably the new razor slides over your skin. A shave so perfect that not a sign of a whisker remains. Yet so easy that you have hardly felt the presence of the razor.

The old posts are gone too. They stuck through the blade and so often caught and dulled the edges. A wide transverse bar supplants the old posts; and the blade is held firmly but easily in place.

Blade edge is clear but protected

Still another improvement. The guard of the New Gillette has the famous channel beneath the blade edge. This channel allows the blade to meet the beard full and clear, yet with perfect safety. Until now this feature has been available only in Gillette Razors selling at prices from five to seventy-five dollars.

And the price is only $1.00

Twenty-eight years ago the lowest priced Gillette Razor sold for $5.00. Millions of men paid the price gladly. Some of the very first Gillette Razors are still in daily service. They were the biggest bargain in shaving comfort ever offered to men.

Today Gillette has the largest blade and razor plant in the world. Special automatic machinery, almost human in its ingenuity, developed by Gillette at a cost of millions of dollars, makes possible production on a tremendous scale.

Cut-out blade corner

The New Gillette Razor, with all its improvements, can now be sold, 24K. gold-plated and packed in a neat case, for only $1.00. De Luxe sets in various

NEW GILLETTE BLADE
PATENTS PENDING
NEW
Gillette
BLADE
King C. Gillette
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New Gillette Razor, 24K. gold plated, in beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade . . . . Price $1.00 *Other DeLuxe models at $5.00 to $75.00*

IMPROVEMENT IN 28 YEARS

finishes at from $5.00 to $75.00; but the new regular model at $1.00 contains all the essential improvements.

And the new blades, of steel especially processed to resist rust, come to you at the same price as the old.

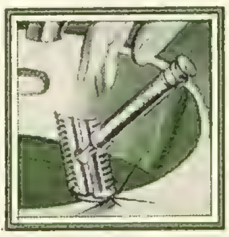
You spend thousands for a new car . . . Spend a few pennies for a wonderful new shave

We repeat again that the good will of our millions of present owners has been the first consideration. The new blade had to be made to fit the old razor. It does fit. Even in a dented old veteran the new blade will give a much better shave.

Merely shake it dry

But you owe it to yourself to go the whole way and gain *all* the advantages of *all* the improvements.

Thousands of men in this country buy a new automobile every two years, and still shave with the Gillettes they bought five years, ten years, and even over twenty years ago. Other men, having dented their Gillettes, blamed the blades.


Punishment-proof!

To all these men we say, here is a chance to have the greatest bargain in comfort and convenience that $2.00 has ever bought:

$1.00—*The New Gillette Razor*—smoother, cleaner, more efficient.

$1.00—*The package of ten New Gillette Blades*—rust-resisting, easy to handle, insured against "razor pull."

Buy them . . . try them both today.

At your dealer's

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

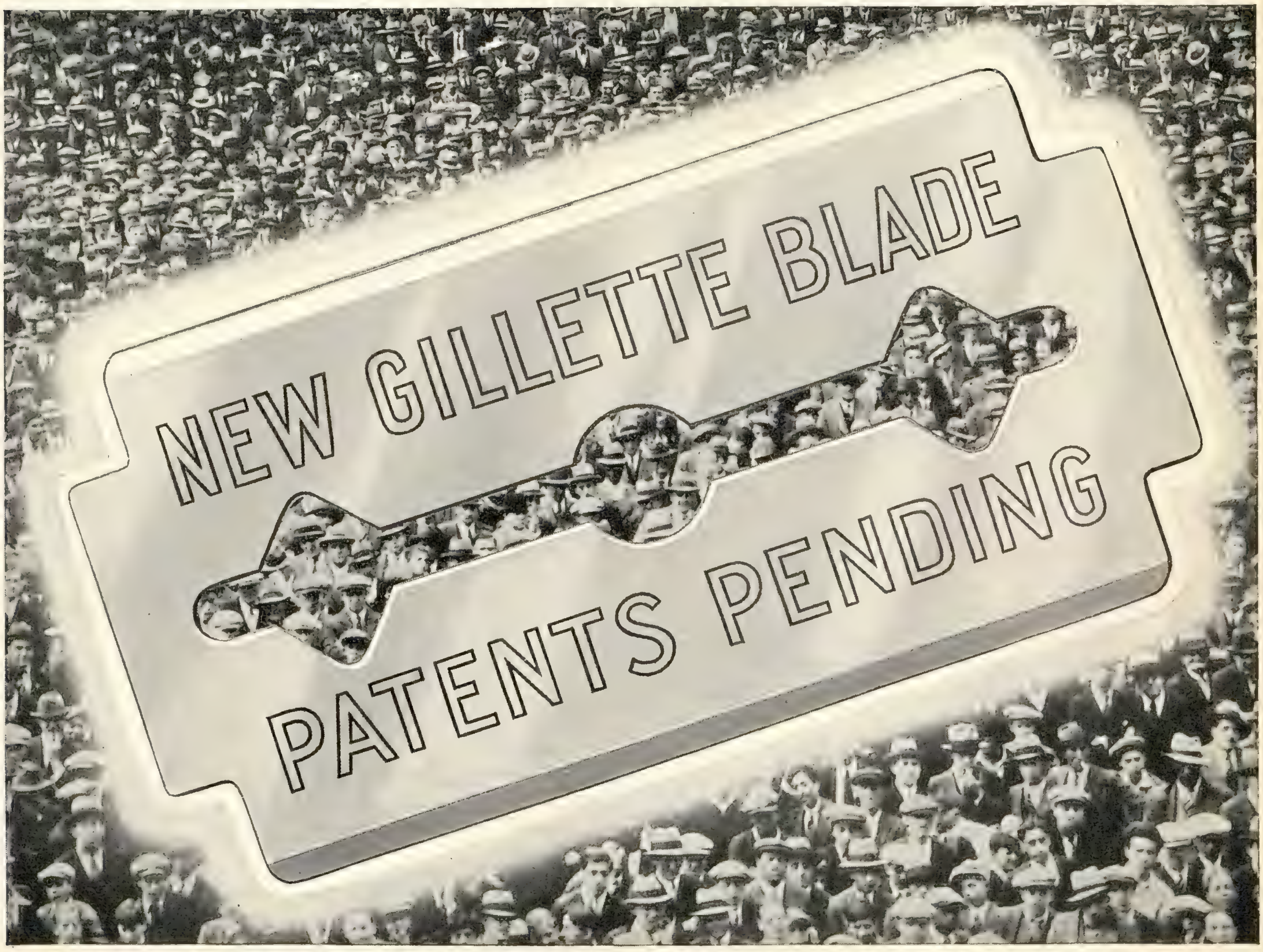
$1.00

for ten and 50c for five

NEW
Gillette
BLADE
PATENTS PENDING
King C Gillette
Gillette
MADE IN U.S.A.
PRICE $1.00
NEW Gillette BLADE

The New Gillette Blades in the new green packet

Gillette



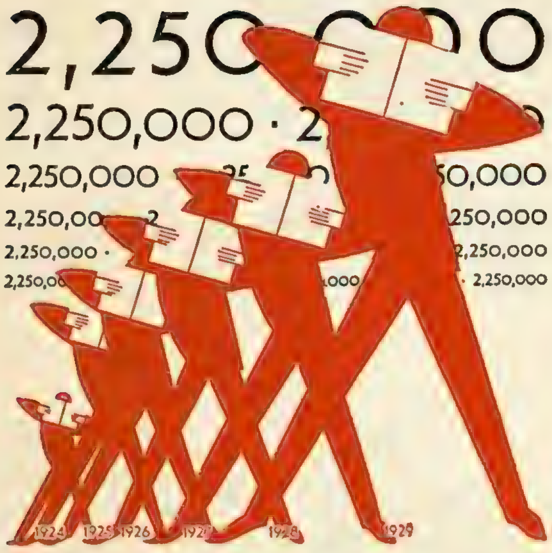
This is the New Gillette Blade, with square ends and the cut-out corners that prevent "razor pull." Made of processed rust-resisting steel

No *other* magazine can claim for *its* advertisers

1 The lowest cost per thousand pages in the field of leading magazines.

2 The biggest newsdealer sale.

3 The most concentrated circulation in primary markets—cities from 25,000 population up.


2,250,000
2,250,000 · 2,250,000
2,250,000 · 2,250,000
2,250,000 · 2,250,000
2,250,000 · 2,250,000
2,250,000 · 2,250,000
1924
1925
1926
1927
1928
1929

Liberty's guarantee for 1930—2,250,000 net paid circulation—has already been reached and substantially exceeded.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

A vogue for valets has recently sprung up in Chicago. Many of the Windy City's Gold Coast families import them, as there are no home-grown ones. They are mostly English—some are lured from noble families. A number are paid the astonishing salary of $100 per week. This tops the price schedule of servants in this country.

Pooling of servants has failed in Chicago. Many housewives try to get a woman to work two or three days a week, and go elsewhere for the remainder of her time; but servants object to the plan. Irish Catholics are decidedly unpopular because it is difficult to keep a devout woman if the family residence is far from a church.

Chicago chauffeurs must be good-looking; butlers may be plain.

According to our Chicago informant, "servants frequently complain about four-flushing by employers. Too many housewives want a maid of all work to wear snappy clothes, answer the doorbell in a manner suggesting she has nothing else to do, and answer the telephone even when the mistress is at hand." Housemaids and butlers in that city recently formed a union and obtained a charter from the American Federation of Labor. Ten hours was fixed as a day's work, but how households were to function on such a schedule the laborites did not explain.

In Holyoke, Massachusetts, electrical appliances and cheap electricity appear to have revolutionized the servant situation. "Many women who formerly had one servant now have a woman one day a week to do the rough work and with the use of electrical appliances get through their other tasks by themselves. Holyoke is a mill town. In prosperous times there is a servant shortage. When the mills shut down or operate on part time, girls flock into the domestic jobs they formerly scorned."

THE maid of all work has disappeared in Bridgeport, Connecticut, except where she is a relic saved over from an older domestic economy. "It is impossible today to hire this type of domestic. The nearest approach to her is the worker who does general housework, with the exception of scrubbing, laundry, window washing, and rug cleaning. Immigration restrictions have reduced the supply, and increased hotel life and travel have reduced the demand for servants in Bridgeport. West Indian colored servants are wanted here.

A Bridgeport matron sought a girl to go with her to her country home. She found one candidate who seemed desirable in every way, but appeared reluctant.

"You'll have fresh eggs, fresh milk, spring water, fresh air," soothed the hopeful matron. "And every morning you can step right out on the back porch and feed the squirrels."

"Do I have to feed them?"

"Why, no, not unless you wish."

"Well, I don't think I'd want to. Fur gives me the shivers."

An Irish girl, regaled with advantages of her mistress' southern winter home, also reacted in an astonishing way.

"Why, there is swimming every day! You can go in as often as you like."

"I never go in the water. It gives me the chills," she replied disdainfully.

Burlington, Vermont, near the Canadian border, is blessed with plenty of French girls, who are reported as "conscientious and particularly good with children." Twenty per cent of Burlington's domestics are high-school graduates.

In Wilmington, Delaware, at least, the Irish-born servant holds her own. She is the most popular of all nationalities, with colored help running a close second. Wilmington housewives demand intelligence. One matron departing radically from the old school of decorum declared she liked her servants to be conversant with the topics of the day and took real pleasure in discussing life's problems with them. Servants there have the situation in their own hands. There are not nearly enough for the demand. One maid quit because her mistress wanted her to clean the canary's cage daily and see to its fresh bath water. The treasured maid of all work is wanted, but cannot be had.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DON'T LAUGH

maybe she can give you a shaving lesson too

FOURTEEN days ago the missus introduced me to Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion. And look at me now. From George the Grouch, I've become Sammy the Smiler—all on a few drops of the peppiest A. M. bracer this gent has ever known. Cool as an iceberg, tingling as an electric massage—this potion of pep's the swellest skin doctor on the market. And it's styptic, too—heals nicks, cuts and scratches like a specialist.

Suspicious like, I asked the wife—"How come you're so familiar with *men's* shaving preparations?"

"Silly," says she, "It's made by Houbigant, makers of the finest women's preparations. There's only one difference between our faces (outside of looks)—you have to scrape yours daily with a razor."

Maybe she can give you a shaving lesson, too.

P. S. I almost forgot to mention Fougère Royale Shaving Cream and Talc. If you really want to do a real job, use these, too. The Cream's bursting with lather, also non-caustic and non-irritating. The Talc's like balm—fine, invisible—a man's powder.

Note to Wives: If you want a decent looking and an angelic husband—mail the coupon below for free, generous samples—mildly perfumed with that wholesome outdoor fragrance Fougère Royale (Royal Fern).

Shaving Stick, 75c *After-Shaving Lotion, 75c*
Eau Vegetale, $1.25 *Shaving Cream, 50c*
Facial Soap, 50c *Talcum, 50c*

Fougère Royale
(PRONOUNCED FOO-ZHAIRE ROYAL)
After-Shaving Lotion
HOUBIGANT
PARIS
CREATOR OF TOILETRIES
FOR THE ELECT

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. H10
539 West 45th Street, New York.
You may send me without charge, trial containers of Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion and Shaving Cream.
Name...
Address.......................................
City...
State..

Eager, responsive, ready-to-go, Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga leaps ahead across the page, a stimulant to clear untroubled thinking. It is America's Favorite Five-Cent Pencil.
DIXON'S
TICONDEROGA
An extraordinary five cent pencil
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City, N. J.

MY MAID—IMPOSSIBLE FEMALE
Continued from page fifty-seven

Trenton, New Jersey, does not reject Irish Catholics because of their religious observances, but finds them “ sometimes quarrelsome.”

Poles, Slavs, Lithuanians, and Hungarians compose the domestic class in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Wives there want immigrant girls, the less Americanized the better. A well dressed and snappy appearance antagonizes a prospective employer, as suggestive of not too robust morals. Housewives don't want pulchritude in their homes. The plain girls are given the preference.

“ I'se a duster, ma'am.”

“ A chic and attractive woman of twenty-five, whom we will call Edyth Smith, sought employment as companion or maid in waiting. She filed her application in two agencies. Inquiry revealed that she frequently posed for artists, both privately and at art schools here, and was considered a fine model. She bore an excellent reputation, and artists whom she served praised her poise and manners. Being industrious, she sought a domestic position during a temporary slump in posing.

“ Four women who called at the agencies refused to employ Miss Smith; three to whose homes she was sent took one look and said other arrangements had been made.

“ In the girl's own words: ‘ It seems useless to seek a position in a private home. They don't seem to want me, although I try to make a good impression. I can't be idle because I have responsibilities. I'll have to try some other way of making a living.’

“ The truth was that Miss Smith was too beautiful and too likely to attract attention from the menfolks.”

An important employment expert in New York City says the only way to straighten out the help tangle is to “ change the living habits and characters of all employers. When that little thing is done, there will be no servant problem.

“ Despite the fact that the metropolitan area has more servants than jobs, constant changes are made. Generally speaking, the employer is to be blamed, rather than the employee. In many New York apartments it is a scandal how servants live — in tiny rooms, without light or air, hardly big enough to turn around in, and not large enough for their suitcases and trunks. It is amazing how architects have neglected this part of the house. A living room for servants is not expected and is seldom possible. But they should have light and air.

“ New York mistresses expect too much work. Many of them have no understanding of the work and the time required to do it thoroughly. Prohibition has made the problem worse than ever. With hangovers and headaches, mistresses have become impossible. There is little complaint about drunkenness in servants.

“ If a girl is pretty and well dressed some employers are immediately antagonized. They fear for their sons and husbands. A woman who's lost her youth and neglected her husband doesn't want beauty around. New Yorkers prefer the younger maids but don't want them alluring.

“ Many employers, seeing their servants getting so much a month velvet (their salary) and having virtually no expense, actually begrudge them their opportunity to save. They forget that their average working hours are fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen hours a day, Sundays and weekdays alike, with only twenty-four to forty-eight hours a month for time off.

“ An eight- or ten-hour day is absolutely impossible in domestic life. Short shifts have been tried out in some quarters but haven't influenced the servant problem appreciably.”

From another source, Wettler's Agency in New York, we learn that “ our one hundred per cent American employers don't want American employees. One has almost to offer an apology for proffering an American-born servant to a client. Mistresses complain the American will question orders and argue; that the European-trained servant accepts orders unquestioningly and is better trained.

“ English, French, Swiss, Germans, Scandinavians, and Scotch are preferred. At present there is an aversion to Irish because of their early Mass. About half the servant supply in New York is Irish. Many complain they are dirty and lazy, but to my mind this charge is unfair.

“ The old-fashioned hired girl is rapidly becoming extinct. The newly landed immigrant will take such a place for a time, but soon gets ‘ wise ’ and refuses to do all the housework and laundry.

“ Domestic situations are scarce in the whole New York area. The oversupply is due to the growing tendency of New Yorkers to live in apartment hotels where maid and valet service is provided and there are excellent restaurants. Also New Yorkers are traveling more—there is less of living grandly in a town house, as was the habit twenty-five years ago.

“ Both wages and the demands made on servants are greater in New York City, Long Island, and the whole metropolitan area than anywhere else in the United States.”

The servant situation in this country is briefly sketched in the following summary of the replies from thirty-one towns.

Twenty-five cities reported it was more difficult to obtain servants now than twenty years ago. Six—Utica, New York; Des Moines, Iowa; Peoria, Illinois; Kansas City, Missouri; El Paso, Texas; Phoenix, Arizona—reported servants as plentiful as ever.

Nine cities, including New York, blame housewives for the servant difficulties. Four blame servants. Eleven see shortcomings on both sides.

Of nationalities or races sought, Scandinavians are in greatest demand over the country, eight cities clamoring for them. Four cities cry loudest for colored help. Americans, Scotch, English, Germans, Irish, and Poles are preferred by three cities each. French Canadians, Mexicans, Hungarians, and Japanese are demanded by two cities each. Only in New York is there a demand for French (not French Canadians) and Swiss. Scandinavians are described as clean and industrious. One reason for their popularity in the middle west is that they are plentiful there.

Eleven cities don't want colored help. In many cases their marital troubles argue against them, and in some sections where the colored population is not large, housewives are not accustomed to them. Seven cities seek their services, or at least have no objection to them.

The old-fashioned hired girl or maid of all work survives in eleven cities, and in a few she will even do the laundry if she receives extra pay or is a new arrival from Europe. In seven cities she is extinct.

AGENCIES are the most popular medium for obtaining a servant. Seventeen cities use them. Sixteen use want ads, and in thirteen cities, chiefly southern, domestics are found by word of mouth between housewives or between servants. "Stealing" of maids and cooks from another's household by bribes of larger pay is not being done in polite society, correspondents assure us.

Thirteen cities report that domestics resent use of the term servant. Maid is the designation preferred. In nine cities one may still call the worker within one's household a servant.

In nineteen cities, labor-saving devices, hotel life, and travel have materially reduced the demand for domestic workers. In twelve, the equipment and habits of modern life have made no difference.

A variety of occupations lures servants from skillet-tossing and mattress-juggling. In New England the mills claim them. In the middle west it is factories of various kinds, with shorter hours and greater independence offered. In Chicago and Baltimore they are going in for beauty culture, and in many cities even the foreign born, formerly of the servant class, are becoming stenographers and bookkeepers.

Several cities report former domestics are finding occupation in apartment hotels and restaurants where

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hectic Days . . .
Sleepless Nights—

"NERVES"
All Tired Out

Every day, thousands of people drive themselves to the limit of endurance. Then their keyed-up, work-weary nervous systems refuse to relax and allow them to rest. Here is a new delightful way to quiet the "NERVES" —a pleasant, harmless Effervescent drink. Read about it. Try it—you'll welcome the relief it brings.

IN this fast moving age, few people escape nerve strain. The ceaseless din—the constant rush of modern life, put a continual excess strain on our nervous systems. How often have you gone through a fretful, nerve-racked day—cancelled an engagement the last minute—spent a miserable evening with friends, or endured a sleepless night . . . because your "NERVES" were tense and refused to relax. NOW—when your "NERVES" are tense and overwrought — when Nervous Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion and similar nervous troubles beset you . . . try this delightful way to quiet the "NERVES."

Just drop an ***Effervescent*** NERVINE Tablet into a glass of water. Watch it bubble up like sparkling spring water—then drink it. You'll like the pleasant effervescent drink it makes. You'll welcome the effective way it soothes the "NERVES" and gives nature a chance to correct the trouble.

Whenever you are nervous try Dr. Miles' ***Effervescent*** NERVINE Tablets. They are safe and harmless. In these Tablets the time-tested Dr. Miles' NERVINE formula is combined with bicarbonate of soda and citric acid which tends to correct acidosis—a frequent cause of nervousness.

Get a package of Dr. Miles' ***Effervescent*** NERVINE Tablets at any Drug Store. Try them—and if you are not satisfied with results the druggist will refund your money.

Countless thousands of busy men and women have discovered this delightful way to quiet the "NERVES." Mr. Nate Wagner, the famous dramatic actor and singer says:—

> "In my profession, 'NERVES' are cruelly unstrung at times. Dr. Miles' Effervescent NERVINE Tablets have been of inestimable help in bringing me calm and refreshing relief from nervous tension."

Why don't you try them. Get a package at any drug store. Or if you prefer, send the coupon below and we will send you a regular 25c package to try.

At All Drug Stores

Small Pkg. 25c
Large Size $1.00

This Coupon Is Worth 15c To You

MAIL—this Coupon to the Dr. Miles Company, Dept. L-201, Elkhart, Indiana. Enclose 10c (in stamps or coin) to cover packing and mailing and we will send you a regular 25c package of *Effervescent* NERVINE Tablets and an interesting booklet on "NERVES."

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

Beech-Nut
BLACK
Cough Drops

When-ever you have a cough use

Beech-Nut BLACK Cough Drops

A cough drop with an agreeable flavor

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Makers of
BEECH-NUT
LEMON, LIME AND ORANGE DROPS

MY MAID—IMPOSSIBLE FEMALE
Continued from page fifty-nine

they do the same work as formerly but under a more exact—and hence easier—system. They also have shorter hours.

West Indian Negroes are little used in this country. They resent being classed with American blacks; in their native habitat there is less color discrimination than in this country, according to our informants.

Servants complain of many grievances—long hours, poorly heated rooms, bad and insufficient food, arrogance of employers, overwork, "high-hatting," nervous temperaments of housewives, in some cases aggravated by prohibition drinking. Some declare they have a greater variety of tasks "than any mortal can do."

ONE complained of having to tend the furnace while serving dinner in her white uniform. Too long hours is the most common fault.

Housewives say servants are "independent," "frivolous"; that they keep late hours and are sleepy next day; that they are "dumb," "inexperienced," "lazy," "won't stay in evenings to care for the children."

Seven cities reported that servants were older now than in the past, this being due in some cases to laws requiring attendance at school until the age of sixteen. Twenty-one cities said they were not older than formerly.

Ten cities registered a prejudice against American-born domestics; twenty-one reported no such prejudice.

In sixteen cities there was little or no demand for married couples; in eleven there was a fair demand, principally for country homes.

Eight cities vehemently proclaimed that the servants' lot was becoming intolerable because of mistresses' prohibition hangovers. Twenty-two reported no such change.

In twenty-six cities servants were models of sobriety. In only five were they given to tippling.

Twenty-six cities didn't want newly landed immigrant girls who couldn't speak English; in only four were housewives willing to take this once popular type.

IN twelve municipalities middle-aged housewives had no use for pretty flappers in their homes. This prejudice did not provide employment for many older women, however. The majority of these careful wives wanted their servants "young but plain." In nineteen cities the pretty maid in the home did not worry the housewife.

Employment experts suggest as remedial schemes standardized hours, higher wages, shorter hours, better housing. Many frankly admit that the domestic routine cannot be compressed into an eight-hour day, and throw up their hands in despair.

Servants on the whole are an honest lot. Only two cities complained of frequent thievery. In the south, of course, colored help takes home food, but mistresses overlook such pilfering; are thankful if their domestics do nothing worse.

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

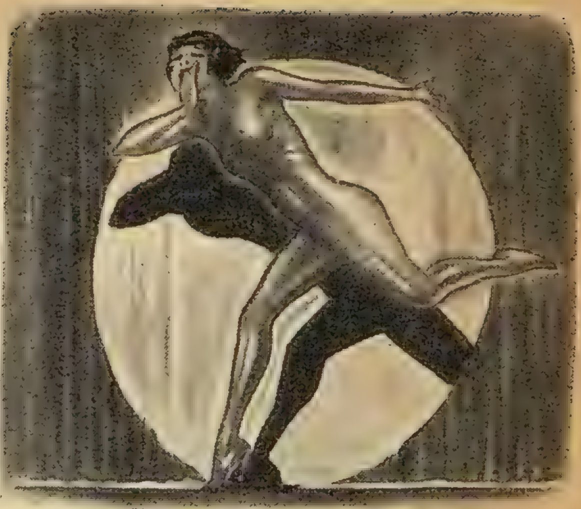
Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Giuseppe Verdi.
2—Indians who founded and developed the Mexican empire conquered by Cortes in 1519.
3—Brazil.
4—Gaul.
5—Robert Bridges.
6—In Providence, Rhode Island.
7—Priscilla Mullens.
8—One at home in every country; a citizen of the world.
9—Curative; healing.
10—A talk to one's self.
11—The wife of Shakespeare.
12—Being on the alert.
13—Iceland
14—Luzon.
15—An alloy of mercury with one or more other metals.
16—Viscount.
17—A Mohammedan; a Moslem.
18—Sevenfold.
19—A slaughterhouse.
20—Germany.

Breakaway



A Short Short Story

By

PETER CARTWRIGHT

who spent eleven early years on a weekly newspaper and twenty later ones on a Texas ranch. Another newspaper job lured him back for a while. "Then," he says, "loose and roving quite a bit—writing." Now he lives in California.

TO Larry the Sheik, seated in the tenth row of the Strand, the girl was all gleaming silver as she flashed out on the stage.

For Betty Roulin had on a lot of that stuff which gilds the body like a statue, but kills with slow poisoning if it's kept up.

But the Roulin chit wasn't going to live long enough for the mineral to ever reach her lungs. About five and a half or six minutes, if Larry had calculated right.

He shifted the gun under his left armpit.

He had been three days finding a place in the big dim theater that just suited him. Funny the little nut hadn't spotted him.

She had been keen enough to hook a dope or drink dupe, no matter where he picked his table, back in those days in the Bronson cabaret.

She could still be there, throwing her turn and raking in shekels for tips from guys with money who didn't know her but wanted to mighty bad, if she hadn't got a bug three weeks before that the only way to keep straight was to get out.

Keeping straight meant keeping her body to herself, Larry guessed.

The little fool. . . .

She was doing a side turn now, not in the usual quarter forward-bent arc, but over and over, straight in line as a real cartwheel. He had never seen anyone do it like that. Neither, he guessed, had anyone else.

A kid smart as ginger in some ways, but crazy if she thought the bunch back at the Bronson would let her quit knowing all she did about their dope and racket lay.

Betty slid easily to the floor in a split and came back up without pausing at the touchdown. Six times in a row. The audience was applauding. The girl smiled.

But Larry's eyes went to the three-foot-wide springboard that stuck out from the stage and above the heads of the orchestra. It was when she came out on that that his smoke must be ready. For she came in a series of flips that left a guy little time for aiming.

EACH flip a little higher than the one before—as the board sprang with her—until she reached the end and shot into the air to catch at a slender black ladder that hung down from the darkness above. Up this she disappeared.

Bronson, he knew—big guy of the whole works—had given him this assignment. Even though Spug Destro had passed him his orders straight out of hard, thick lips:

"Spot her good, Sheik, and then give her her ride in public. One little automatic vomiting behind a silencer can't be heard half as far as an orchestra note, and you can melt out a side door."

But Bronson and Destro were both fools, too.

They thought Larry hadn't murmured because he stood the same chance of discovery as the rest of the gang.

They didn't know, the Sheik jeered at them inside, that it was because he'd loved the girl crazily; then got to hating her like hell when she had the nerve to break away and leave him cold. . . . His right fingers flexed suddenly.

The girl had struck the stage end of the springboard and turned lightly over.

Five more; he'd counted them carefully each day. It was when she caught the end of the ladder up there that his moment would come. Then, for just a half instant, the silver across her breasts stood out in the dark like twin bull's-eyes.

Five—six—

Swiftly Larry leaned forward, his head half bent into his folded arms. An awkward position—it looked like a man hiding his eyes from an unpleasant sight—but it shielded the gun and Larry never missed. Then—

"The young man in the tenth row. Fourth seat from the aisle. Will he please catch this?"

Larry's eyes, focused upward some ten feet, slithered down. The girl was standing on the springboard, not fifteen feet away, looking straight at him.

Quickly she flipped a white something and Larry's hands flashed up. "Note, Sheik," she said. "Read it when the show is over."

Well, that was that. The girl had beaten him at his own game. She put the finger on him before he could get her.

His gun, he knew, had been seen by twenty people around him. A half dozen men were already on their feet.

His mind raced.

IN less than an hour Bronson and Destro would hear of what had happened—already he could see newspaper headlines shouting his capture, back of those headlines a hint at the power that had sent him to do the killing.

Bronson, to keep him from appearing in court, would promptly order the same dose as in Betty's case.

Three seconds it took Larry to figure the thing through.

If he failed to show in court, Bronson and Destro would be safe so far as he was concerned. Also, after Betty's public warning, they'd be afraid to have her harmed; would protect her, rather, and trust to her keeping still.

Well, a hell of a game, anyway. Smart girl, Betty, after all—to quit it.

Hands were clutching at the gun, at both hands. Larry twisted sidewise, flailing with short-arm lefts to free his imprisoned right. He freed it; the gun coughed.

Someone at Larry's side screeched loudly for lights. From overhead, then at the sides, they flashed on.

Larry was crouched down. His lips were white, but he was laughing. Straight into the face of the girl who'd jumped from the springboard and rushed to his side.

He continued to smile—beaten, it was the only thing a game guy did.

"'By, Bets," he said softly. "Guess I didn't hate you so bad, after all, or I'd 'a' done you, even after you put the finger on me."

The girl was staring at him. Larry's eyes were glazing.

"Finger?" she said—then bent, her lips at his ear:

"Why, Larry, I'd have let you done me before I'd have spotted you. I'd only seen you watching me each day and figured you was trying to break away too. My note was just a proposition to come in with me."

Larry's smile deepened, mellowed, seemed to linger.

"Believe he heard you, miss," someone said.

THE END

The Mystery of the Who Ended Diamond Jim Colosimo's Career?

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

International photo

Jim Colosimo with his second wife, Dale Winter; from a photograph taken shortly before he was murdered.

IN the town of Cosenza, department of Calabria, in Italy, a great many years ago, Luigi Colosimo embarked on an adventurous matrimonial program. Little did he suspect as he prepared to bring his family to America that he had fathered a son whose subsequent activities were to turn a blinding spotlight on the corruption and venality of Chicago's politicians, and whose mysterious assassination was to usher in an era of bloodshed and murder that to this day sets Chicago apart from all the cities of all the world.

Luigi sauntered thrice to the altar, and among his offspring were Bettina and Maria and Frank and Jim, and Antonio, a half brother to the others. Jim was born in 1878 and he reached Chicago in 1895, when he was seventeen years old. The fate of his relatives is unimportant.

Jim was a typical south-of-Italy product, broad of shoulders, thick of chest, powerful of body, swarthy of features, and secretive and cunning of mind. He got a job as a street cleaner on Chicago's South Side in the notorious levee period that linked the World's Fair of 1893 to the Spanish-American War of 1898.

That levee was infamous the world over. There were congregated the women who prey on men and the men who prey on women, both waiting, spiderlike, for the customers without whose patronage the so-called Social Problem could not exist. Brothels and gambling dives and panel joints and opium lairs were unmolested, and their proprietors and inmates and practitioners thrived and spread like any civic cancer.

Politicians and police joined eager palms with white-slavers and madams and knockout-drops artists and sandbag wielders and holdups and pickpockets, and those community effluvia whose pockets were lined with the proceeds of their harlots' shame. In that swarming district the gas jets and the light bulbs were extinguished only by the dawn; front doors were never locked; professors pawed their ragtime out of tinny pianos all night long; and the women worked in shifts.

Business men from the Loop, married men and youths from the North Side, and hordes of roughly clad workers from the stockyards and the steel mills paid in the dividends the landladies turned over to the police and the politicians and the pimps.

It was in this lawless sector and in this criminal atmosphere that Jim Colosimo learned his first lessons in American municipal progress and procedure. It suited him just fine! More powerful of fist and more alert of intelligence than his fellows, he soon attracted the attention of the precinct boss and of the ward leader.

Presently Jim organized his fellow white wings into a compact ballot gang at the nod

$10,000 for the Best Solutions of TEN REAL LIFE MYSTERIES

THE Mystery of the Underworld King is the second of ten stories of famous crimes and mysteries about which I am writing in my new $10,000 mystery contest series. Here, for the first time, the principal characters and known facts, clews, and motives will be mobilized and related in complete stories.

Everybody loves to find his own solution to an answerless riddle—and it will be much more entertaining to be paid real money for reaching a solution! Liberty therefore is going to give its readers $10,000 in prizes for solutions of these ten puzzles. There will be eight prizes for each mystery: one of $500, one of $250, one of $100, one of $50, and four of $25. In case of a tie, prizes will be duplicated.

Read the story, decide for yourself what happened, and mail your conclusions to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It isn't necessary that you be a professional writer, or even a subscriber to Liberty. Everyone is eligible except employees of Liberty and their relatives. *What* you say will count, not *how* you say it. A limit of 500 words is suggested but not required.

Neatness, brevity, logic, originality of deduction—these will count with me in considering your entry. The publishers have decided that I am to have the only and final say as to the winners.

To be considered, all solutions of each mystery must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story concerning it is completed. Names of winners will be published as soon as is mechanically possible in the printing of a weekly magazine.

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

Underworld KING

The scene outside Jim Colosimo's café after his body was found in its lobby. Police are keeping the sidewalk clear.

P. & A. photos

Dale Winter, the second Mrs. Jim Colosimo; and above, her husband, Jim, bearing the mark of changes due to her refining influence, but with the shadow of the underworld still clinging to him.

and beck of his superiors. No longer did he have to sleep in hallways and rear rooms of saloons; no longer did he count his pennies in his calloused palms as he stared through bakery windows.

He formed his companions into a labor union, too; and soon he was being interviewed by organized workers' chieftains as well as politicians. He selected Dago Mike Carrozzo as his right bower. Mike was to be blamed long years later for the murder of Mossy Enright, another notorious gangster. Jim and Mike ruled their subjects and their boundaries with brass knuckles and knife and gun.

JIM expanded. Soon he was friendly with Tony D'Andrea, head of the Unione Siciliani after Mike Merlo died. He was friendly with Diamond Joe Esposito, one of Senator Deneen's followers. Tony and Joe later expired when some pal pulled a trigger.

Jim expanded further. He did not now wear the white garb of a white wing, but his wide shoulders fitted tightly into the box coats that bespoke the maquereau. Victoria Moresco ran a night-life resort, and soon she was Jim's girl. He married her on July 22, 1902. They were childless till the end—when Jim cast her off for another and a younger woman, as we shall see.

Jim lived for years along these lines, enjoying political power and police preference and waxing financially fat. He spread his activities into Burnham and other towns near the great growing iron and steel areas of the South Side.

Johnny Torrio steps into the picture. Gambling and crooked enterprises of all sorts engaged him and Colosimo; their partnership brought them wealth and power and immunity. In February, 1914, Maria Caputa, Torrio's mother, and old Luigi Colosimo opened a restaurant and bar at 2126 South Wabash Avenue. Jim ran it, and it was to become nationally famous as Colosimo's Café.

Around the corner was Ike Bloom's notorious dance hall. Near by was Polack Ben's place. Friberg ran another joint until he amalgamated with Ike. The district

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MYSTERY OF THE UNDERWORLD KING
Continued from page sixty-three

around Twenty-second and Wabash became a stigma on the city, but a profitable and popular one.

In 1915 Johnny Torrio—his mother had merely lent her name to the deeds—sold his interest to Mary Aducci, wife of a levee character, and she was Jim's partner for a long time. Later he took in Mike Potzin, known as Mike the Greek.

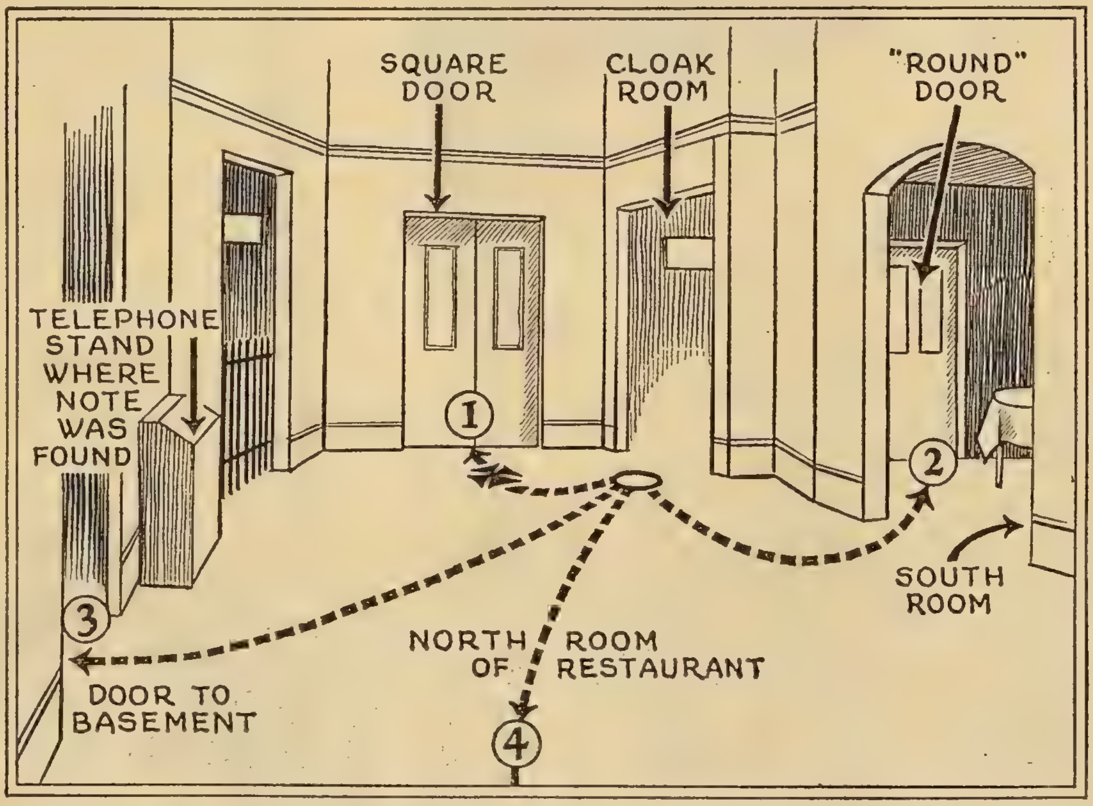
Jim thrived in his new place. The hangout of Chicago's astonishing underworld, it became an iron rule, understood by all, that no matter what plotting and division of sucker spoils might be carried on in Jim's, no overt deed must there be perpetrated. This permitted decent men and women to patronize Colosimo's.

As time passed Jim enlarged the place. He took in the premises north of his first entrance. Originally you entered by a great circular door that resembled the door of a huge vault. The new entrance was an ordinary wide door. The intervening wall was pierced with several arches, so you might look from one room into the other. In the rear of the old place was the long bar, always crowded, and the little office. Part of the expanded kitchen and the new retirement rooms for guests were back of the new dining room. Potted palms and paintings of nude women in gilded frames and garish lighting fixtures and brazen orchestras and noisy parties characterized Jim's ideas of an inn in his early days. Later, when another sort of woman came into his life, he was to change his character and his viewpoints.

In one thing, however, nothing could change Colosimo. I mean, he was passionately bewitched by diamonds.

He wore them on his fingers, in his sleeve supporters, in his garters, in his braces, in his tie, and strung along his watch chain. Diamonds were his obsession, his madness; they meant to him the difference between the man with the pavement broom and the man whose brothels and gambling joints were making him wealthy.

HE kept pawnbrokers' hours when gamblers lost their bank rolls and had to raise a new stake. He kept their gems in his pockets, in his safety boxes, in his bureau drawers at home. He loved to hold them in his palm and revel in their scintillant beauty; he would sit for hours at a table, alone or with companions, playing with loose and mounted stones tossed out on the snowy linen.



A diagram of the lobby of Colosimo's café. The cross marks the spot where he fell; the broken lines indicate four ways out, any one of which his murderer may have taken in making his get-away. Note the phone-book shelf on the left.

There are any number of persons, men and women, who might have wished Jim dead. Compatriot blackmailers, rival bawdy-house keepers, envious boss gamblers, men and women he and his lieutenants had despoiled, politicians he had knocked off his private pay roll, men whose women he had boldly stolen, waiters he had kicked out, customers his bouncers had attended to.

When the extortionists crowded him too closely, he conferred with Torrio. As a consequence Jim went to New York and discreetly inquired around. He then hired a New York gangster named Al Brown to go to Chicago and become his bodyguard. Al was a kid, but already well known as a member of the Five Points mob. He was to become far better known as Scarface Al Capone.

Another chap with a twitching trigger finger who was quite a pal of Jim's and Capone's and Torrio's was a Brooklyn gorilla named Frankie Yale. Frankie was a roughish individual but an eager friend. You could hire him to see to anybody who displeased you. That is, if somebody annoyed a patron of his, the patron had only to send word to Brooklyn, and in a little while Frankie would show up and presently the annoyer would cease to annoy.

Yale himself evidently annoyed somebody a few years later, for in June, 1928, somebody drove up alongside his new car in a Brooklyn street and riddled him with a machine gun. The New York police are still puzzled by the affair; at least, they haven't bothered anybody about it. It might be that some of Yale's former employers may have wished to petrify his tongue.

In the early decade of this century Chicago sapiently solved her social problem as so many American communities do—by disrupting the restricted district and scattering its inmates all over the city, thus making the problem wholly insoluble! The old levee was broken up and Jim and Torrio, along with other leaders, simply went in for buffet flats and other ports of call.

IN 1919 America solved her drink problem in her typical fashion, by making it a crime to make and sell it. This solution meant an El Dorado for Chicago's underworld. Prohibition introduced new methods of amassing wealth quickly that won the immediate and hearty approbation of the mob. It also introduced homicide on a scale absolutely unrivaled elsewhere.

It meant huge profits for Jim and Torrio. To their wonted activities they added bootlegging, and this angle alone brought them sums undreamed of. There is ample evidence that Jim was beginning to invade this new field when some rival or petulant friend removed him from the scene with a pistol bullet.

Another thing had served to alienate and antagonize many of Jim's former friends and associates.

In 1916 he met a young woman named Dale Winter. She was a lovely brunette, and she had a lovely voice. She had appeared in musical comedies, both in Chicago and on the road, and she lived quietly with her mother in an apartment. Jim heard her sing in a cabaret one night and promptly went mad about her. Next to his diamonds—even on a par with them—he ranked Dale, and he immediately hired her to sing in his café.

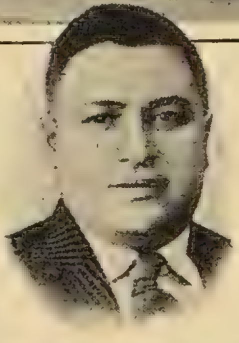
Dale was a lily tossed into a garbage can. This extravagant observation can be explained when you compare Jim's restaurant when Dale went there with what it was when Jim died.

When Dale swam into Jim's orbit his café was the rendezvous of such choice citizenry as Mike de Pike Heitler, convicted white-slaver; Monkey Face Charlie Genkler, hoodlum; Solly Friedman, pug and suspect in a barroom murder; Loving Putty Julius Anixter, labor thug; Big Tim Murphy, mail robber and racketeer; the Jew Kid; Izzy the Rat Buchowsky; Mont Tennes, poolroom gambler; Jimmy Vinci, suspect in the murder of Mossy Enright; and numerous others of that ilk.

Suddenly Dale Winter, with her charm and poise and refinement and beauty and decency, met Colosimo and went to work for him. She was a strange and unbelievable sight when first she stood beside the piano, slender and calm and quiet, the cigar smoke eddying about her, swarthy faces and gleaming eyes ringing her, a hundred rotten conspiracies halting while the rodents listened to her voice.

Jim swiftly began to change. He didn't, of course, know what he wanted or why he wanted to change; he only knew that what he had been all his life and what he had been doing somehow didn't belong in the same picture with Dale. As the months and years flowed along, the restaurant and its owner underwent a steady alteration.

P. & A. photo



International photo

Frankie Yale in this life; and above, at the end of his last ride, in Brooklyn.

Instead of Frankie and Johnny, unexpurgated, a quartet of Italian opera singers sat at a nearby table. My Gal Sal, with honkytonk variations, was replaced by the sextet from Lucia. Raging ragtime discords gave way to violin virtuosi and classical piano soloists.

The stupidly horrible paintings disappeared and quiet landscapes and bucolic impressions were suspended on the walls. Old gold and dawn gray were the basis of the mural renovations. Shaded lights succeeded the glaring mazdas. Finer china and better service by less simian waiters, costly and excellently prepared food—these gave notice to Chicago that a genuinely fine restaurant was now available for sleepless citizens.

INSTEAD of the riffraff that had drifted in and out, one could find celebrities who moved on loftier planes—Flo Ziegfeld, Morris Gest, George White, Julian Eltinge, George M. Cohan, Titta Ruffo, Galli-Curci, Tito Schipa, Maestro Giacomo Spadoni of the Chicago Opera ballet, Francisco Daddi—men and women to whom evening clothes were a custom and not an event.

Ziegfeld often tried to hire Dale for his Follies, but she only smiled, for, strange as it may seem, she worshiped the diamond-bedecked Italian whose feeling for her was idolatry.

Their romance flourished and flamed and gave Chicago something to talk about in wonder and admiration. You may be quite positive that it gave Victoria, Jim's homely and middle-aged wife, a great deal to think about, and not exactly in wonder or admiration.

Jim casually shunted her aside; nothing about her survived his metamorphosis. Her fury was infectious, and as Jim slipped swiftly out of the stagnant pool that had been his life into the large sea of Dale's influence and devotion, his old friends—friends of Victoria—likewise resented the alteration which excluded them from his regard and company.

Threats began to come to Jim, but he was deaf to them. Savage stares greeted him from old associates, but he was blind to them. He was arrested in May, 1919, for selling booze — plain proof that somebody was out to get him, for he had done lawless things all his life with impunity. He was fined $300, two-thirds of it for selling liquor and $100 for beating up a Chicago Tribune reporter who covered the story.

RUMORS spread that Jim had secretly divorced Victoria and had married Dale. This was denied. Close friends of Jim counseled against such a step. But on March 3, 1920, Rocco de Stefano, Jim's lawyer and a well known Chicago attorney, filed in Jim's behalf a prayer for divorce, charging Victoria with deserting his client. They had been living apart since Dale had won his heart, and the decree was granted on March 29.

Early in April Jim went to West Baden, Indiana, and a day or so later Dale followed him. On April 16 they were married. They were married in Indiana but not in Illinois, a statute at that time forbidding marriage within a year of the date of divorce.

Victoria passed quietly out of the picture, and Jim's surface reformation might now be said to be fairly complete. He bought riding togs and could be seen of early mornings with Dale astride blooded horses in the city's parks. He dressed more quietly and he modulated that bull voice of his. His friends were now among the élite of the theater and the opera and the fast-spending, fast-living younger set that liked him and his spaghetti and his new wife.

But the Black Handers didn't let up on him, and he was threatened many times if he would not donate sums ranging into five figures to his mysterious Sicilian enemies. And he was firmly launched in the illegal whisky racket, since he must have booze for his clandestine enterprises. This, of course, bred many foes.

And he was no longer quite so devoted to Torrio, nor Torrio to him, since Johnny was becoming a powerful overlord of the underworld.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOUNG AS HER DAUGHTER AND AS BEAUTIFUL!

thanks to **DR. EDWARDS**

DO you long for beauty, for the divine glow of youth that comes only with perfect health? Just try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, for a few nights. Thousands have been delighted with the way color returns to the skin when pimples and blotches vanish, with the joy of feeling full of life, tireless and energetic from morning till night. These tablets, a fine substitute for calomel, and far easier to take, were for 20 years prescribed to folks bothered with liver trouble and constipation.

Gentle in action—wonderfully effective

Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets assist nature in restoring to normal the liver and bowels by sweeping away the poisons that harm the skin, ravage health and hurry old age.

A tested compound of vegetable ingredients. You can tell Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets by their olive color. From now on, don't endure sallow skin, headaches, or listlessness—take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets and get quick relief from the ills due to clogged intestines. Get a package from your druggist, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. Get the large size so that you'll always have them handy.

Dandruff had me *frantic!*

DANDRUFF had me at my wit's end. I used all sorts of things but they only matted down the hair and never seemed to wash out. Then I discovered Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo and now I remove every speck of dandruff as I wash my hair.

Fitch's *never fails.* It lathers freely and rinses easily. And it's just as good for blondes as for brunettes. Try it today.

Applications at barber shops and beauty parlors. Retail sizes at drug and department stores. Write F. W. Fitch Co., Des Moines, Iowa, for generous free sample.

Fitch's

DANDRUFF REMOVER SHAMPOO

THE MYSTERY OF THE UNDERWORLD KING

Continued from page sixty-five

Torrio had more brains than Jim and far more courage, and he understood precisely what were the requirements of this magnificent new graft—better than Jim's beglamoured vision could encompass them.

Capone had cast his lot with Torrio and they were fast on their way to ghastly fame as Chicago's scourge. Jim was slipping a bit in the esteem of the politicians, too; first, because he was so engrossed with his wife that he had no time for them; and, second, because he didn't bestir himself as actively as he might in the new racket of flaunting the prohibition laws.

Early in the afternoon of Tuesday, May 11, 1920, Jim and Dale awoke in their apartment at 3156 Vernon Avenue. Kept late at night in his café, it was Jim's practice to have breakfast about two or three o'clock of an afternoon.

When they had broken their fast Jim told Dale that he had an engagement to see a man in the restaurant at 4:30 P. M. One wonders if he mentioned the man's name. Dale never said. It is an incontrovertible cinch, however, that Colosimo would never have gone to such a tryst with a stranger, for things in the underworld are not conducted in that fashion.

Dale asked him to send the car back for her when he reached the restaurant, as she and her mother were going shopping. She kissed him good-by and he left.

Jim reached the café about 4:20 o'clock. It was deserted at that hour, of course. He passed through the square door and strode back to the little office in the rear. There he found his secretary and bookkeeper, Frank Camilla, also known as Frank Griffin.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Victoria Moresco Colosimo, the first wife of the underworld king.

"Hello, Frank, what's doing?" said Jim, smiling.

"Nothing," replied Frank. "Just going over last night's business."

They talked a while of this and that.

"Where's Mike?" said Colosimo.

"Gone down to Water Street to buy the provisions for tonight," his secretary answered.

"Well, I guess I'll call up Rocco," Jim said. He tried to get his lawyer on the phone, but Mr. De Stefano was out, his typist said. Rocco told me more than nine years later what Jim was phoning about. It seemed there had been a couple of G men (government agents) in the café the day before, and Jim had asked De Stefano to find out if they were dry agents, or income-tax men, or what.

"Tell Rocco I called and to call me back as soon as he comes in. I'll be here," Jim concluded.

He hung up the receiver and went out. He stopped in another rear room and spoke a few words with Antonio Cæsarino, his chef for many years. Then he turned and walked through the empty twilight of the restaurant toward the front door.

THE front entrance opens on a little lobby. As you come in, there is a little cloak room on your left. On your right is an alcove, where a cashier sat, and a telephone booth. Outside the booth there was a little inclined shelf to hold the telephone books.

When Jim reached the lobby somebody stepped out of the cloak room, either as if from an ambush or else to speak to him. This person fired two shots from a .38-caliber pistol. The first missed its target and went through the glass door inclosing the cashier's cage. The second hit Jim back of the right ear and killed him instantly.

There were four ways for the slayer to make his escape. He could step over the body and walk out the front door. He could turn to his left, pass through an arch, and go out through the great round door, the other front entrance to the café. He could step over the dead man and pass through a door, go down into the basement, and get away through another door in the alley; or he could simply walk straight back into the darkened restaurant.

The chef and one or two employees who had come on early, and Frank Camilla, heard the two shots. They thought it was an automobile back fire somewhere. Then it occurred to Frank to take a look. He walked from his little room into the café, saw nothing, and stepped out through the round door on to Wabash Avenue. The door locked behind him. To reënter the restaurant he had to walk several paces north on the sidewalk and come in through the wide square door.

He did so, and in the little lobby he found his employer's body. He knelt down and saw he was dead. Then he arose, looked around, and on the little telephone shelf found a note. It read:

> Swan. I made out the regular statement. You fill in the rest as you see fit. Tell the day man to look after drugstore and see that he finds out where to find the stuff and refill. Don't keep over thirteen men. If you've got more, ask some one to lay off.
>
> BANK.
>
> P. S. Anything you make over $50 belongs to me. (Mickey is off.)

This note was in Colosimo's handwriting, and because he sometimes staked gamblers and often had funds for some dubious enterprise there were persons who called him The Bank.

WHEN was this note written? Did it refer to drugstore liquor? Was "Mickey" his partner, Mike the Greek Potzin? Who was Swan? Nobody ever has answered those questions.

Camilla ran back to the kitchen and there found Abe Arends, one of Jim's managers. "Call the police, quick. Jim's shot," he told Abe.

A doctor came, too late. Chief of Police John J. Garrity and Chief of Detectives Mooney came, and detectives, and men from State's Attorney Maclay Hoyne's office.

All the employees were rounded up, sequestered, and questioned. They came through unscathed. Joe Gavilla, a waiter, led the officers to a table where they found four empty beer bottles and four glasses. He said two men and two women had come in a half hour or so before Jim arrived, drunk their beer, and departed.

Among the bottles and cigarette stubs on the table was a slip of paper. It bore the phone number "Calumet 4029." That was the number of the National Rubber Products Company. Nobody at that place knew anything.

On the slip of paper was the name Samuel Lavine with an address on Vernon Avenue. Dale and Jim lived on that thoroughfare at No. 3156. There were other scrawled words: "so long vampire"—"Saturday evening"—"Buffalo"—"So Long Letty." So Long Letty was one of Dale's favorite songs.

Rocco De Stefano called up and hurried to the place when they told him Jim was dead. He could give no information. Woolfson, the chauffeur, said he had left Jim at the door and returned for Dale. Dale was downtown and called up. She fainted when they told her Colosimo was dead. She was questioned frequently, and at length, but knew nothing.

Jose Moresco, Victoria's brother, was picked up. He said he lived at 2006 Indiana Avenue; had slept late; was a clerk in a cigar store on Dearborn. He was in a restaurant getting his coffee when he heard Jim was dead. He could help the police in no wise, and insisted that he and Jim had been friends even after his sister's trouble.

Mrs. Nicholas Nardi, a sister of Victoria, said Jim and his wife had quarreled frequently, and in January, 1920, Victoria had taken her jewelry, worth $45,000, and four or five thousand in cash, and left.

Among the suspects were men who had been busy collecting a fund for the defense of Jimmy Vinci against murder charges in connection with the killing of Enright. Somebody said Jim had contributed at first and then refused to do so again, and might have been slain for that. Others said he had kicked the collectors out of his café and told them they couldn't use his premises for such purposes—and might have been slain for that.

Several waiters said Jim and Mike had quarreled over Dale, Mike claiming Jim was so mad about his wife he was neglecting business. Nobody seems to have attributed Jim's demise to any trouble he might have had with Torrio and Capone. Somebody else said Frankie Yale had been in town; but if he was questioned he must have convinced his questioners that he hadn't left Brooklyn.

Somebody suggested that a musician had been crazy about Dale, and had accompanied her when she sang in cabarets before she went to work for Jim.

Somebody recalled that Victoria, of late years, had shown a marked interest in a young hoodlum known as Tony Villani, about twenty years her junior. Why not question Victoria and Tony?

They couldn't find them. On May 16 Rocco got a telegram from Victoria in Los Angeles. It said: "Shock too much for me. See you Friday. Attend to all my affairs. Am giving you power of attorney."

Victoria reached Chicago on May 21. She could give no clew to her former husband's assassination, but said to the reporters:

"Well, Jim is dead and I'll say nothing that would further blacken his name. He was good to me until he met Dale Winter, and she never understood him. Jim was Italian and so am I and we understood each other. My money gave him his start, and I intend to be protected in the disposal of his estate."

The coroner's jury used the regular Chicago form in its verdict: Killed by parties unknown to this jury. Nobody was indicted, or arrested, or convicted.

WILD rumors filled the city to the effect that Jim had left millions. After frantic search, his tangible estate came to about $85,000. Luigi and his children got most of it. Victoria was given $12,000, and Dale renounced all her rights although she was his widow—that is, everywhere except in Illinois. Some pieces of jewelry and some Liberty bonds, Jim's gifts, were handed to her.

Torrio inherited Jim's intangible estate—and you may be sure those invisible and unspeakable assets totaled high, for Jim's mantle of vice lord quickly was draped about John's shoulders.

The café reopened in a few days and, of course, played to capacity. Dale never sang again, but she managed the place for a while. Impresarios offered her as much as $5,000 a week, but she declined to capitalize her notoriety. She joined the cast of Irene, presently, and was quite successful.

The last I saw of her was in November, 1928, when she was playing in stock in a San Francisco theater with Henry Duffy, an actor she married in 1924. She was as beautiful and magnetic as ever.

Victoria and Tony were last heard of in Los Angeles.

Torrio and Capone split Chicago between them and prospered long and handsomely. Torrio was finally shot a couple of times and did a short term in jail, and then stepped out of the picture. Capone was in a Philadelphia jail at last accounts, but he will be out before long. There are many scores to be settled between him and the other Chicago mobsters when he can get around to it.

In keeping with Chicago's unique repute in underworld annals, the parting scene of this story should briefly describe Colosimo's funeral. It's a pretty picture.

THE cortège was a mile long. Services at the home were heartrending and the parade to the cemetery paused briefly and respectfully before the crape-draped doors of the café. Among the active and honorary pallbearers detected in the wilderness of floral offerings were the following representatives of Chicago's social, political, and vice domains:

John Griffin, assemblyman; Pat O'Malley, saloon keeper; Alderman John J. Coughlin, who rejoices in the name of Bathhouse John, an ex-rubber in a Turkish bath; Judge Bernard P. Barasa; Ike Roderick, professional bondsman; Judge John K. Prindiville; Judge John R. Caverly, who was to startle the world with his verdict in the Loeb-Leopold case; Alderman Michael Kenna, known familiarly as Hinky Dink; and these seven aldermen: Joseph Kostner, Dorsey Crowe, George Maypole, John Bowers, celebrated as one of the "Old Gray Wolves" when that ring ruled the city, John P. Bowler, Tim Hogan, and John Toman; Giacomo Spadoni; Francis P. Borelli, former United States assistant district attorney; Francisco Daddi and Titta Ruffo; Congressman John W. Rainey; Michael L. Igoe, Democratic legislature leader; Dwight McKay, assistant state's attorney; Sol Van Praag, former member of the legislature and quondam gambling-dive keeper; Ike Bloom; George Silver, barkeep; Tony D'Andrea, ex-felon and Democratic ward committeeman; Mike Rosenberg, ward leader; Mike the Greek Potzin; Al Maggi, a barber; Mike Merlo, head of the Sicilians; Diamond Joe Esposito; Harry Romaine, gambler; Norman and Ed Ballard, owner of "Brown's" at French Lick, Indiana.

These and hundreds of other friends and intimates assembled at the grave and wept when the sod hid from sight all that was earthly of the ex-white-slaver, maquereau, bootlegger, gambler, bawdy-house owner, and general all-round Chicago crook.

Mr. Sutherland's story of another celebrated real life mystery will be told in next week's Liberty.

PATENTS

A Fine Idea . . .
but is it Patentable?

No Patent Attorney can tell you with certainty whether or not an idea is patentable before the Examiners of the Patent Office have passed upon your application.

But after you disclose your idea to your Patent Attorney, by means of a sketch or a model, he can make a search of the pertinent U. S. patents to determine whether or not your invention is probably patentable. And if the search is favorable, you then have *reasonable* assurance that your application will result in a patent.

Indeed the value of this preliminary search is such that in the majority of instances it should be made before much time or money have been expended on an idea's development. A simple sketch or crude model and description will usually suffice for an Attorney's guidance in making the search.

A FREE Booklet of Instructions

The booklet shown here contains valuable information relating to Patent procedure that every inventor should have. And with it, I will send you my "Record of Invention" form, on which you can sketch your idea and evidence its date before a witness. Such evidence may later prove valuable to you. Simply fill in the lines below and I will send you complete information on how to proceed, without charge or obligation.

How to obtain a PATENT

Clarence A. O'Brien
Registered Patent and Trademark Attorney
310-F Security Savings and Com'l Bank Bldg., Washington, D. C. or Suite 1106, Woolworth Bldg., New York City
(Please address office nearest you)

Name ....
Address ....
City ....
State ....

Directly across street from U.S. Patent Office

Sees Corn Fall Off While Bathing—*No Pain*

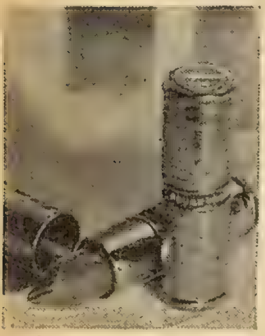
Imagine her surprise when that corn dropped right off while she was in the bathtub! FREEZONE succeeds where other methods fail. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY. Then corn loosens and falls right off, or lifts off, easily, painlessly. To get rid of hard or soft corns, calluses or bunions get a bottle of FREEZONE from your druggist.

FREEZONE

Your own color but you cannot feel it

Louis Philippe, creator of Rouge Incarnat making the Angelus color study for Miss Betty Compton.

"The Little Red Box" seems to last forever . . 75c



Angelus Lipsticks $1

BY your added beauty alone you know when Angelus Rouge Incarnat is on lips and cheeks. It leaves no residue. There is no caking or drying. Smooth as satin you cannot feel it on your lips. Match your own coloring exactly with one of the nine natural tints of Angelus. Now becoming color lasts all day—waterproof, indelible.

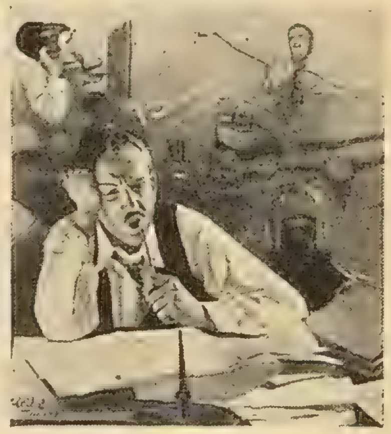
ANGELUS
Rouge Incarnat
"You Cannot Feel It"

Angelus Lemon Cleansing Creme for removing make-up

Income Tax

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

THE mantel clock in the dining room struck nine. Melting ice in the pantry ice box slid and tinkled against milk bottles. And the cook was wailing a kitchen chantey as she stirred the cereal for breakfast. But no sound broke the peace of Lil's lonely sitting room. There was only one quieter place in the world—some unvisited sand hill in the Sahara, shunned even by the wind.



This week's cover picture.

"Shall we have a little game of two-handed bridge?" she called upstairs to Sandy. "You'll sleep better if you don't sit at your desk all evening. You seemed tired at supper. Your face had no color. It looked like a custard pie without the coconut. I'm worried."

"You're worried?" he yelled down. "So am I. I'm trying to keep out of jail."

"I told you weeks ago not to wait until the last minute to fill out your income-tax return. Now, you're in a panic. You'll pay the government too much, and I need a new summer fur piece!"

Lil didn't think that any wife in any town in the country had a husband quite as stupid as Sandy! As for foresight—instinctively she thought of the Hare and the Tortoise, the Walrus and the Carpenter, the Ant and the Grasshopper, and other creatures of fable who have taught wisdom to dull-witted humans. She snatched an old pack of cards from behind a fancy humidor and sat down to a wild game of solitaire.

"Did you make any gifts to churches during the calendar year?" Sandy yelled. "And what about storms?"

But those were the least of his worries. He had three hours before the midnight mail collection on the corner. Three hours to wander through a maze of rents, royalties, bank deposits, interest, surtaxes, credits, deductions, dividends, personal exemption, bad debts, and tax-free covenant bonds upon which a tax was paid at the source. He had yanked his collar loose, rumpled his hair, chewed up two red erasers, and his agonized frown looked like the furrows of a tractor.

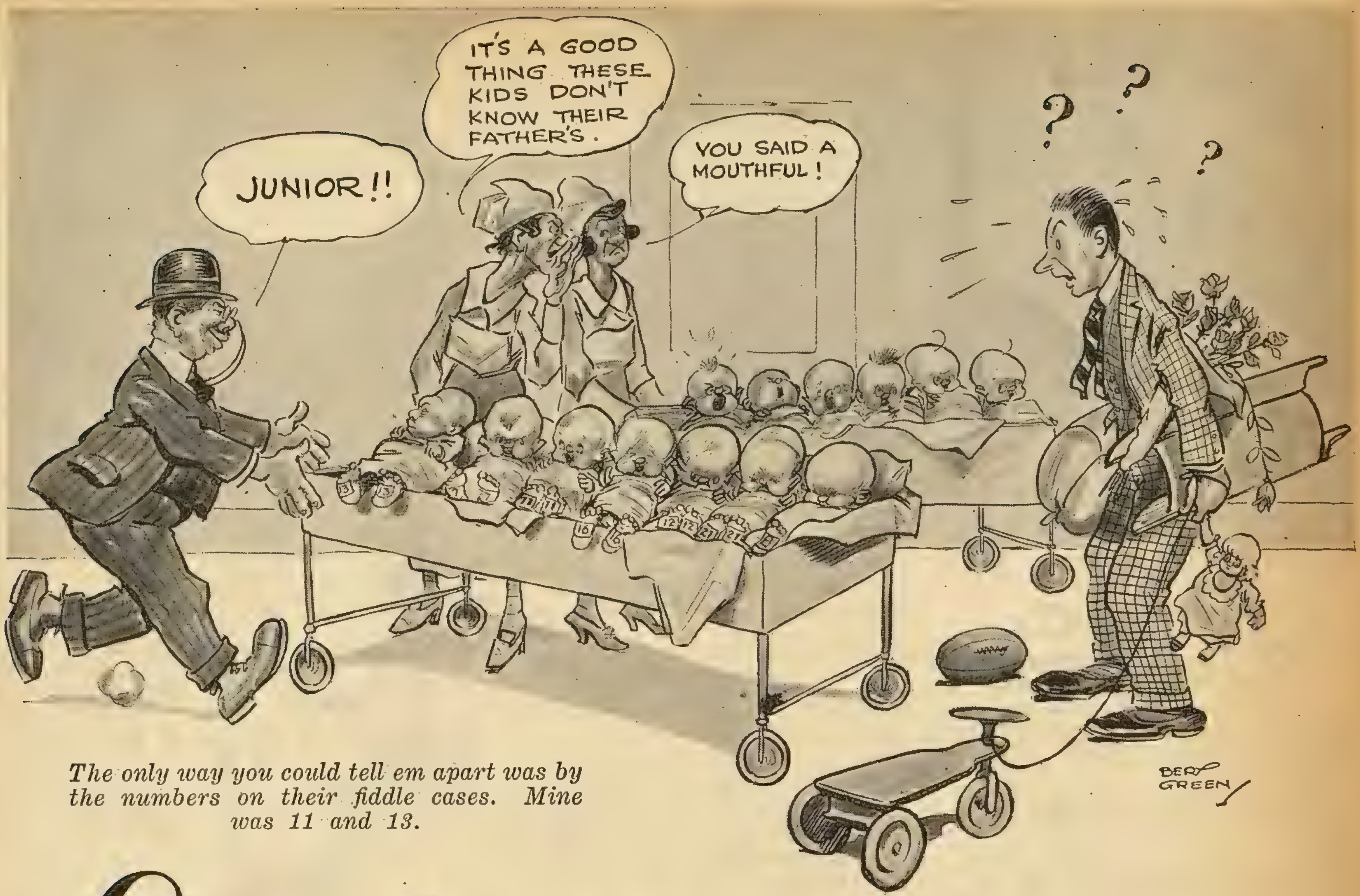
Was the twenty thousand dollars he'd invested and lost in the Climax Gnat Spray a deduction or a bad debt? Must he pay two taxes on the sale of his tract of land in Kansas because three hundred square feet of it ran over into Oklahoma? And what, oh, what about his big stock exchange deal? He'd made twenty thousand dollars—*and lost it!* Must he pay an outrageous tax on these chimerical paper profits?

"The bears, the bears," he was mumbling. "Club dues, fire in the cellar, fees for license plates. Theater-ticket stubs. Why didn't I save my stubs? Farmer, farmer, if your books are kept on an accrual basis, the filing of Form 1040F is optional. But I'm not a farmer. Bad debts? Lil's hats and the two hundred bucks I gave to Marianthe. Depreciation? Weather-beaten roof, rusting pipes, and flat tires on my airplane. Storm, shipwreck, theft. Theft? Who stole my wrist watch from the locker room? Item nineteen is the total of items thirteen to eighteen. Gee, I must watch my figures or the cops'll get me . . ."

Yes, the dread zero hour was nearing and his terrible mixed-up income tax would soon be due!

(Next week's cover adventure: Giving Notice)

COMING SOON
For the Love o' Lil—a Columbia picture at your favorite movie theater


JUNIOR!!
IT'S A GOOD THING THESE KIDS DON'T KNOW THEIR FATHER'S.
YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL!
? ? ?
BERT GREEN

The only way you could tell em apart was by the numbers on their fiddle cases. Mine was 11 and 13.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

When a Man's Married

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Excuse me writin again but I got a awful surprise for you! I was just pourin myself a wee drop of Sandy MacDonald in a hotel up in Canada when the bell hop knocks on the door and slips me this telegram. Here it is—

WESTERN UNION
FOB-862 COLLECT HOLLYWOOD CALIF
MIKE SHEA
MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL
MONTREAL CANADA
RUSH TO HOLLYWOOD HOSPITAL AT ONCE IMPORTANT VIRGINIA

When I got that wire I was scared stiff. I didnt know what happened. I figured Marg was in a accident or somethin? I was nearly goofy. Well sir, I bounced on the choo choo and beat it for Chicago. From Chicago I grabbed a rattler and went to Columbus, Ohio. From Columbus I took the T. A. T. Plane and flew to Glendale, Los Angeles in 48 hours. Brother, and what a swell trip! I dont know what T. A. T. stands for unless it means Take A Train!

Anyhow, it was a wonderful sight. We'd be flyin over the red hot dessert one moment and the next time you looked down you was up 10,000 feet over the snow capped peaks of Arizona.

As soon as I landed at the air terminal in Los Angeles I beat it for the hospital. I grabbed a cab what was driven by a jigaboo. Wow! And how that darkie could drive! I think his name was Seagrave! He coulda drove that mouse trap thru the linin of your coat without rippin a stitch. The way he frolicked in and out of the traffic would knock the mercury outer the blood pressure machine. Honest I was safer in the air.

When I got in the hospital what do you think I found—I GOT A BABY! Not one but TWO!! Gee, what a surprise package. Honest, I dont know what Im goin to do now? I cant imagine myself with a coupla billikins! Gosh, Marg never cracked to me about going to have a baby; in fact, the last time I saw her we had a silly row at a party in Hollywood. She caught me neckin a dizzy dame when I was a bit binged up. She got so peeved and hopped up she tried to get square with me by pettin some simple sap with patten leather hair what clowns a heavy lover in a squarkie drama.

The flashy frail I was pettin didnt mean any more to me than prohibition does to the U. S. A. I just did it to be smart. Well, Marg up and left me flat. She went down to Santa Monica Beach and lived with a jane what squarks in a night club. What a voice. A regular whisky soprano! But Marg likes her and thats that!

But you no Mr. Editor, I love that girl Marg! She

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

CORNS

INSTANT SAFE RELIEF!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end pain of corns and sore toes in one minute with absolute safety and surety. They remove the cause—friction and pressure of shoes. Their soothing medication is quickly healing. Small, thin, dainty, protective. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. stores—35¢ box.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Born on an ICEBERG

—the colorful story of a young Norwegian nurse whose devotion to duty helped win a revolution in fever-ridden Nicaragua—told by

Captain John W. Thomason, Jr.

in Liberty Next Week

Stop Itching Skin

Don't worry longer with Itching skin, Dandruff, Blotches, Blemishes, Pimples and other annoying skin irritations. Get a bottle of cooling, healing, antiseptic Zemo—the safe, dependable way to relieve itching torture. Convenient to use any time—does not show. All druggists, 35c, 60c, $1.00.

zemo

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

ASK YOUR BARBER

FOR THE NEW MEDICATED MASSAGE

WHYTE-FOX

Doubles your pep. Heals as it cleanses. Those who know are "crazy" about it. Made and guaranteed by makers Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic. Ask for valuable free booklet.

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.

LOVE LETTERS OF AN INTERIOR DECORATOR
Continued from page sixty-nine

means more to me than all the alcohol in my gin. Ive loved her all my life even if it did start away back in our school days! I used to take her to school, carry her books, help her up the gutters, put her braids in the inkwell, and all stuff like that. We used to make mud pies together and ketch turtles up in Towsends pond and go fishin in the old brook. She and me was always pals and *what I mean!*

I NEVER will forget when her Aunt Lizzie gave her one of them little doll stoves for her birthday. She was eight years old then and how she loved it! We used to take the stove out in the woods and make fires in it and watch the smoke curl up the chimney. Sure, and we'd walk miles to the country stores and get samples of beans, jelly, and flour and stuff like that and bake it on the stove. I'll say it was fun!

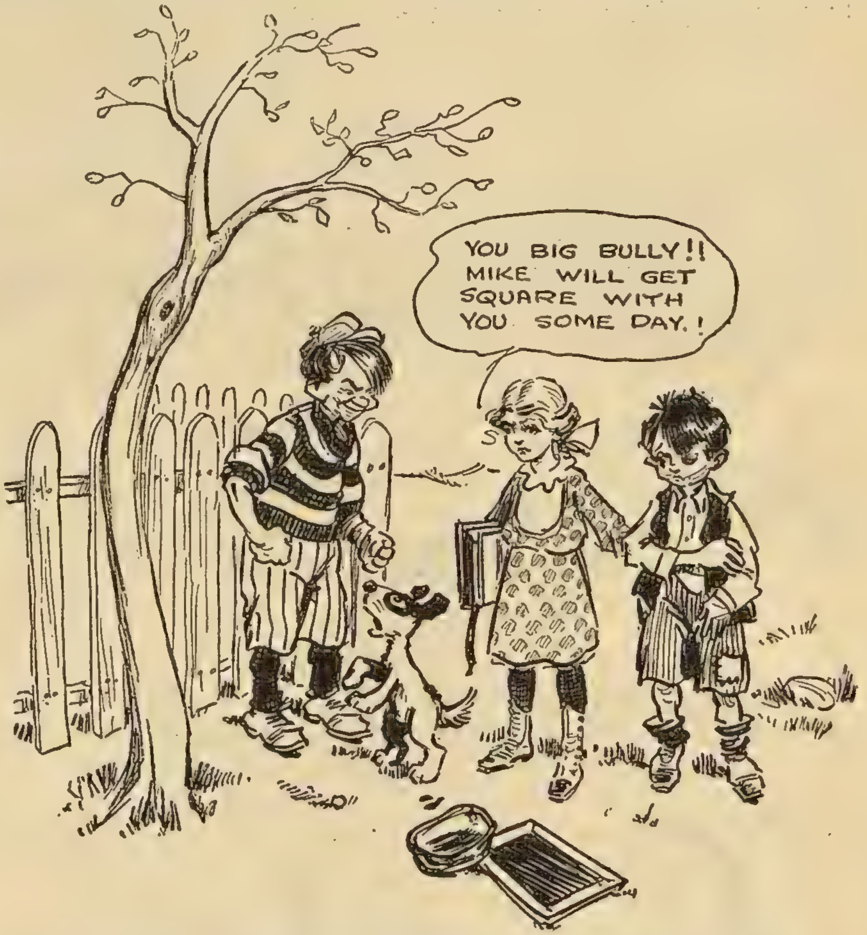
She wasnt much of a cook in them days, but on the square the grub tasted good. Sometimes it had ants on it too. She used doll pots and pans. Kid stuff! She'd set a regular small table cloth on a log and we'd make believe we was married and had a coupla kids. She'd talk to em like they was really there. She'd say—

Now Margie dear, youve been such a good little girl today, Im going to give you some nice jelly! And you Michael, youre goin to have some beans! Real beans out of a teeny can. Mommie and Daddy walked all the way to the village to get em.

SHE'D make believe feed em with a little tin spoon and bawl em out if they didnt stick their napkin in their neck. Oh, she was awful cute. We used to steal perdadoes outer the barn and roast em until they was the color of coal. Gosh, were they good? She'd burn her fingers and Id run to the brook and wet a hankerchief in the ice water and cool em off. Honest we used to have swell times together. She was a good little sport, in for anythin. Nothin was ever too much trouble. She'd give her shirt away if she thought you needed it.

I never will forget the time she got the measels. The poor little kid liketa died—*and was I lonesome!!* I felt like I lost the best buddy in all the world! I used to walk a coupla miles every day after school and bring her a apple outer the orchard or somethin like that. I guess she thought I was crazy but I didnt mind. I suppose I was a fool for lovin her that way.

Gosh, Id sock any guy on the button what hurt her feelins even if he was 11 feet high. I remember when Mickey Doyle was the only kid what gave me a black eye. But I got square with him later. Sure, he got his duke caught in a guys pocket on the subway one day so they sent him up to the iron bordin house for six months to get the wave taken outer his hair.


YOU BIG BULLY!! MIKE WILL GET SQUARE WITH YOU SOME DAY.!

I remember when Mickey Doyle was the only kid what gave me a black eye.

ITS too bad we all grow up. Them days aint never goin to come back. The boys and girls then didnt think about gin and sex plays and parkin in sport cars. We got a big laugh outer drinkin sweet cider. Our sex plays was hick theatricals up at the town hall. We used to dress up like indians and put on a show and all the farmers in town used to come and laugh at us.

As for parkin in sport cars, there werent none! We used to go on straw rides or hitch the nag to a slay and bullieve me that was fun! Marg used to know all about horses. She could drive and hitch a horse as good as any man. She often used to say to me when we was drivin to the village—Well Michael, wouldnt it be funny if some day you and me would get married? Yes, and maybe have a coupla kiddies like ourselves?

Gosh, and just to think its all come true! Maybe you think Im nuts Mr. Editor for writin you like this, but when I think back at them days with Marg, I just get choked up with sediment and remorse. Maybe youre married too Mr. Editor and got a coupla kids! It kinda makes you feel proud and clubby like, eh?

Maybe you can help me get another kind of a job instead of bootleggin? Id hate to have the kids grow up and find out that the old man was a bootlegger! Dont you think you could get me a job clerkin in the Liberty office or layin carpets or somethin like that? Maybe I could write stories like that crackpot Bert Green does? You dont need no brains to do that! Where does he get off to keep on writin such stuff? He should be put to work openin oysters.

CAN you imagine me with two kids? Gosh I nearly did a fade out! I rushed out and got em a pound box of candy, a coconut pie, a kiddie car and a bunch of things like that. The head nurse thought I was nuts! Instead of takin me in to see Marg first, they led me into the babies ward and rolled in a bargain counter fuller kids what looked as different as a paper fuller saferty pins! The only way you could tell em apart was by the numbers on their fiddle cases. Mine was 11 and 13. A BOY and a GIRL!! The cutest little rascals you ever hung an eye over. *An could they squark!!* They made more noise than a 10 tube set.

Well, as soon as I saw em, I rushed upstairs to see Marg. I threw the nurse outer the room, locked the door, sat on the side of the bed, and took her in my arms. Everything between us is all forgiven and believe me shes the best little pal in the world.

Well goo bye Mr. Editor. I wont be able to write you no more because I'll be too busy anklin the kids at night.

Your old friend
MIKE SHEA

P. S. Please tip off the girl with the crockery eye and tell Marges old man he wont have to pay them 22 bucks for them french post cards.

Poems You Ought to Know

My Boat Is On the Shore

By LORD BYRON

[Lord Byron was born in London in 1788, and his first column of verse was printed in 1807. From 1818 until his death in 1824 he was occupied on Don Juan. In 1823 he went to Greece and aided the Greek struggle for independence.]

MY boat is on the shore,
  And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
  Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
  And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
  Here's a heart for every fate!

Though the ocean roar around me,
  Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
  It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
  As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
  'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
  The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace with thine and mine,
  And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

Allen and Earl Trobaugh, Georgia boys, with a new bicycle which Earl received free.

Boys! get a Dandy Bicycle FREE!

GEE, boys, you can't beat this chance to get a dandy bike free—and you can make money every week besides. Just work in some of your spare time in your own neighborhood. No experience needed. Everything supplied by us. Thousands of boys are earning money every week and getting free prizes too. So can you! Send the coupon today and we will mail you our big catalog of free prizes and full details.

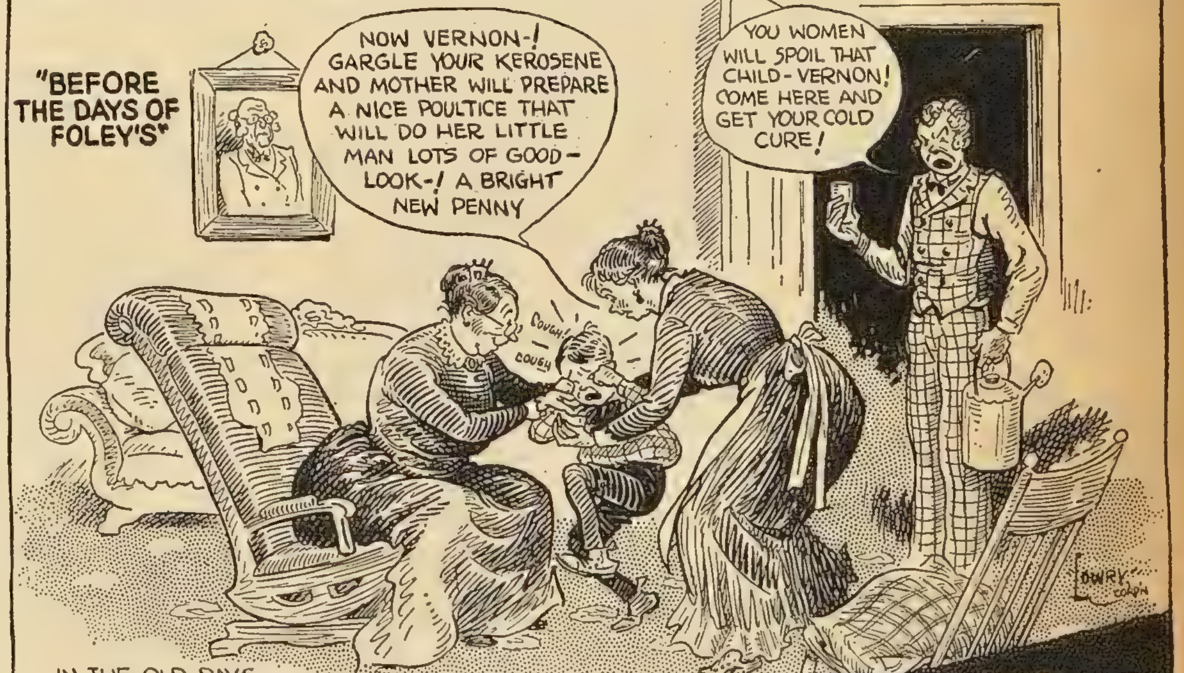
MAIL THIS

3-22-30

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division,
220 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of boy salesmen and make money.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....


COPYRIGHTED—1930 BY FOLEY & CO.
"BEFORE THE DAYS OF FOLEY'S"
NOW VERNON-! GARGLE YOUR KEROSENE AND MOTHER WILL PREPARE A NICE POULTICE THAT WILL DO HER LITTLE MAN LOTS OF GOOD-LOOK-! A BRIGHT NEW PENNY
YOU WOMEN WILL SPOIL THAT CHILD-VERNON! COME HERE AND GET YOUR COLD CURE!
COUGH!
COUGH
DWRY

FOLEY'S
HONEY & TAR
COMPOUND
FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS
PREPARED ONLY BY FOLEY & CO. CHICAGO, ILL.
PRICE 30 CENTS

IN THE OLD DAYS SOME OF THE METHODS USED TO STOP A COLD WERE MORE DISAGREEABLE THAN THE COLD ITSELF—"KEROSENE GARGLE AND POULTICE" WAS TYPICAL

How much better to use FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR COMPOUND

FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS

OVER ONE HUNDRED MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

CHILDREN LIKE FOLEY'S~ MOTHERS RECOMMEND IT for the WHOLE FAMILY

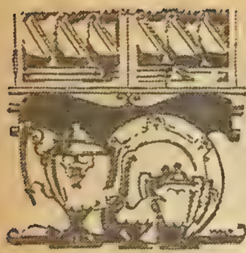
.30¢ .60¢ $1.20 AT YOUR DEALER....

FREE

Foley & Co.,
945 West George St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send a free trial bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. Also include your health booklet.

Name ....
Address ....
Town .... State ....



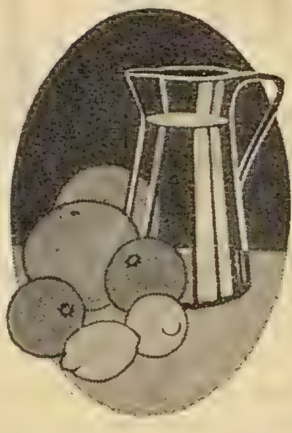
DIETS

By

EILEEN BOURNE

PREFACING the diets promised last week, let me just caution you again not to reduce below your normal weight, which is the weight at which you feel best, look best, and function best. The pursuit of any dietary course beyond this healthful point is not only ridiculous but dangerous.

Besides the above warning, there is another. When you have accomplished a ten-pound loss, maintain the newly acquired weight figure for a week or ten days before you proceed with further reduction. This you can do by adding a little more food to your daily intake. You do not need to gain in the rest period. This is simply new and very, very wise advice, its object being to prevent a too rapid weight loss. Also, if you are losing more than two pounds a week, take a little more food.



Milk and fruit are diet favorites.

And still another warning: Look out for the smaller items; not just the meat, vegetable, and dessert courses. If you munch away at bread and butter while you are waiting for other food, and if you are not watchful of the cream that goes into your coffee, and the sugar, you can easily add from 300 to 500 extra calories a day. Any alcoholic drinks run up the caloric meter; also soft drinks sweetened with syrup.

You can plunge right into your diet without the three-day liquid "training"; but there is cheer to be got out of the experiment and courage to go on, with the usual weight loss of anywhere from three to five pounds. Also, there ensues with the liquid diet a thorough cleansing of the system. And the liquid diet does shrink the stomach.

For three days, then, not more, take your choice of liquid—skim milk, buttermilk, fruit juice, broth or clear soup, and confine your intake solely to the liquid. You can make a palatable drink with the juice of one grapefruit, two oranges, and two lemons. Sweeten slightly, add water to fill a two-quart pitcher, and drink of this the entire day through.

There are a good many whose fat discomfort is not permitted to run above five or six pounds. The "five-pound feel," I call it. The discomfort is felt only around the waist. But it does rob a victim of her usual sprightliness. For such, the three-day liquid diet may be all that is required every now and then.

Another course practiced is to go on a six-day vegetable-soup diet. A light breakfast is permitted: coffee, fruit juice, and a thin slice of unbuttered toast. The vegetables—carrots, celery, tomatoes, turnips, onions—may be eaten with relish at noon and evening mealtimes, the soup itself taken at meals and in between.

The Half-Portion Diet

YOU can reduce with gratifying results on what I call the half-portion diet. This diet calls for will power. It consists of eating everything you have been in the habit of eating (provided it has the essential food elements), but you can eat only half portions. You cannot help but lose by this system.

The Four-Food Diet

The ingredients are drawn from four different groups of food only—meat, green vegetables, fruits, and milk. You must be in normal good health to adopt it. Although low in caloric value, there is a sufficient supply of vitamins, minerals, protein, and bulk. If you find that it accomplishes more than two pounds a week loss, add a food item or two to check a rapid loss. Also, observe the heretofore suggested rest period after a ten-pound loss. Milk—whole milk—rich in vitamins and minerals, is wanted in this restricted diet. Contrary to general opinion, milk is not very high in caloric value.

The meats, which supply protein and "stick to the ribs," are lean meats only. Lean fowl and lean fish may be introduced to vary the monotony. Among the lean meats you have beef, lamb, veal, mutton, liver, meat balls, sweetbreads, corned beef, and so on. Chicken and turkey are among lean fowl, and cod, sea bass, halibut, brook trout, scallops, lobster, oysters, and clams are included in lean fish lists. All fat is removed in preparation and butter and flour trimmings are eliminated.

The fresh vegetables of high residue and low caloric count are lettuce, onions, spinach, asparagus, endive, cabbage, sauerkraut, greens, broccoli, chard, celery, tomato, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, eggplant, string beans, and artichoke. The vegetables are used cooked and raw in salad form with mineral-oil mayonnaise dressing. No cream, butter, flour, or egg trimmings are allowed.

Among fruits you have oranges, grapefruit, apples, peaches, pineapple, strawberries, watermelon, plums, apricots, prunes, cherries, blackberries, and raspberries.

Sweets, gravies, cereals, bread, rolls, eggs, cheese, cream and butter, fat meats, lard, olive oil or any cooking oil are prohibited in this low caloric program, unless a food item or two is drawn from the prohibited group to check a too-rapid weight loss.

NOW, from the lists above you can prepare your own menus, not letting the total caloric intake exceed 1,200 at the most, and let the division run thus:

About one pound of meat or lean fish daily. About two pounds of fresh vegetables and fruits daily. And one-half pint of whole milk daily.

Your breakfasts will vary only in the choice of fruit, since coffee and fruit are all that is prescribed. Take coffee clear and unsweetened, or add only enough hot skimmed milk to the coffee to make it palatable.

Sample luncheon and dinner menus follow:

LUNCHEON: Two lamb chops, bowl of combination salad with mayonnaise (mineral-oil base), slice of fresh pineapple, and a half glass of whole milk.

DINNER: Broiled steak (fat removed), string beans, spinach, or cabbage slaw, fruit cup, and a half glass of milk.

A simple way to remember the four-food diet is that you may have lean meat for both luncheon and dinner; a large bowl of vegetable or fruit salad or vegetables for luncheon, also a fruit dessert or an apple or orange or peach or other raw fruit for dessert, and milk. For dinner, besides lean meat, have two green vegetables, or one vegetable and a salad if you had vegetables at noon, and your milk, and fruit dessert. You may have the same kind of meat for luncheon and dinner if that conforms better to your meat buying. Lamb chops for lunch and dinner one day; steak the next; roast beef or roast veal or roast lamb the next, and so on.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
220 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.

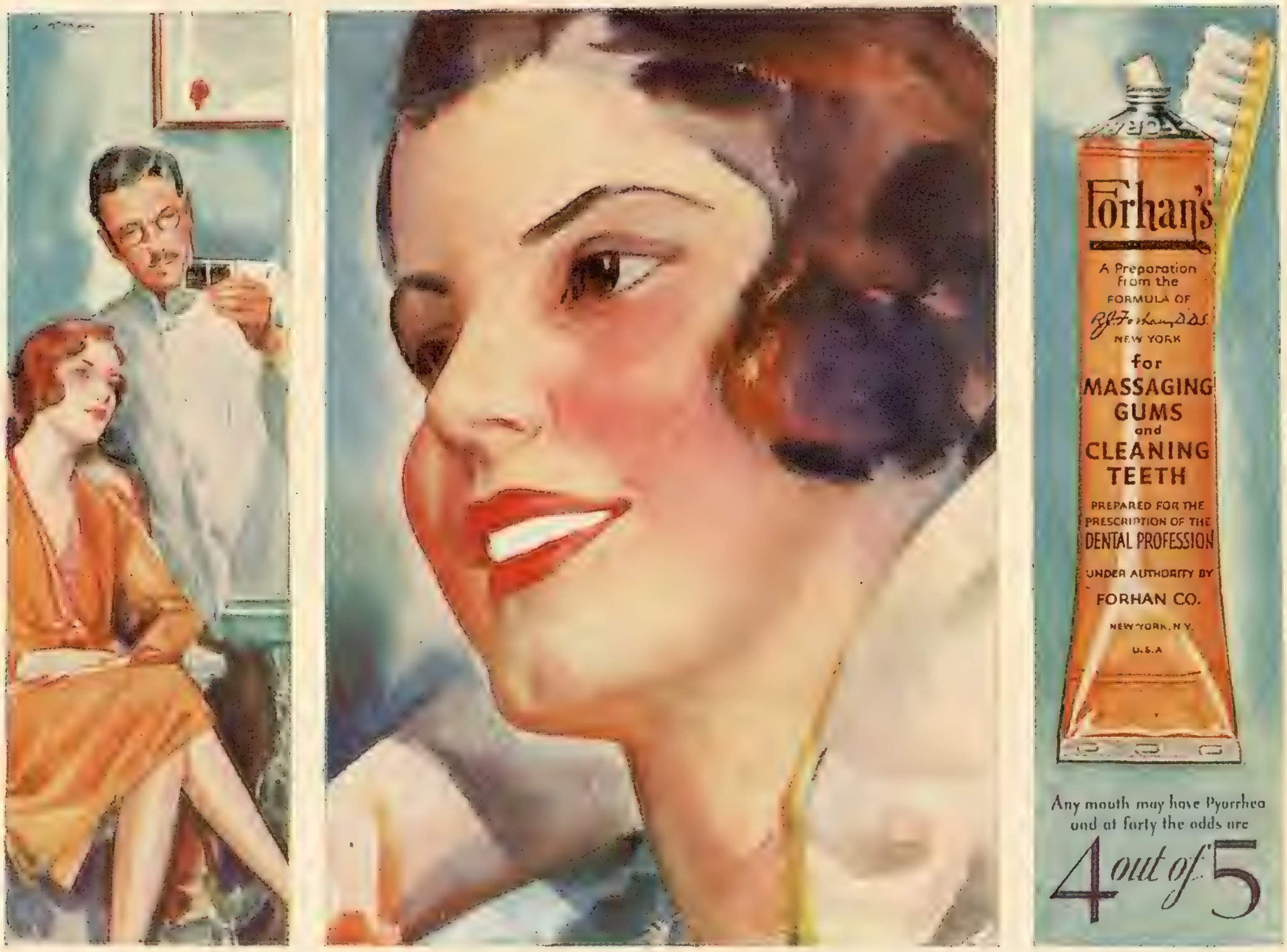
Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name..
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No..............................

City....................State......188

Only a dentist would demand such excellence in a dentifrice


Forhan's
A Preparation from the FORMULA OF
R.J. Forhan D.D.S.
NEW YORK
for MASSAGING GUMS and CLEANING TEETH
PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION
UNDER AUTHORITY BY FORHAN CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
U.S.A
Any mouth may have Pyorrhea and at forty the odds are
4 out of 5

FROM the very beginning, Forhan's was a dentifrice far beyond the ordinary toothpaste.

It was originated by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.—with a professional man's exacting ideas of what the finest of dentifrices should be.

It must, of course, be safe for the most delicate teeth, mild in its cleansing action, and scrupulously pure.

More than this, it should be as complete a protection for the health of the mouth as dental science can make it.

Accordingly, this "dentists' dentifrice" contains an ingredient found in no other toothpaste—the benefits of a preparation devised by Dr. Forhan and widely used by his fellow dentists in the care of pyorrhetic gums.

This extra ingredient, used exclusively in Forhan's, is what makes it a dentifrice with a valuable double purpose. It cleans the teeth, and you can find no dentifrice safer, more cleanly or more thorough for this purpose. In addition, it helps to protect the health of the gums. Used as recommended, with thorough massage at the time of brushing, it firms them up, and stirs up the circulation with tingling vigor.

That is why the well mouth should have the benefits of Forhan's. Its use is recommended *before pyorrhea develops*. If you suspect that you have this common ailment, if your gums are tender, by all means see your dentist at once, and let him prescribe the proper care to you.

But as a matter of simple precaution, adopt Forhan's as your dentifrice — for it does all that the finest dentifrice can do to help you keep the gleaming mouth of youth.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc. New York.

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

The Sapphire

A Story of Love and Atonement

By A. E. W. Mason

Pictures by Herbert Morton Stoops

It was one o'clock in the morning. The light from six shaded candles gave softness and mystery to the faces of the women and shone down upon a mahogany round table in the pleasant disorder of silver and porcelain which graces the end of a convivial supper party. Elbows were propped on the table's edge, eager voices caught and tossed back the conversation like a ball, tiny columns of smoke rose from cigarette and cigar.

It was the hour when theories are swiftly invented to lead on to a story as an illustration. A speaker had just thrown out the suggestion that the perfection of the old fables was due to the fact that when they were composed there was no traveling. "There was a unity, a completeness," he said. "Now the most stay-at-home of men travels so far and meets for a second so many strangers in as great a hurry as he, that his life is a jumble of sensations, a thing without a pattern, as his stories are." He paused for a fatal moment before he entered upon his illustration and so never related it at all. For a quiet voice cut instantly across in front of him:

"Yet this afternoon I heard the last word of a fable as rounded and complete as was ever written, though bits of it happened here and bits by the side of a distant river and the characters came together from the opposite edges of the world."

"There must have been something, however, to give your fable unity," said another.

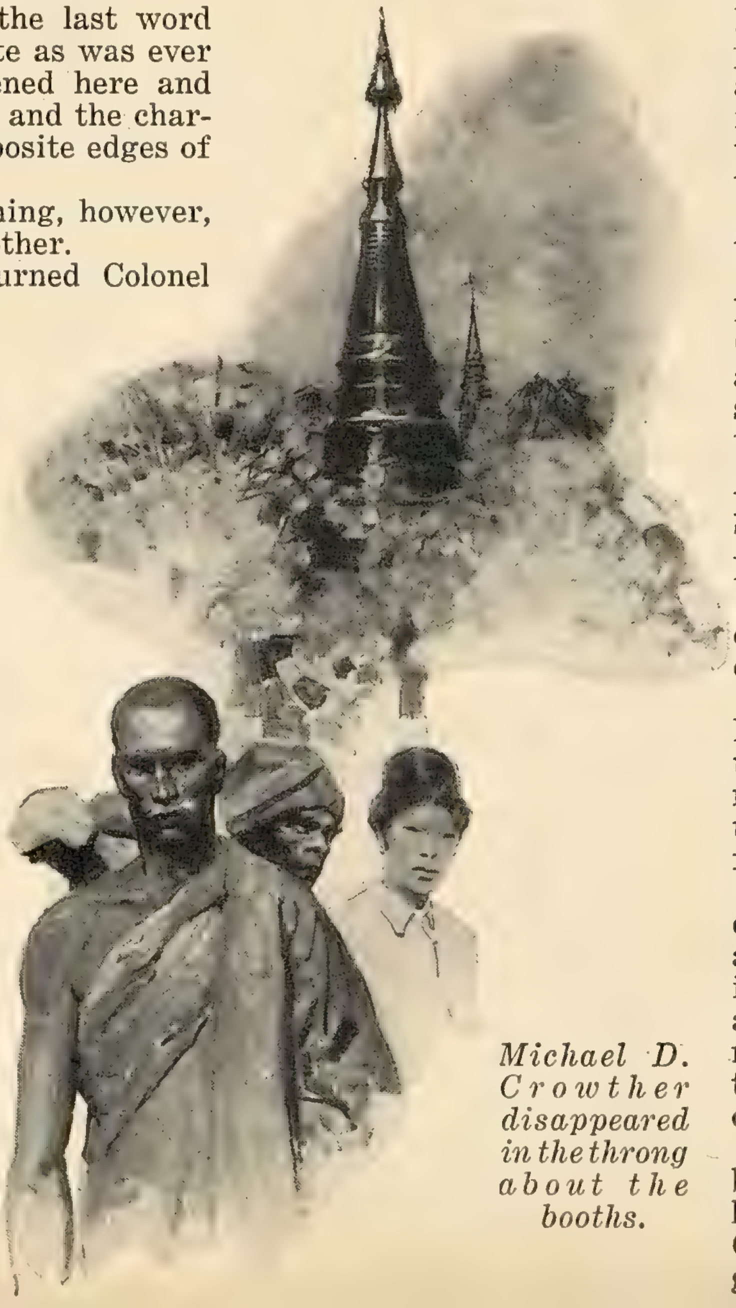
"To be sure there was," returned Colonel Strickland. "A sapphire."

The ladies were instantly of one mind. Colonel Strickland must tell his story. For one thing, the heart of it was that most thrilling of subjects, a jewel. For a second, Colonel Strickland carried about with him a curious air of aloofness and romance which in itself aroused expectation. . . .

It all began, so far as I am concerned [Colonel Strickland commenced], five years ago. I had walked across the hills from the Yunnan Province of China down to Bhamo on the Irrawaddy, and there took a cabin on one of the big river steamers to Mandalay. Its captain was an American, Michael D. Crowther—what the D stands for I don't know to this day—with the lean, angular, hard face of his nation, and the twinkling eye which belies the hardness. He was one of those deceptively secretive people who are unusually communicative up to a point—the point where their confidences would become interesting.

"I shall cast off early in the morning, colonel," he said to me over a whisky and soda. "This is my last voyage on this old river, and I am anxious to get down to Mandalay and have done with it. I am becoming Orientalized—that's my trouble. I'm from Detroit and I have got to get back to the eager life suitable for an American citizen."

He cast off, in fact, before daylight, and I was very glad that he did. For what with the breathless night, the high bank beneath which we were moored, and the great double-decked lighter lashed to the other side of the steamer, the heat in my cabin was abominable. The river, however, was very low, and, in spite of the continuous chanting of the two men with the sounding poles, twice during the day we grounded upon sand banks, and on each occasion it took time to wriggle and twist her off.



Michael D. Crowther disappeared in the throng about the booths.

Toward evening Captain Crowther came down from his perch on the roof with his helmsman to the second wheel on the big triangle of open deck in front of the saloon. And from now on a pale gray beam stretched out from the huge headlight in the bows and lit up the red-and-white poles which marked the channel and the sand banks with a silvery radiance. We were approaching the village of Tagaung, and I said to the captain innocently:

"I suppose that you will tie up there for the night?"

I saw the chief officer compress his lips to prevent a smile, and Captain Crowther looked swiftly and searchingly at me, as if he suspected a reason for my question.

"No, colonel," he answered deliberately. "I shall try to make Thabeikkyn. I shall wait just half an hour at Tagaung."

"There are a great many bags of rice waiting there," the chief officer suggested.

"Then the next steamer will have something to do," said Captain Crowther slowly; and at that moment we bumped for the third time upon a sand bank and stuck fast.

Before we were free again, darkness and the stars had come and our gray beam had changed into a broad ray of dazzling gold along which myriads of white moths streamed like snowflakes, to burn to death on the great glass of the headlight.

We rounded a corner and the bright light of a petrol storm lamp showed us the landing place. Captain Crowther sidled in gingerly, and switching round his headlight, revealed to us suddenly in a circle of golden light one of those spectacles of which, for my part, I shall never tire. A brown slope of beach; fat bags of rice piled high and in orderly rows; the whole population of the village squatting and talking, with the storm lamp in the middle, their headdresses and skirts of gay and delicate colors glistening in the light; the brown shoulders of the men, the white jackets of the women; here and there a Buddhist monk draped in his bright saffron robe; on the top of the bank, the thatched cottages and the inevitable pagoda; and all around the jungle—whispering. That was Tagaung.

I went ashore as soon as the gangway plank was down. To my surprise I was immediately followed by the captain. He paid no attention to me, but went straight up the beach like a man upon urgent business. He was met by a girl with a rose in her hair, who led by the hand a child too old, I suppose, to sit astride of her hip in the way children have in Burma. And the three of them went aside out of the glare of the headlight into the shadows.

Captain Crowther was the last to come on board again when our half hour had elapsed, and he carried a packet tied up in brown paper in his hand. He sprang very alertly up the ladder to the wheel, gave the order to cast off, and as the steamer headed downstream again he smiled and hummed an American song. The packet now bulged out of the side pocket of his white jacket. For the first time I was aware of something rather sinister in the man.

. . . . .

Here Colonel Strickland was interrupted by a lady at the end of the table.

"But when are we coming to the sapphire?" she asked with a touch of petulance.

"Excuse me! We have already passed it," replied Colonel Strickland. "But have no fear. We shall find it again."

II

"CAPTAIN CROWTHER," said the colonel, "had contracted what is euphemistically called a Burmese marriage—that is, a marriage without any ceremony at all. He had a child, and he was leaving them planted in this remote little riverside village to get on as best they could, while he bolted back to the United States. We both went ashore at Mandalay, and that was the last I saw of Captain Crowther—until February of last year. Then I met him again."

"In Detroit," interrupted the man whose theory had provoked the story.

"Not at all," Strickland answered. "On the Irrawaddy. Listen!"

He suddenly leaned forward with his elbows on the table, so that all eyes were fixed on him, and resumed his story:

A most holy abbot of the Buddhist

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

C899
The weak spot, you found it at once

A PEE-GEE PAINT FOR EVERY PURPOSE

There is a Pee-Gee Paint for every purpose. The formula for each is the result of 63 years' experience and is the finest that science has produced. The materials are of Pee-Gee standard—the very finest. Among the more important Pee-Gee products are:

PEE-GEE MASTIC HOUSE PAINT
PEE-GEE FLATKOATT
PEE-GEE RE-NU-LAC
PEE-GEE PORCH AND FLOOR ENAMEL
PEE-GEE SATIN ENAMEL
PEE-GEE FOUR-HOUR GLOSS ENAMEL

Your dealer carries the complete Pee-Gee line.

And you'll find it just as surely in cheap paint —*once it's in your house*

LIKE suits or saws or soap, paint falls into two classes: the quality class and the "weak spot" class. There's little to choose between cheap and fine paint, in the can—just as there's little to choose between cheap and fine shoes, when they're new.

But wait till Old Man Time gets to work—then the weak spots in cheap paint will stand out like the side of a barn.

What are the weak spots in cheap paint? They are such defects as improper mixing and second-grade materials or "dividend-makers," that make cheap paint the most expensive in the end.

Avoid weak spots—use Pee-Gee products!

Use Pee-Gee Paints and Varnishes. They have no weak spots because they're made to do the best possible job—not to sell for the lowest possible price.

For example, you can't get a house paint that spreads as far or lasts as long as Pee-Gee Mastic House Paint. Why? Because it's the finest combination of pigments known—equal parts pure lead and pure zinc. And those ingredients are *pure!* They have to be before the corps of Pee-Gee chemists will give them their O. K. We don't slight that vital matter of mixing, either. Mastic House Paint is mixed by modern machinery and by workmen who feel personally responsible for the 63-year good name of Pee-Gee Paints and Varnishes.

And you'll find this same high standard of formula, materials and mixing in every Pee-Gee product. Each gives the finest results for the particular job. And greater beauty and longer wear make each the most economical you can buy.

Your Pee-Gee dealer knows paint. He can supply good paint and good paint advice. Patronize him.

Pee-Gee
PAINTS
SINCE 1867
VARNISHES
ENAMELS
STAINS
LACQUERS
BRUSHES

PEASLEE-GAULBERT PAINT & VARNISH CO., INC.
Louisville, Ky.
Makers of Good Paint since 1867

THE SAPPHIRE
Continued from page seventy-five

religion had died at Shwegu on the upper reaches of the river. His funeral was to be a most ceremonious affair. People would gather for it from all the country round. There would be three days' gaming and play-acting and dancing. The gaming booths were up; the tinsel pagoda in which the body was to be burned, the funeral chariot which was to be dragged to the pagoda in spite of the struggles of the demons to keep it back, the little tinsel temple in which the coffin was to be inclosed, the very ropes up which the temple was to slide to the upper room of the pagoda—all were glittering on the beach of Shwegu waiting for the ceremony; and at every village, along the reaches below, monks and peasants streamed on board my steamer and its lighters.

And at Thabeikkyn who should come aboard, with his head shaved, one shoulder naked, his feet bare, his body wrapped about in the yellow robes of a monk, but Captain Michael D. Crowther! Yes, he was back on the Irrawaddy, but with a beggar bowl for his daily rice, and a mat to stretch out on the deck of the lighter when night came.

He squatted upon the deck apart from the rest of the joy riders—for a joy ride is what a funeral is in Burma—he opened a great book upon his knees and buried his nose in it, while a few paces away a little boy who waited on him watched him respectfully.

AFTER luncheon I crossed to the lighter and leaned against the rail at his side.

"How do you do, captain?" I asked.

"Colonel, I am glad to see you," he answered immediately. "I recognized you this morning when I came on board. Couldn't keep away, eh?"

"No, nor you either," said I.

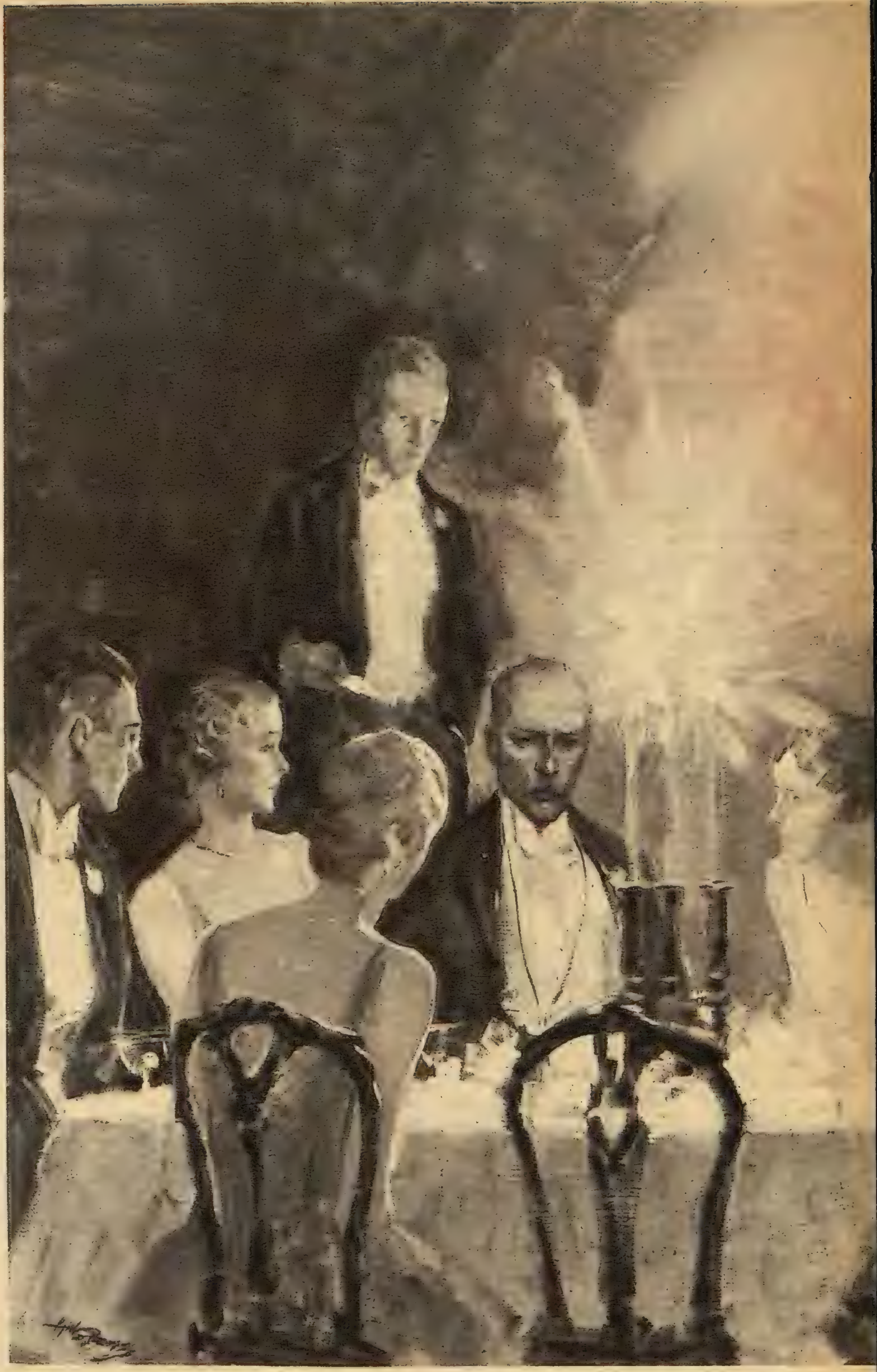
And at once he flowed out into confidences: "Yes, colonel. I went right back to Detroit to resume the virile life of an American citizen. But I failed. I had got into the way of going slow. Everybody else was bustling and busy; here was I, sauntering and idle. I got a sense of inferiority, see? Besides, I began to miss this country, the heat of it, the good nature and gayety of it—all these"—and he looked round the lighter with a smile of geniality which struck me suddenly as incongruous in this lean, gaunt man—"all these *children*. I began to get frightened of Detroit, with its great factories and chimneys. I felt that I was lost in it, like a baby in a forest. Besides—besides, you remember Tagaung?"

"Yes."

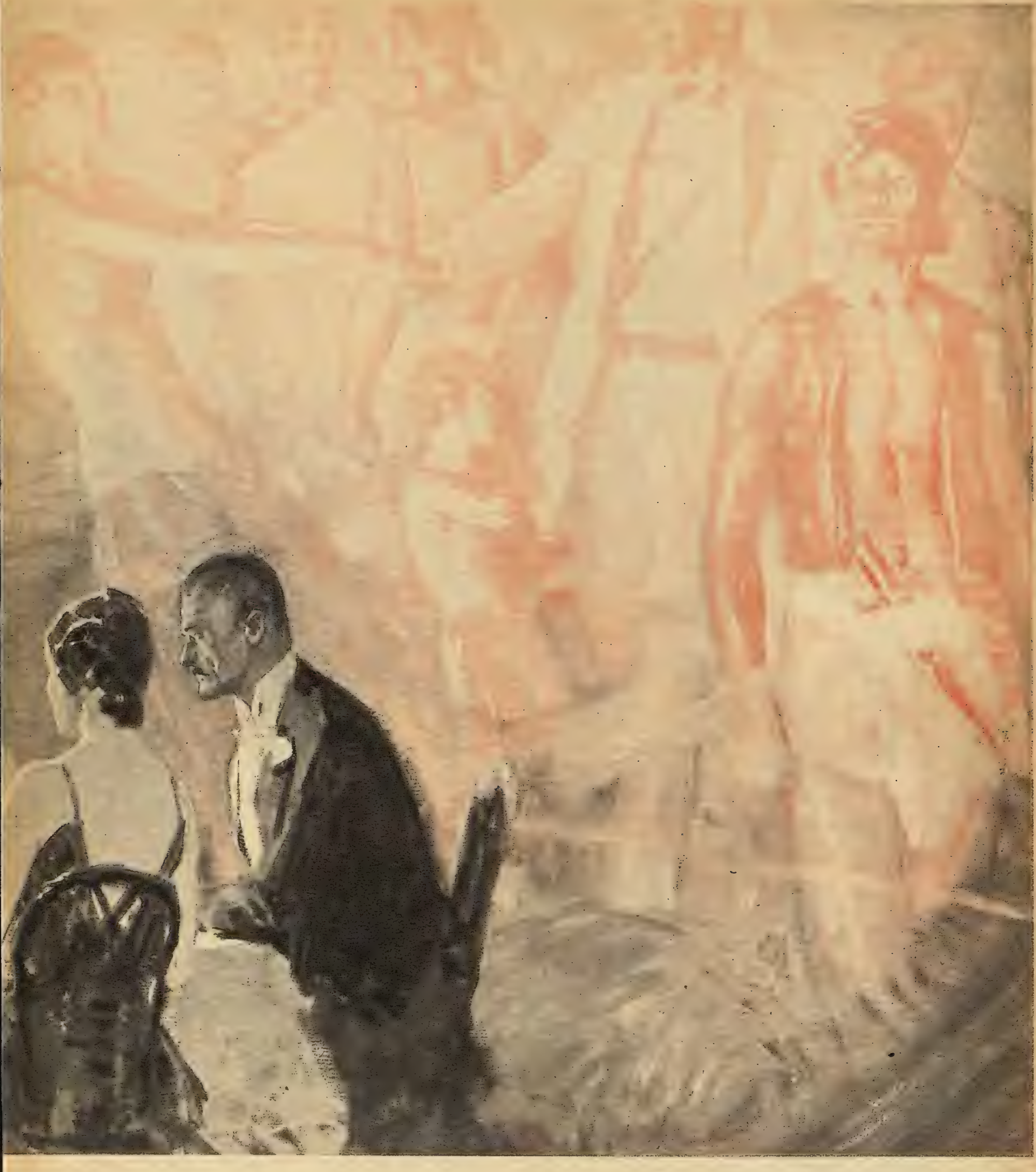
"You saw me on the beach there?"

"Yes."

"Well, *that* began to worry me in Detroit. You see, I had done the unforgivable thing from the point of view of an American citizen. I had forgotten the color bar. I had a brown wife and a whity-brown girl child up at Tagaung on the Irrawaddy. Yes, sir, I was grievously distressed about that. I went on worrying and worrying until it suddenly flashed upon me that I wasn't worrying about the color bar at all, but about that brown girl with the rose in her hair, and my whity-brown girl child. It had taken me three years to realize that, but, as soon



The ladies were instantly of one mind. Colonel Strickland m



l his story. For one thing, the heart of it was that most thrilling of subjects, a jewel.

as I did, I came right away back to Burma. I came *home.* And once I had come home, I wasn't any longer in a hurry. Do you follow me?"

I nodded, and Crowther went on, as he rose and stood at my side against the rail:

"I stayed a day or two at Rangoon. I got off the steamer at Prome and waited for the ferryboat. I put in a week at Mandalay, looking about indolently for a job which I could take on after I had brought Mah Sein and the girl child down from Tagaung. What with my pay and my commissions on the cargoes, I had enough put by to carry on for a time. I looked up old friends, I hung about at the landing places. I made a luxury out of delaying my journey to Tagaung. Everybody I knew knew that I was back in Burma—that's the point, see?"

I was to see very soon, even if I didn't at that moment. Captain Crowther traveled up the river as a passenger. He had worked himself at last into a mood of exaltation

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

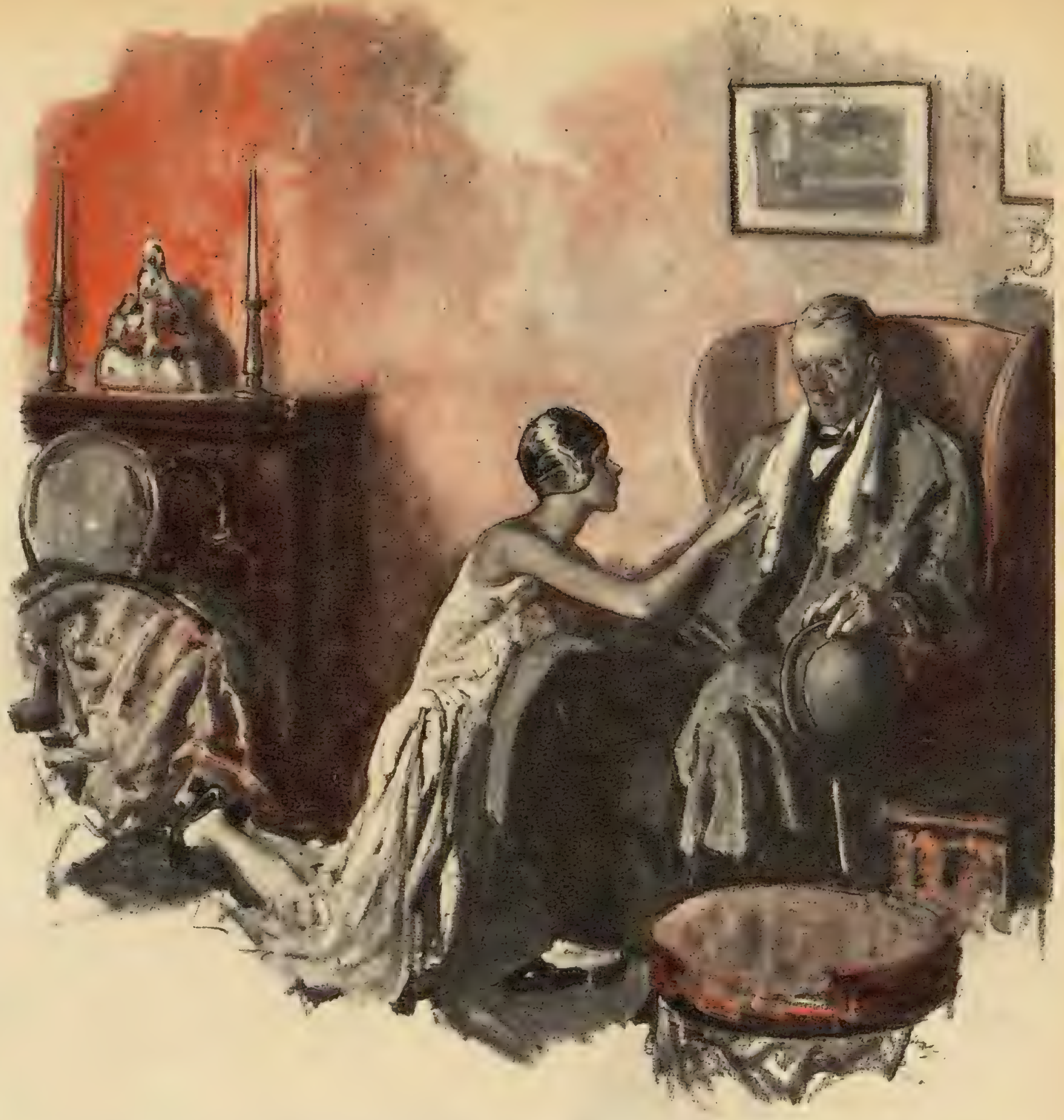
THE SAPPHIRE
Continued from page 77

over Mah Sein. As he put it to me, night and day he had a sense of her flesh. When he stepped off the gangway plank at Tagaung he was trembling.

An old white-bearded man ambled up to him, and all the men and women bathing and washing their hair in the river lifted their heads to watch.

"I am Moung Lone, the father of Mah Sein, and I have waited for many days for the captain to come."

"In the end I am here," returned Crowther, and his voice shook; for it was in his mind that Mah Sein was dead. But a worse thing had befallen him. Mah Sein had married a Burman and was content.



Marcelle Leslie was suddenly on her knees at his side. "You won't give me away? No one saw me go into her room. Please . . ."

"I WOULDN'T believe it," Crowther continued, as he told the story on the deck of the lighter—we were approaching Katha in a flame of sunset. "I said that I would go up to the house and see about that for myself. But the old man's face changed, and three or four younger men unostentatiously gathered round us. There was going to be trouble if I persevered. In an upriver village a Burmese girl who has a child by a white father acquires great prestige and is much sought after as a wife. Mah Sein would without doubt be a great personage nowadays at Tagaung. I caught sight of my little girl standing among her playmates—and the sight of her decided me.

"Three years had passed since I had seen her; she was eight years old now, but I hadn't a doubt she was mine. She wore a solar topee, for one thing, quite unnecessarily; also she wore socks and shoes. Pure swagger, you know, as the daughter of a white man. There she was, surrounded by deference, the little queen of the children of Tagaung, having the time of her life, and without a suspicion that her father was within twenty yards of her. Why should I spoil all her fun? If I did get Mah Sein away and take her down to Mandalay, the little girl would be just a half-breed, you see. Here at Tagaung she was It. I turned back and went on board again.

"But I was all broken up. I had failed as a hundred-per-cent American, and now I had failed as an Orientalized European. I went back to Mandalay, and gradually—gradually—I began to think of this." Captain Crowther plucked then at his saffron robe. "To be nothing at all—not to exist—not even as a soul. To get as near to that ideal on this earth, and finally, after as few reincarnations as possible, to acquire the utter unearthliness which would entitle me at last to extinction."

Captain Crowther's voice died away. His face took a set look, his body fell into a set, motionless pose. I was a hundred miles away from him. I left him squatting on the deck upon his mat, unaware that the steamer was sidling into the busy landing stage at Katha, like any fakir of the East.

But none the less I was conscious that he had not told me everything. I remembered the packet which had bulged in the pocket of his uniform jacket the last time he had edged his steamer out from the beach of Tagaung.

III

"MICHAEL D. CROWTHER disembarked the next day at Shwegu and disappeared in the throng about the booths," Colonel Strickland continued. "I saw him again a week ago. I saw Captain Michael D. Crowther at luncheon with a party of bright young spirits in the Café Parisien of the Semiramis Hotel."

"In his yellow robe, no doubt," scoffed the youth who had invented a theory in order to tell a story and had then not been allowed to tell it.

"He was so well dressed that his clothes were unnoticeable," said Strickland. "On the other hand, he wore his hair *en brosse*."

The art of the story-teller is suspense, and Colonel Strickland knew it. He leaned back in his chair as though he had more marvels to relate and asked:

"Did any of you know Letty Ransom?"

There was a curious movement about the table; a sudden chill was felt. All people who have just died acquire suddenly an enormous interest for the living who knew them, if only casually. And when the one who died is a girl—young, pretty, associated with laughter and daintiness, bright frocks and the dazzle of the footlights, so that the mere mention of her name causes a smile and a sense of pleasure—then the interest is tremendously increased by a suggestion of something incongruous and bizarre.

"I see you did," said Strickland, with a nod. "Letty Ransom comes into my story. She was described to me as a good little bad girl. At the age of sixteen she ran away from a convent school with a crook. At the end of two years the couple were stranded in London. Letty found an opening in a musical comedy and, as you know, her success was immediate and immense. On the strength of it the crook started an exclusive little gambling hall and Letty brought up the young sheep to be sheared. In addition, she doped and, as you know, died of it the day before yesterday. That was the bad side of her. On the other hand, she stuck to her crook through poverty and every sort of trouble; she had never a bitter word for anybody; she was light-hearted and generous; had a sense of humor. And she was lunching with Michael D. Crowther. . . . And Marcelle Leslie was of the company."

"Yes," interrupted the lady at the end of the table. "Girls like Letty always have a Marcelle Leslie."

Colonel Strickland looked keenly at the interrupter.

. . . .

I went over to their table [he continued] and shook hands with Letty and Michael D. Crowther. I had never seen a man more unabashed, more unembarrassed. Letty said—you know the attractive way she had of clutching you by the arm, as though you meant a lot to her, when as a fact you meant nothing at all—"You are coming, of course, to the Noughts and Crosses Ball at the Albert Hall, aren't you? Do! Get a scarlet domino and come!"

"The Noughts and Crosses?" I asked. "I never heard of them."

"Why should you?" she rattled on. "You can't hear of brilliant things like that in the jungle. The Noughts are the men and the Crosses are the women. See, as Mr. Crowther says? He's coming."

"Then I think I'll come, too," said I.

"That'll be fine," said Michael D. Crowther.

SO I went. It was the last night of Letty Ransom's life. But she was looking quite lovely. She was dressed as some glorified ultra-exquisite Alsatian peasant girl. As a rule she wore no jewelry, but on this night one glorious big sapphire, blue as the deep waters of the Mediterranean on a day of summer, hung on a platinum chain against her white breast. She danced with me the moment I asked her—she was always kind—and while we danced I did a little secret-service work about Michael D. Crowther. He had been presented to her by some young spark of the Burma Oil Corporation, home on leave, a month ago, and I gathered that he had aroused a friendly feeling in Letty Ransom's little circle.

"He's the loneliest old dear I have ever come across," she said to me. "Whoever of us makes him smile first counts one."

I left the ballroom at half past three, and whom should I see in the atrium of the Albert Hall, obviously waiting for me, but Crowther. He had chosen a yellow domino, and with that wrapped about his gaunt form—if you could only forget his white tie and his starched collar and his stubble of upstanding hair—you might have taken him for the monk he was then and there.

"I'll come along with you, colonel," he said.

I knew enough of the man's ways by now to understand that he was in one of his confessional moods. I called up a taxi.

"Jump in, Captain Crowther," I said, and we drove straight home to my flat, and in a rush he confided.

"When I left Mah Sein behind at Tagaung five years ago, I returned on board the steamer with a little packet," he began.

"I saw it spoiling the fit of your uniform pocket," said I.

"Mah Sein gave it to me to keep for her. There had been some dacoities round about Tagaung and she was afraid. The packet contained her little store of jewelry—her gold amulets and armlets, a chain of amethysts, a jade necklace, a few rings, a Star of Destiny ruby, and one or two spinels set in gold—the whole not worth very much, but of some value all the same. My presents to her. That was what I thought. And since I meant to slip away home to America, it just seemed providential, see? She had given them into my safe-keeping. I remember chuckling to myself as I stood by the wheel and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

for PEP . . . for HEALTH!

Breakfast with these

BETTER
BRAN FLAKES

START your day with a heaping bowlful of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. Get the taste-sparkle of these crispy, crackly flakes. The famous flavor of PEP. You'd never think bran flakes could taste so delicious.

Eat them and be peppy. Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are practically a perfect food with milk or cream. There's health in every spoonful. All the nourishment of wheat—the goodness of the whole grain. And just enough bran to help keep you fit and regular.

One taste. And you'll agree that Kellogg's are *better bran flakes.* Every one wants them often. Great for children. For the entire family. At every meal.

Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Kellogg's
PEP
Bran Flakes

IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.*

Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF
WHEAT
W.K.Kellogg
BETTER
KELLOGG COMPANY
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
LONDON, CAN.

THE SAPPHIRE
Continued from page seventy-nine

the steamer headed downstream away from Tagaung. I was robbing her. That's the truth. I was stealing from Mah Sein!" He gave a great heave of his shoulders, like a Frenchman.

"I pitched that packet into my trunk," Crowther continued, "and forgot all about it. I didn't come across it again until I was beginning to feel the pull of the Irrawaddy, and fumbled about in my trunk for the sake of the touch of things which reminded me of the jungle and the white-legged wild buffaloes drinking at the edge of the river, and the rush of the moths to the headlight of the steamer. I wondered what it was for a moment. Then I opened it and saw, glowing at me from the midst of my truck of commonplace presents, a flawless and exquisite sapphire. You, colonel, have seen it, too. You saw it tonight."

I nodded. It was the sapphire which I had seen burning so softly against the white bosom of Letty Ransom. But how in the world did it get there? Michael D. Crowther sat and gazed at the coals of the fire. I dared not break in upon his silence lest once more he should interrupt his confidences at the moment when they most interested me. I had the reward of my reticence.

"I TOOK the packet of jewelry back with me to Tagaung. I offered it to Moung Lone, and he refused it. Mah Sein wanted nothing more of mine. I urged that my presents did not comprise the whole of the packet. There was a sapphire, for instance, and a couple of spinels. Moung Lone was polite but quite firm. Mah Sein remembered quite clearly the sapphire and the spinels, but she had no need of them and was very happy that I should keep them. I felt pretty mean, colonel, I can tell you, when I returned on board. I might have thrown the packet, of course, into the Irrawaddy. But what was the use of that? I laid it aside. Some time, perhaps, a use for it might happen. And a use did happen—afterwards—when I had taken the yellow gown."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. I started forward in my chair. I began dimly to discern the motive for Crowther's tremendous pilgrimage from Thabeikkyn to the Albert Hall.

"By the side of my monastery," he resumed, "there is a pagoda, tapering up smooth and slender two hundred and forty feet to its Ti, and a lady who is wealthy was installing the electric light, so that a scaffolding was up."

. . . . .

COLONEL STRICKLAND broke off his narrative here to explain two of the customs of the rich natives. They equipped their pagodas thus, even in remote places, so that at night rings and long descending lines of golden fire might shine far across the country in the darkness. Besides, ladies of great virtue would give their jewelry to be strung in chaplets high up the pagoda under the Ti, the actual top with the tinkling pieces of metal which has the look of a closed umbrella.

Crowther had imitated those virtuous ladies [Strickland resumed]. He had strung the anklets and the chains and the bracelets and the sapphire into a chain, and, while the scaffolding was still erected, he had fixed the chain at the very summit of the pagoda as a votive offering. There it remained.

"But one day," said Crowther, "there came two new monks to the pagoda. You know, colonel, the kind of monks I mean."

"Released convicts," said I.

"Yes," agreed Michael D. Crowther.

There are only two classes of people who have their heads shaved in Burma—monks and convicts. Monks

Is your hot water s

For just a small amount down and a very few dollars a month you can have the comfort of abundant hot water supply without care or waiting, with the new Hotcoil Water Heater. No running down stairs to light the gas; a full supply of steaming water is always ready. The Hotcoil is low in price and costs little to operate. It is completely equipped and automatically regulated. The pearl grey baked enamel jacket with porcelain enamel trimming in green makes it an attractive household adjunct. In 20, 30 and 40 gallon sizes. *Pay for it while you enjoy it.* Write for a free catalog and see a reliable plumber or Heating Dealer.

Ideal Hotcoil Water Heater
. . . Burns Gas . . .

Conv
Con
C

AMERICAN RAD
DIVI
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STAN

take no vows; they have no ceremonies of initiation; they require no training or knowledge. They shave their heads, procure a yellow robe and a begging bowl, and the thing's done. You see the advantage for a convict on release. He is no longer known as a convict by his shaven head. He is a *ponghi*. And when, after a time, he walks out of the monastery and discards his robe, he is a man who has ceased to be a *ponghi*—that's all. Thus these two scoundrels sought refuge at Thabeikkyn, and one night, while the monastery slept, they, with nothing to help them but a single long bamboo pole with a hook at the end of it, scaled the pagoda and robbed it of Mah Sein's sapphire. This theft flung him across the world.

"It was my symbol of expiation, see!" he said. "It had just got to hang again in its place under the Ti of the Thabeikkyn pagoda, even if I dived to the bottom of the sea to find it. We, as you know, colonel, are not without some sort of organization. I followed the two thieves to Rangoon. There they had separated and the one with the sapphire had taken ship to Ceylon. I followed him. He had gone up to Kandy. I followed him there. He had sold the stone to one of the dealers under the colonnade at the side of the hotel. When I found the dealer, he in his turn had sold it. He had sold it to Harry Upway."

"THE lover of Letty Ransom!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said Crowther. "I still had some money left. I came to England. I meant to buy that sapphire from him, but he had given it to Letty. I made her acquaintance, became one of her friends, and asked her to sell it to me. She refused. But tomorrow afternoon I am going to tell her the whole story—and I think she will give it to me."

"I, too, think she will," said I.

It was now six o'clock in the morning. Letty Ransom was on her way back with her party of friends to her flat in the Semiramis Hotel. You remember what happened. They had breakfast together and left Letty. She went to bed, took an overdose of cocaine, and never woke again.

. . . . .

The lady at the head of the table heaved a sigh of discontent.

"Then, after all, the poor man never got his sapphire back," she said.

"Wait!" Colonel Strickland advised.

IV

CROWTHER had made his plans shrewdly [the colonel continued]. Marcelle Leslie was, of course, the enemy. She would certainly not allow Letty to hand this lovely stone back. If it was to be given to anybody, it must assuredly be given to her. Marcelle Leslie had therefore to be got out of the way during that afternoon. Crowther invited her to lunch with him in the café of the Semiramis, and arranged that his young friend of the B. O. C. should come in after luncheon and take her to a matinée.

Crowther would thus be certain of sufficient time in which to develop his plan. And everything worked to the time-table.

At one-fifteen Michael D. Crowther was waiting in the lounge. At one-thirty Marcelle arrived, all black eyes and scarlet lips and flashing teeth, not a whit the worse for her night at the Noughts and Crosses Ball. They went into the café and took the table which he had ordered.

"What will you have?" asked Crowther, handing to her the bill of fare.

"Oh, anything, of course," said Marcelle Leslie, and

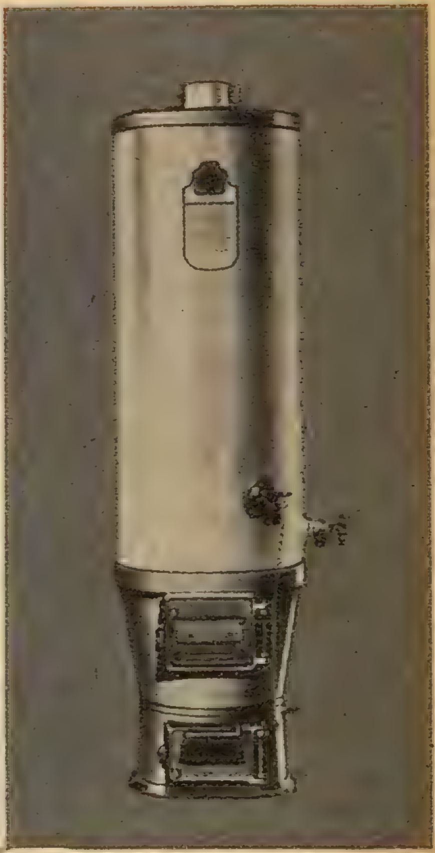
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

upply satisfactory?

The Kolflash Water Heater gives the same dependable service as Hotcoil, using coal for fuel. For just a few cents a day you can have all the hot water you need. One or two shovels of coal a day is all that is necessary to take care of the average household. When hot water is not being used the fire burns low, but the moment you turn the hot water faucet the draft opens automatically and the fire blazes. Beautifully finished in pearl grey enamel. Made in 30, 40, 60 and 80 gallon sizes. Burns hard or soft coal. Just a little down and a little each month. Write for free catalog and ask your local dealer about Kolflash.

ient
ant
ap

ATOR COMPANY
ON OF
RD SANITARY CORPORATION



Ideal Kolflash Water Heater
. Burns Hard or Soft Coal .

THE SAPPHIRE
Continued from page eighty-one

she proceeded to order just what she liked, indifferent to seasons and prices. " And get me a cocktail, old dear, with a dash of absinthe. I left my platinum bag in Letty's flat this morning and I am just going to run upstairs and get it."

" But her door will be locked and you'll wake her up," Crowther objected.

" No," said Marcelle Leslie. " We left her door with the catch fastened back this morning. She asked us to. She didn't want to be bothered by having to get out of bed and open it."

By a chance which Marcelle must have considered providential, the lift was on its way between the floors. Marcelle, who never could wait a second for anything without losing her temper, ran up to the third floor on which Letty's flat was placed, and after five or ten minutes walked down again.

She rejoined Crowther with her platinum bag in her hand and drank her cocktail in one gulp. She burst into spasmodic conversation—what a splendid ball it was, and how well dear old Carrie Baines looked, except that she daren't laugh lest the enamel should crack, and what a pity Sir James Pollant didn't give that sort of thing up! He had been all right until he got into the sixties. " ' Old dot and carry one,' I call him," she said, and suddenly her effervescence vanished. A haggard face peered into Crowther's, a trembling hand clutched his sleeve.

" DON'T mention to a soul that I went upstairs after my bag. Promise me, old thing! It might do me a lot of harm. I'm started now, you know. I'm opening in a really fine singing part at the Melody Theater in a fortnight. I've got to be careful."

She was off again in her hard, swift, self-concentrated rattle before Michael D. Crowther, who was nowadays rather slow on the intake, could answer her. She kept it up until the young spark from the Burma Oil Corporation came to fetch her for the matinée.

" I have had a divine lunch," she said, " and you'll remember your promise, won't you? "

" Was Letty getting up? " Crowther asked.

" When? " asked Marcelle Leslie with an angry frown. " The last time I saw her, she was going to bed."

MICHAEL D. CROWTHER was a little at a loss. The one solid fact he clung to was that Letty Ransom couldn't get up in under an hour and a half. It was now half past two. Accordingly he hung about the Semiramis until four. He would still have an hour, he reckoned, before Marcelle could return.

He went upstairs at four, and the doorway of Letty's flat was barred by a policeman, the manager, and the doctor attached to the hotel.

" You can't come in," they said in one voice.

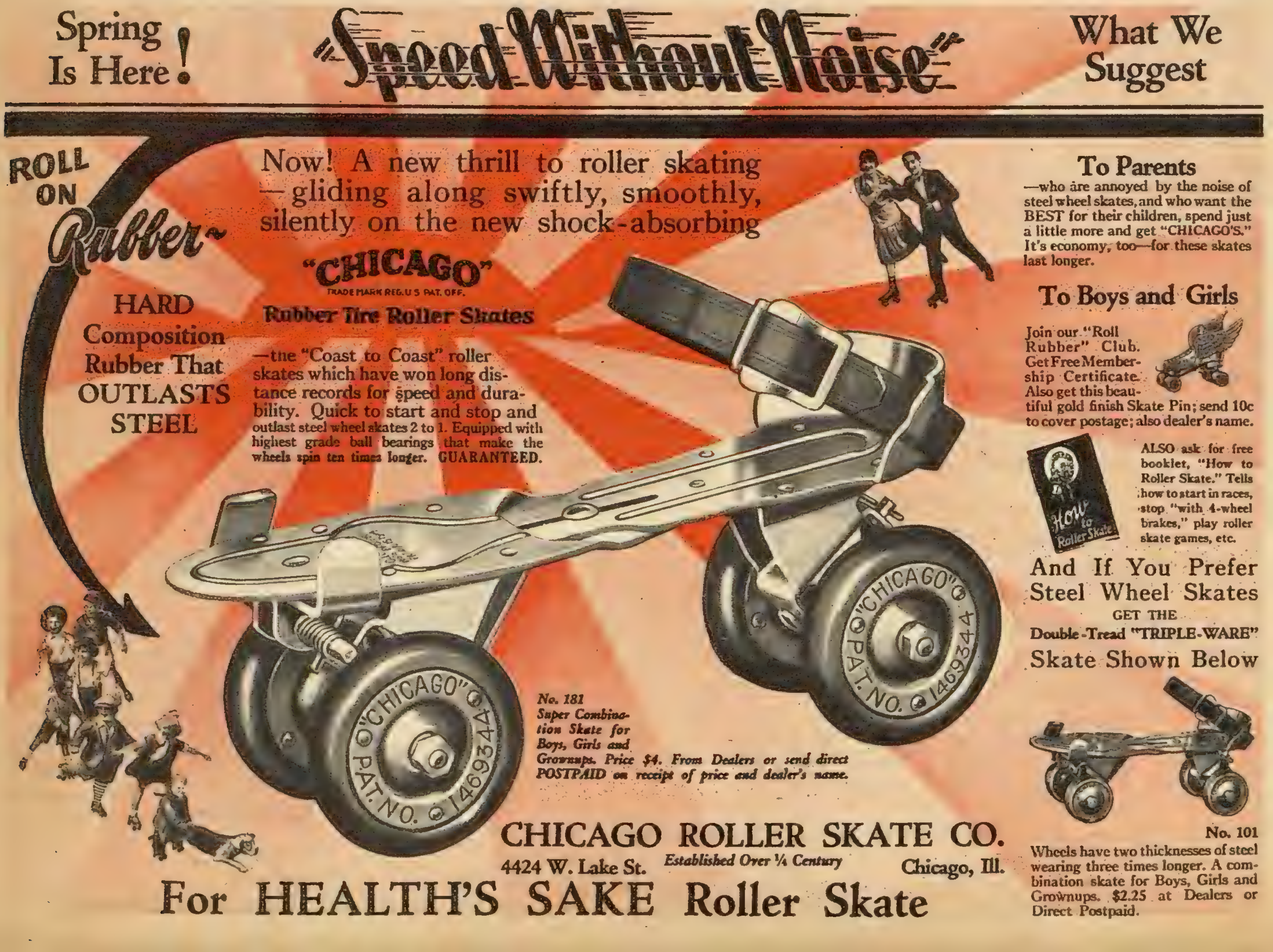
A fourth voice, however, was added to the chorus. A second doctor, a friend of Letty, came out from the bedroom.

" Mr. Crowther was one of Letty's friends," he said. " He may know something."

Crowther was admitted into the lobby. " What's the matter? " he asked.

" Letty's dead," said the doctor, and he led Crowther into the bedroom where she lay, her little lively troubled soul at rest.

You must remember, of course, Crowther's point of view. His heart was set on the recovery of the sapphire. It came first and last in his thoughts. He consequently kept his head and looked about the room. There were Letty's rings on a china tray, Letty's gown and stockings



Spring Is Here!

"Speed Without Noise"

What We Suggest

ROLL ON Rubber

HARD Composition Rubber That OUTLASTS STEEL

Now! A new thrill to roller skating—gliding along swiftly, smoothly, silently on the new shock-absorbing

"CHICAGO"
TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Rubber Tire Roller Skates

—the "Coast to Coast" roller skates which have won long distance records for speed and durability. Quick to start and stop and outlast steel wheel skates 2 to 1. Equipped with highest grade ball bearings that make the wheels spin ten times longer. GUARANTEED.

No. 181 Super Combination Skate for Boys, Girls and Grownups. Price $4. From Dealers or send direct POSTPAID on receipt of price and dealer's name.

To Parents
—who are annoyed by the noise of steel wheel skates, and who want the BEST for their children, spend just a little more and get "CHICAGO'S." It's economy, too—for these skates last longer.

To Boys and Girls
Join our "Roll Rubber" Club. Get Free Membership Certificate. Also get this beautiful gold finish Skate Pin; send 10c to cover postage; also dealer's name.

ALSO ask for free booklet, "How to Roller Skate." Tells how to start in races, stop "with 4-wheel brakes," play roller skate games, etc.

And If You Prefer Steel Wheel Skates
GET THE
Double-Tread "TRIPLE-WARE"
Skate Shown Below

No. 101
Wheels have two thicknesses of steel wearing three times longer. A combination skate for Boys, Girls and Grownups. $2.25 at Dealers or Direct Postpaid.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
4424 W. Lake St. *Established Over ¼ Century* Chicago, Ill.

For HEALTH'S SAKE Roller Skate

thrown about the room; Letty's shoes kicked under a chair. Where, then, was Letty's sapphire?

"When did she die?" he asked.

"Half an hour ago—all alone here. Certainly not more than half an hour ago," replied her friend the doctor miserably.

"Could she have been saved?" asked Crowther.

The doctor took his time in answering.

"I think so. An hour ago — perhaps. Two hours ago—yes."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes." The doctor looked at his little friend. "It was that ball, you see. In the ordinary way, Letty's friends would have been ringing her up all the time after eleven in the morning, proposing this and arranging that. But they were all in bed, too. It was just by chance that I called her on the telephone half an hour ago and could get no answer."

CROWTHER left his address with the policeman and, descending to the ground floor, called up a taxi. He was driven to Marcelle's lodging. She had not returned from her matinée. Crowther sat down and waited. She came in with a swirl at half past five, and she turned white and she staggered as she saw Crowther seated in her chair.

"I gave you no promise, Marcelle, at luncheon."

Marcelle Leslie drew in her breath in a horrible sort of whistle.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Letty's dead," said Crowther, "and you could have saved her life."

Marcelle collapsed into a chair. She was shaking like a man in a fever.

"I was frightened when I saw her," she stammered, her teeth clicking against each other. "She was breathing in a dreadful, noisy way. I had to think of myself, hadn't I? She took cocaine. Supposing that she was dying of it! There would be a scandal. All who had been with her—who were her friends—would be tarred with it. . . . I snatched up my bag and ran away."

"And so Letty died, whereas she might have recovered," said Crowther.

Marcelle Leslie was suddenly on her knees at his side. "You won't say that? You won't give me away? No one saw me go into her room. Please . . . promise!"

The tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"I'll promise to keep silent on one condition," said Crowther. "You must give me back the sapphire you stole from Letty's dressing table."

MARCELLE sprang up from her knees, smiling, relieved of all her fears. The sapphire? What did that matter? She was dealing, after all, with someone like herself—a blackmailer who could be bought off—and cheaply, too.

"Here you are, old dear," she cried, and, tumbling the contents out of her platinum bag, she pushed the sapphire pendant across the table to him.

"After all, you're just like me," she said with a laugh of comradeship.

"I am very likely worse," said Crowther. . . .

All that happened two days ago. This afternoon I saw Michael D. Crowther off from Southampton on the first stage of his journey back to Thabeikkyn.

I promised you a story which would cover the surface of the world and yet be as complete as any fable of old times.

. . . . .

WHEN Colonel Strickland had finished, there was a moment's silence, and then the chairs were pushed back amid a murmur of thanks to him.

"Yet," added Strickland, "have I told you the absolute end? I don't know. If not, here it is. Crowther, at all events, would agree with me.

"The lease of my flat is up and I am moving into the Semiramis. On coming back from Southampton, I went to see my new flat. It is the one which Letty Ransom occupied.

"Everything of hers had been removed. Only a thrush had flown in at the window and was singing as if there it had its home."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Observant Child

Five-year-old Marvin and three-year-old John were playing in the sand. The older boy appropriated all the toys, which made John weep. To ease conditions, Marvin gave him a brief hug and kiss, but continued to dominate. The weeping grew louder. Finally, in desperation, Marvin said:

"What's the matter? Didn't I kiss you? Here"—drawing forth a huge handkerchief—"blow your nose and be a man!"—Helen W. Ogden, 61 Johnson Ave., Binghamton, N. Y.

A Threat

Louise, visiting her little friend, overstayed her time and was asked for dinner.

"But mama told me to come home early," said Louise.

"I'll call your mother and tell her you'd like to stay," said her friend's mother.

"Oh, I don't think you'd better, Mrs. Bates. She might come over and stay for dinner too," was Louise's warning.—Blanche V. Rigney, Glenwood Springs, Calif.

TO HASTY EATERS who repent at leisure

PEPTO-BISMOL will end your digestive discomforts quickly.

It brings amazingly swift relief from hyper-acidity, heartburn, sour stomach, and indigestion. It checks acid fermentation.

Pepto-Bismol is safe—prescribed by doctors for 25 years. Even children love its agreeable flavor.

Pepto-Bismol is sold with a flat promise of money back if it disappoints you. Buy it in the 3-cornered bottle at your druggist's. Only 50c. Take it and enjoy serene after-eating hours.

Pepto-Bismol

RELIEVES INDIGESTION QUICKLY

MAKERS OF Norwich UNGUENTINE

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Dancing?

Soft, mellow lights—music that's divine—a happy crowd and a marvelous partner—don't risk spoiling an otherwise perfect evening with the twinging torture of a corn.

Ask any druggist for this famous old remedy—six individual dressings in a convenient, modern 35c package.

Sold through the country's drug stores for fifty years.

KOHLER ONE NIGHT CORN CURE

"Removes - not only relieves pain"

Index to Advertisements

This Issue

ADVERTISER PAGE

American Radiator Company........80–81
Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., The
(Spud Cigarettes)....................56

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.............. 5
Beech-Nut Packing Co.................60
Bristol-Myers Co.
(Ingram's Shaving Cream)..........19
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
(Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco) .26

Chicago Roller Skate Co................82
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.
(Palmolive Soap) 6
Corn Products Refining Co. (Mazola)...35
Coty, Inc.............................. 3

Dixon Crucible Company, Joseph.......58
Dodge Brothers Corporation............23

Edison, Inc., Thomas A.................21
Edwards Olive Tablets, Dr..............65

Fitch Co., F. W.........................65
Foley & Co..............................71
Forhan Company, Inc....................73
Freezone 67

Gillette Safety Razor Co..............43–47

Hair Groom.............................85
Houbigant, Inc..........................41
(Fougère Royale).......................57

Kellogg Company........................79
Kohler Manufacturing Company.........83

La Salle Extension University..........85
Lever Brothers Co.
(Lifebuoy Shaving Cream).............24
(Lux Toilet Soap)....................33
Life Savers, Inc.......................15
Lucky Tiger Remedy Co.................70

Menhenitt Company Limited, The........83
Mennen Co., The 38
Miles Company, Dr.
("Nervine Tablets")...................59

Norwich Pharmacal Company
(Pepto-Bismol) 83

Oakland Motor Car Co.
(Pontiac Motor Car)...................16
O'Brien, Clarence A....................67

Peaslee-Gaulbert Paint & Varnish Co.,
Inc. (Pee-Gee Paints)..................75
Philippe, Louis.........................68

RCA Victor Company, Inc......Back-Cover
Royal Typewriter Co., Inc......Third Cover

Scholl Manufacturing Company
(Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads)...............70
Sheaffer Pen Company, W. A....Second Cover
Stuart Co.
(Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets)..........85

Studebaker Corp. of America, The.......25
Wander Company, The (Ovaltine)......55

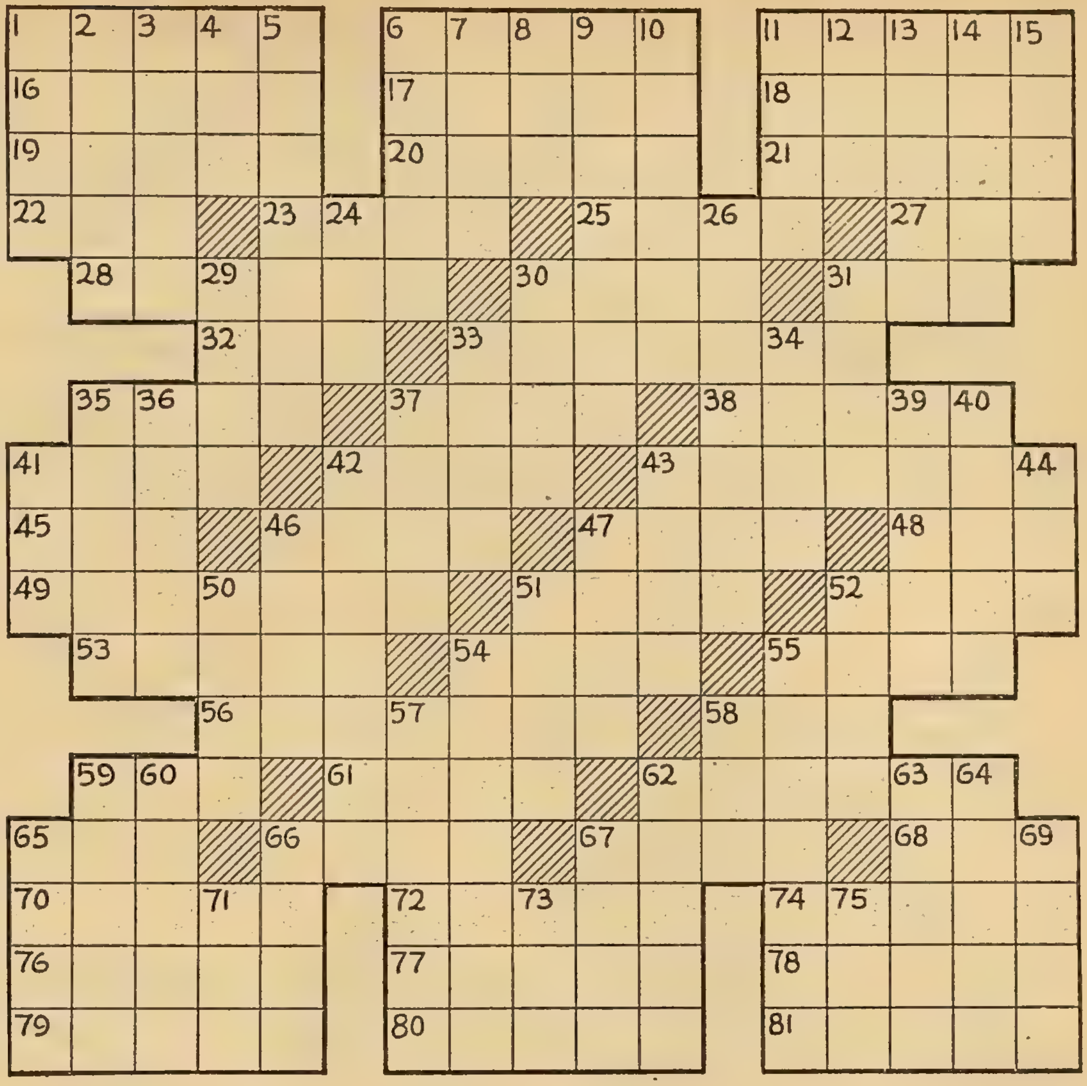
Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.).....37

Zemo 70

* * *

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

Two Puzzles for

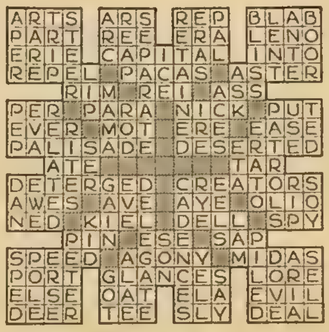


HORIZONTAL

1 Gleamed
6 French seaport
11 Siamese coin
16 A chicken
17 Fisher for lampreys
18 Worship
19 Evade
20 Laymen collectively
21 Embankment
22 Thrice (music)
23 Esau
25 Beat, as of a clock
27 Attention
28 Illiberal; bigoted
30 Light open cotton fabric
31 River in Scotland
32 Pronoun
33 To put forth buds
35 Bamboolike grass
37 Adipose tissue (pl.)
38 Expunger
41 North American rail
42 Sound, or the character of sound
43 Rasped
45 Devoured
46 Small nail
47 Reclines
48 A black bird of the cuckoo family
49 Pertaining to milk
51 Gentle; clement
52 Performs
53 Visible vapor
54 Hurl
55 Strikes
56 Uphold; sustain
58 Distant
59 Skill
61 Native of Latvia
62 More compact
65 An area ten meters square
66 Confined
67 Discover
68 Confederate general in the Civil War
70 Thin crimped stuff of silk or cotton
72 To become narrower toward an end
74 Idles
76 Mother of pearl
77 A size of type
78 Consumed
79 Ethereal salt
80 Hinder
81 A cubic meter

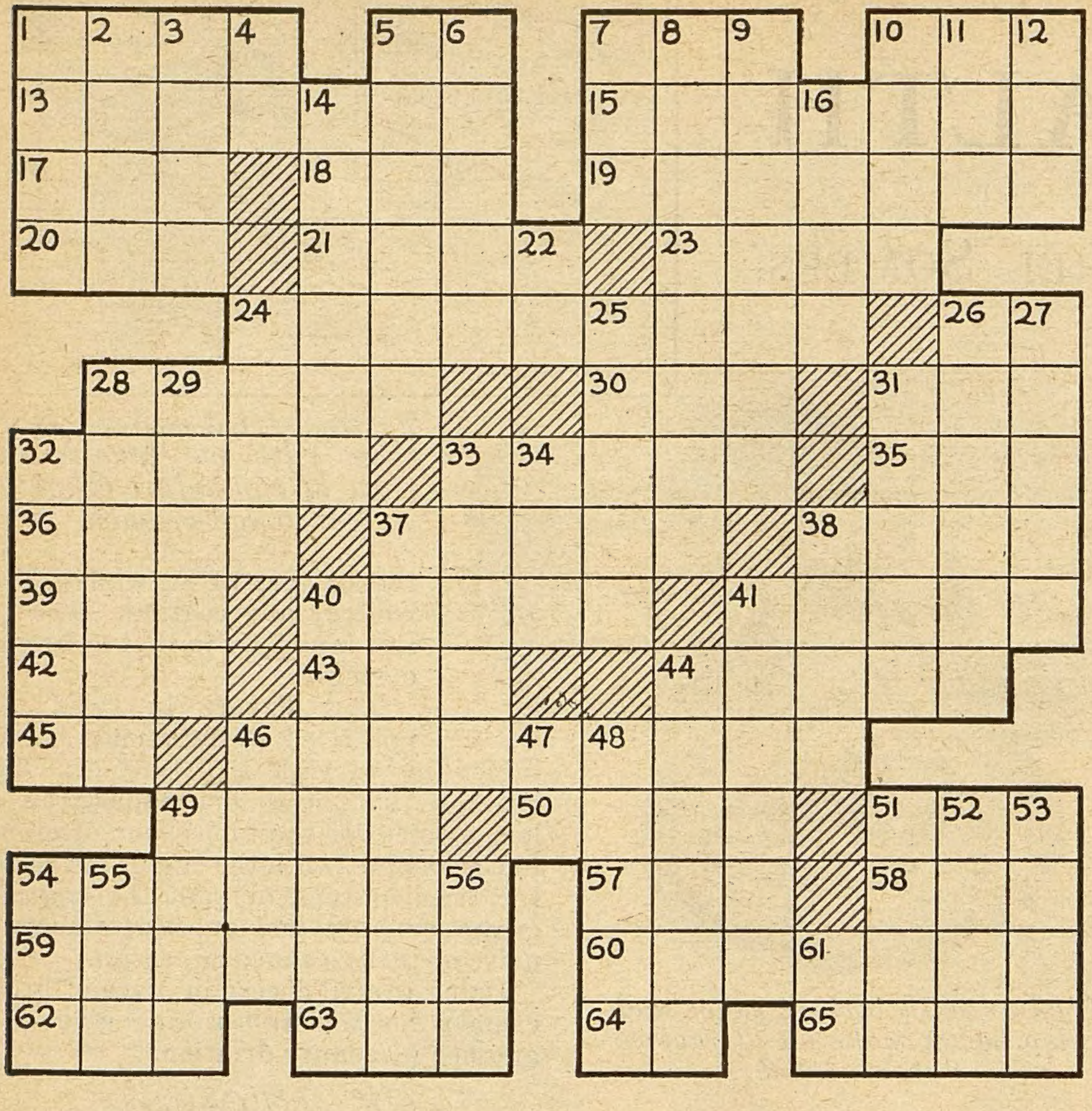
VERTICAL

1 Begone!
2 Harbor
3 Musical drama
4 And not
5 Penetrated
6 Beneath
7 Measure of paper
8 High priest in whose care Samuel was trained
9 Kind of dog (plural)
10 Attempting
11 Converse
12 Small fish of the carp kind
13 Flock of partridges
14 Toward the rear
15 Sidelong look
24 A beetle
26 Compelled or constrained to any action
29 American ostrich
30 Stringed instrument
31 A looplike structure (anatomy)
33 Company of musicians
34 Rows
35 Ecclesiastical courts
36 Upstanding
37 Young equine
39 Calendar month's excess over a lunar month
40 Leases
41 Salt
42 Tread down
43 Deposit of mud
44 Roman underworld god
46 A dandy
47 Roster
50 A trial
51 Market
52 Ventilates
54 Small house
55 Feels with the hand
57 A five-year period
58 Marsh
59 Tapestry
60 Respond
62 More dreadful
63 Make glad
64 Allude
65 Skin disease
66 An equal
67 Festival
69 Slave
71 Prefix: before
73 Appropriate; fit
75 Cereal grain


ARTS ARS REP BLAB
PART REE ERA LENO
ERIE CAPITAL INTO
REPEL PACAS ASTER
RIM REI ASS
PER PARA NICK PUT
EVER MOT ERE EASE
PALISADE DESERTED
ATE TAR
DETERGED CREATORS
AWES AVE AYE OLIO
NED KIEL DELL SPY
PIN ESE SAP
SPEED AGONY MIDAS
PORT GLANCES LORE
ELSE OAT ELA EVIL
DEER TEE SLY DEAL

Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans

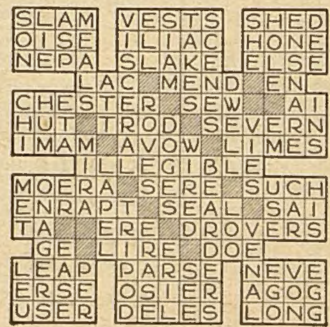


HORIZONTAL

1 One of an ancient people who inhabited Great Britain
5 Form of to be
7 To frost
10 Cry of a sheep
13 A town in Italy
15 Boat propelled by three rowers (plural)
17 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene
18 A member of a tribe of Siouan Indians
19 Encroachments
20 Merry; sportive
21 Small mountain lake
23 High
24 Pastor's residence
26 Pronoun
28 The final purpose or aim (plural)
30 An avenging spirit in Greek tragedies
31 Edible seed
32 Floats aloft
33 A wanderer
35 Fall behind; linger
36 Measure of distance
37 Gazes intently, as in reading
38 Overlay, as a road, with a hard substance
39 Cardinal number
40 Subterraneous cavity (plural)
41 More sensible
42 A man's nickname
43 Exist
44 Painful spots
45 Verb suffix
46 Like an opal
49 To applaud
50 A division of time
51 Small venomous snake of Egypt and vicinity
54 Rasped
57 Lay, as of land or country
58 One of a Mongoloid tribe of Burma
59 Recluse
60 Having no certain course; wandering
62 Gaze steadily
63 Compass point
64 The symbol for an element
65 Went horseback

VERTICAL

1 Substance used to stop a hole
2 An island of the Hebrides group
3 A disease of hawks
4 The symbol of an element
5 Perfume obtained from flowers (plural)
6 A people of northern Africa
7 A son of Bela (1 Chron. vii)
8 Choral composition (plural)
9 Violently angry
10 Deity of ancient Semitic races
11 In addition
12 An equine
14 Sums
16 Deal out scantily or grudgingly
22 Not
24 Wan
25 That by which a thing is known (plural)
26 Causes to move by a lifting effort
27 Keenly desirous
28 Won, as in competition
29 Greased
31 Carpenter's tool
32 Struck
33 Fictitious prose narrative
34 Crude metal
37 Walls; ramparts
38 Peel
40 From head to foot
41 More acid
44 Title of dignity next below knight
46 An indefinitely long time
47 Expression of inquiry or slight surprise
48 A fish (plural)
49 American Indian
51 Tenor violin
52 Declared
53 A copper coin used in India
54 Comprehend
55 To call out
56 River in England and Wales
61 Measure of area



S	L	A	M		V	E	S	T	S		S	H	E	D
O	I	S	E		I	L	I	A	C		H	O	N	E
N	E	P	A		S	L	A	K	E		E	L	S	E
			L	A	C	▨	M	E	N	D	▨	E	N	
C	H	E	S	T	E	R	▨	S	E	W	▨	▨	A	I
H	U	T	▨	T	R	O	D	▨	S	E	V	E	R	N
I	M	A	M	▨	A	V	O	W	▨	L	I	M	E	S
			I	L	L	E	G	I	B	L	E			
M	O	E	R	A	▨	S	E	R	E	▨	S	U	C	H
E	N	R	A	P	T	▨	S	E	A	L	▨	S	A	I
T	A	▨	▨	E	R	E	▨	D	R	O	V	E	R	S
	G	E	▨	L	I	R	E	▨	D	O	E			
L	E	A	P		P	A	R	S	E		N	E	V	E
E	R	S	E		O	S	I	E	R		A	G	O	G
U	S	E	R		D	E	L	E	S		L	O	N	G

Answer to last week's puzzle

HAIR so LOVELY

in 12 Seconds

Here's the way smart women are now keeping their hair soft, lustrous, free from unsightly dandruff and always perfectly dressed.

Each morning they brush a little of this wonderful, greaseless formula into the hair. The effect is marvelous.

This preparation—a blend of vegetable ingredients—restores the natural oil-balance to the scalp. It quickly makes the hair soft, yet so very easy to dress. It brings out the natural lustre and gleam. It dissolves dandruff and keeps the hair clean.

Sets a Wave—Keeps Hair Soft, Smooth and Lustrous

If your hair is stringy or dull; if it is unruly; if it is dry, brittle or falling out...ask your druggist for Hair Groom—Liquid or Paste. In 12 seconds a day it will keep your hair lustrous, beautiful and healthy. It will keep it perfectly coiffed. Get Hair Groom today.

BECOME AN EXPERT
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examination or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of American Institute of Accountants. Write for "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays"—FREE.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 331-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Indigestion

Two Minute Relief!

Have you ever tried Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets? If not you should do so and perhaps find the relief you have long sought.

These tablets were first placed on sale in drug stores in December, 1894, thirty-six years ago, and have steadily increased in popularity ever since as attested by millions of users.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain no soda nor any harmful ingredient, but the desired alkaline effect is secured by a pleasant combination of Magnesia and Calcium Carbonate with other ingredients for the prompt relief of that acidity, discomfort after eating, nausea, fullness after meals, etc. They are a modern anti-acid. One of them will neutralize 2½ times its weight of acid material in the stomach.

Try This Test

Enough for the one-week test, in the handy pocket box, will be mailed complimentary if you use coupon below.

Full Box Free

A regular 25c box, pocket size—ample to try thoroughly the benefits of Stuart's Tablets—will be sent you free, if you will mail this coupon to Stuart Co., Dept. 316-A, Marshall, Mich.

Name..
Address......................................
Town...

At All Drug Stores: 25c and 60c

Oysters *for* HEALTH

By ETHEL SOMERS

SCIENTIFIC research has brought to our attention the great health-building properties of all kinds of sea foods. Oysters contain two valuable vitamins. In addition they are particularly rich in iodine, which in the "goiter belt" sections of our country is most desirable.

Oysters cook quickly and are easy to prepare. However, all grit must be carefully removed. To do this, strain the liquor through a double layer of dampened cheesecloth and examine the oysters for adhering particles of shell.

Oyster Club Sandwich

3 slices toast
2 lettuce leaves
2 slices crisp bacon
4 to 6 oysters, broiled or fried
1 slice tomato or sliced stuffed olives
1 tablespoon tartare sauce or mayonnaise

SPREAD the tartare sauce or mayonnaise on the hot toast in place of butter. Cover with lettuce, then oysters, then bacon. Repeat for the other layer, substituting the tomato or olives for the oyster. Serve with a bit of salad or celery.

Creamed Oysters

2 dozen oysters
½ cup strained oyster liquor
½ cup cream
3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains red pepper
¼ cup or more minced pimiento
1 tablespoon or more minced parsley

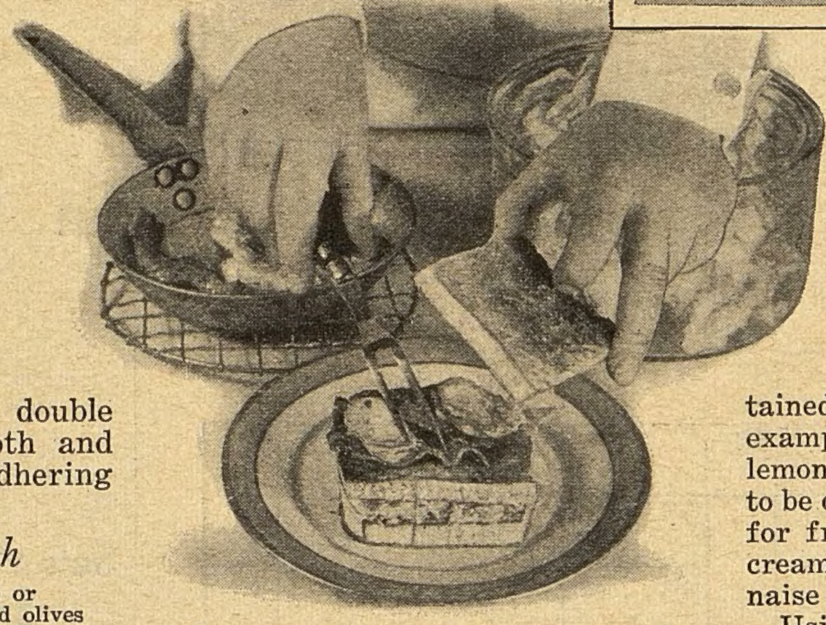
MELT the butter. Remove from the fire and blend in the flour. Stir in the cream, salt, and pepper. Cook and stir until thick, then keep hot over water for at least ten minutes, to thoroughly cook the flour.

Meanwhile strain the oyster liquor through a double layer of cheesecloth, and heat. Add the oysters and gently cook (if boiled, the oysters become tough) until the edges curl open (from three to five minutes). Add to the thickened cream and keep hot over water until ready to serve, stirring in the pimiento and parsley just before serving. Serve in patty shells, cream-puff shells, parboiled green-pepper cases, or on biscuit or toast.

Fried Oysters

1 pint large oysters, drained
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 tablespoon cream
½ cup crumbs
Lemon, lime, or relish

FIRST strain the oysters carefully, and then thoroughly dry between folds of a clean towel. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Beat the cream into the egg. Coat the oysters first in egg and then in crumbs. Let stand ten minutes to slightly harden this first coating. Roll in egg and crumbs again and fry in deep hot fat (375° F.) until browned—about five minutes. Drain on absorbent paper, and serve piping hot with a garnish of parsley or wedges of lime or lemon, or with an appropriate relish, such as chili or tartare sauce.



Oysters with tartare sauce and crisp bacon make an attractive club sandwich.

Pan-Fried Oysters

PREPARE as for fried oysters, but brown in two tablespoons of hot fat, turning each oyster after the first side is browned. Many prefer to pan-fry the oyster, after wiping dry, without any coating. The result is similar to that of broiled oysters.

FOR delicious batter-covered fried oysters that will add just the proper amount of iodine to your diet, consult Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. In the booklets you'll also find many other menu suggestions that will help keep your oyster dinners refreshingly varied. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. When sending for them, for convenience and speedy delivery please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

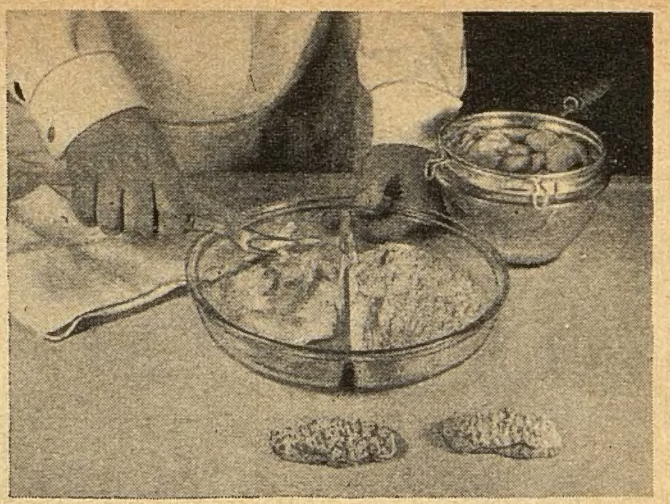
I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name....................................

Street or R. F. D..............................

City.................State...........3-22-30



To vary fried oysters, coat them with mayonnaise in place of egg before dipping in bread crumbs.

New flavors in fried and pan-fried oysters may be obtained by varying the coatings. For example, substitute one tablespoon of lemon juice for the tablespoon of cream to be combined with the egg of the recipe for fried oysters, or omit the egg and cream entirely and substitute mayonnaise or tomato sauce or catsup.

Using grated cheese in place of bread crumbs for the first rolling gives still another pleasant variation.

Broiled Oysters

6 oysters
2 tablespoons melted fat or oil
¼ cup cracker crumbs
Lemon and parsley

DRAIN the oysters and examine carefully for adhering particles of shell. Dry between folds of a clean towel. Drop in the melted fat or oil and then into cracker crumbs until well coated. Arrange on the broiler rack and place two inches below the broiler flame turned high (500° F.). Broil until the juice begins to flow from the edges, or about six to ten minutes. To prevent loss of juice the oysters should be turned frequently while broiling. If skewers are available alternate the oysters with inch squares of bacon, and broil. Serve with a wedge of lemon and some parsley.

Broiled Oysters au Gratin

2 toast fingers (1 by 3 by ½ inches)
4 broiled oysters
1 tablespoon grated cheese

ARRANGE two oysters lengthwise on each of the toast fingers. Sprinkle with the grated cheese and brown in a hot oven (425° F.) for about five minutes, or under a broiler flame turned high from one to two minutes.

Oyster Cocktail

8 raw or parboiled oysters
Lemon wedges
2 tablespoons cocktail sauce, chili sauce, or catsup

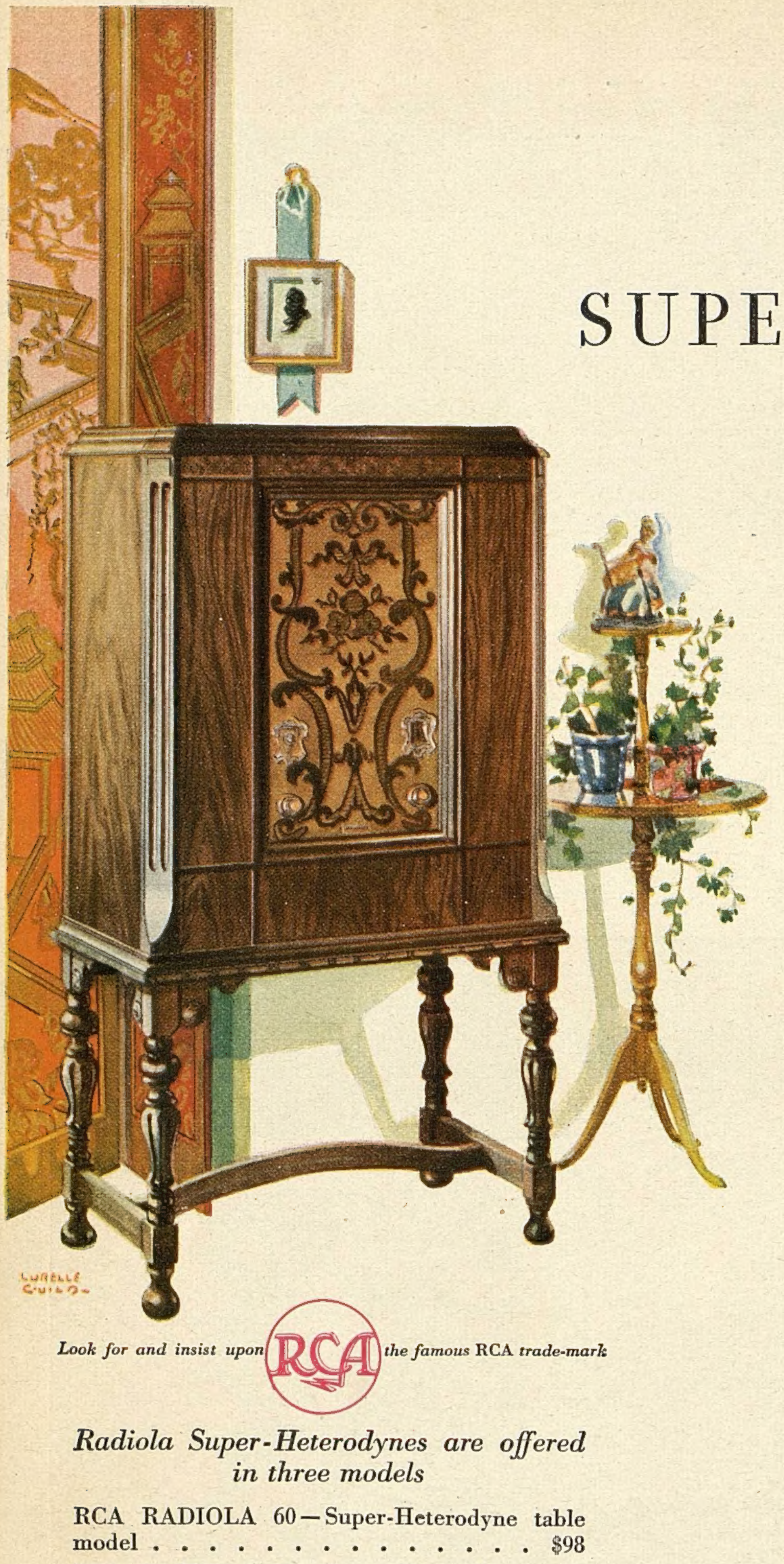
CHILL the oysters and the sauce thoroughly. Combine just before serving and place in thoroughly chilled cases, which may be a shell, a cocktail glass, a green pepper, or a lemon case. If convenient, surround with cracked ice. Serve thoroughly chilled, with wedges of lemon or lime and the relish.

ROYAL AGAIN ADVANCES THE STANDARDS OF BEAUTY AND PERFECTION

HERE is the culminating achievement in home-sized typewriters! The new Royal Portable! Refined in design with many advanced convenience features added. Simpler, handier. Decidedly easier to operate. Sturdier. More compact. Subtly blended Duotone colors further enhance its charm. ✢ ✢ The new Royal Portable is destined to become a magnet of daily activity in thousands of well-appointed homes! ✢ ✢ Don't delay in providing your family with this constant source of inspiration—this matchless typewriter. Choose from a wide variety of finishes and styles of type-faces, including the smart new "Vogue" expressly created to distinguish personal correspondence. ✢ ✢ The price remains the same—only $60 complete with carrying case. Convenient monthly payments if desired.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., INC.
NEW YORK CITY
More than 2000 Royal Portable Dealers in United States

The New ROYAL TYPEWRITER *Portable*



Look for and insist upon RCA *the famous* RCA *trade-mark*

Only a
SUPER-HETERODYNE
can give you this superb
TONE REALISM

When you first hear a radio program on the Radiola Super-Heterodyne you are amazed at the complete illusion of realism.

There's no cutting out of the low tones and high-pitched notes—no sacrifice of tone fidelity—no false values to impair the perfection of reproduction.

And with this superb quality of tone realism the Super-Heterodyne gives you the extreme sensitivity and high selectivity that are essential to radio reception in congested broadcast areas.

Because of its remarkable qualities, the Super-Heterodyne principle is used in marine coastal stations, in the radio compass, and in the leading broadcasting stations where reception must take place directly under the transmitting antenna. Its unique characteristics place it in a class by itself—the supreme achievement of radio.

Great artists choose the Super-Heterodyne because it is a musical instrument that faithfully reproduces music just as it goes out from the broadcasting studio. Engineers choose it because of its unrivalled technical perfection.

Earlier models of the Super-Heterodyne were costly to build, but RCA, with its vast manufacturing resources, has brought the cost down so that every home can now afford to own this great achievement of the radio art. And purchase can be made on the easy RCA Time Payment Plan.

Radiola Super-Heterodynes are offered in three models

RCA RADIOLA 60—Super-Heterodyne table model	$98
RCA RADIOLA 66—Super-Heterodyne with Electro-Dynamic Reproducer in cabinet (shown in illustration)	$175
RCA RADIOLA 67—Special combination of the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, Electro-Dynamic Reproducer and phonograph for electrical reproduction of records	$690

(Above prices less Radiotrons)

RCA RADIOLA

RADIOLA DIVISION RCA VICTOR COMPANY, INC.

Copyright 1930 by RCA VICTOR *Company, Inc.*

TUNE IN—THE RCA VICTOR HOUR, EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER A COAST-TO-COAST NETWORK OF THE N.B.C.